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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. XXIX.—JANUARY—MARCH, 1916.—No. CXI.

CONTES POPULAIRES CANADIENS.¹

PAR C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.

PRÉFACE.

IL y a près de deux ans, le Dr Franz Boas, de Columbia University, New-York, nous posait la question suivante: "Les Canadiens-français ont-ils conservé leurs anciennes traditions orales? Y a-t-il encore, en Canada, des anciennes chansons, des contes, des légendes et des croyances populaires?" Il n'était pas facile, à brûle-pourpoint, de répondre à cette question. Mais une conclusion affirmative résulta de recherches subséquentes, faites parmi des paysans des environs de Québec. Il devint même évident que les ressources du folklore canadien sont apparemment inépuisables. Quarante contes populaires recueillis en 1914, dans les comtés de Beauce et de Québec, P. Q., démontrèrent que les anciens récits oraux de France se sont conservés intacts. Peu après, on nous signala l'existence de traditions semblables dans les comtés de LaPrairie, de Valleyfield, de Joliette, d'Arthabasca, de Dorchester, de l'Islet, de Kamouraska, de Rimouski, et à la rive nord du Saint-Laurent. En 1915, une nouvelle série de soixante contes et légendes fut recueillie à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska; et quelques récits additionnels nous furent communiqués par Mlle Evelyn Bolduc, de la Beauce, et par M. Gustave Lanctôt, originairement de LaPrairie.

Ces résultats avaient d'ailleurs été prévus par M. Boas et certains folkloristes. On avait depuis longtemps remarqué l'existence d'un nombre considérable de contes et de facéties d'origine française parmi les Indiens des régions parcourues par les pionniers et les coureurs-des-bois. Il devenait naturel de déduire que la source même de cette abondante littérature orale ne s'était pas si tôt tarie, là où les circonstances premières favorisaient sa préservation.

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Comprenant l'importance et la richesse du folklore canadien, M. Boas et la Société de Folklore Américain décidèrent, à la séance annuelle de 1914, d'encourager efficacement l'initiative individuelle de tout Canadien désireux d'étudier et de publier les anciennes traditions locales françaises. Afin de faciliter la publication périodique de ces matériaux inédits, à mesure qu'on les obtient parmi le peuple, la Société offrit de disposer annuellement d'un numéro entier de sa revue, "*The Journal of American Folk-Lore*," moyennant l'appui d'une section canadienne. Cette section vient de s'organiser grâce à l'aide d'un certain nombre d'abonnés, de sir Lomer Gouin, au nom du gouvernement de Québec, et du concours de M. Victor Morin. Et chaque année, à partir de 1916, un numéro français de la revue devra contenir soit des contes et des légendes populaires, des ballades et des chansons ou d'autres pièces du folklore des Français d'Amérique, particulièrement des Canadiens. On espère, d'ailleurs, que des littérateurs désintéressés collaboreront bientôt à notre œuvre. Une ample série de traditions populaires sera ainsi, d'année en année, transmise à la postérité. Tandis que les écrivains y trouveront sans doute une veine féconde et régénératrice, les savants se contenteront d'y découvrir, libre de tout alliage et dans sa pureté relative, le folklore de la France au temps de Richelieu. Car, depuis le jour où la France abandonna le Canada à ses destinées, les traditions populaires ancestrales se sont fixées, ou ont suivi un cours indépendant de celles de l'Europe.

Le présent numéro de la revue contient plus de quarante contes et légendes obtenus dans la province de Québec. Il s'y trouve aussi des formules et quelques pièces rimées ou à retours. Tandis que la plupart de ces récits ont été recueillis et préparés par l'auteur, quelques-uns lui ont été communiqués par Mlle Evelyn Bolduc et M. Gustave Lanetôt. Ces derniers récits sont publiés séparément, et précédés du nom des auteurs. Une note accompagnant chaque pièce en indique la source, le nom du conteur, quelquefois même une origine plus éloignée, la date et la localité.

Les conteurs cités ici sont les suivants: 1. Paul Patry, de Saint-Victor, Beauce, âgé de 82 ans (1914); vieux cultivateur illettré, résidant au milieu de sa famille sur une ferme isolée; remarquablement doué, comme la plupart de ses parents, les Coulombe et les Couture, qui passent pour des conteurs émérites; 2. Achille Fournier, surnommé "Ti-Chille," journalier illettré de 64 ans, né et résidant à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, qui a appris des contes un peu partout autour de lui; 3. Prudent Sioui, sa femme (née Picard), et David Sioui, des Canadiens-hurons illettrés, de la Jeune-Lorette, Québec, tous âgés de plus de cinquante ans; 4. Narcisse Thiboutot, artisan, âgé de 25 ans (1915), et résidant à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, qui a bien conservé

les contes souvent réécités par son oncle Charles Francœur, de la Rivière-Ouelle; 5. Gustave Lanctôt, homme de lettres, âgé de plus de 30 ans, qui a retenu quelques contes appris dans son enfance, à Saint-Constant, LaPrairie; 6. Antoinette Leduc, jeune servante à Valleyfield, P. Q., de qui M. Lanctôt a recueilli quelques contes et chansons.

Quant à la méthode, il va de soi que l'exactitude historique doit être ici le seul guide. Enregistrer mot à mot la dictée du conteur est un idéal que tous ne peuvent atteindre. Il est indispensable, néanmoins, de rapporter le plus fidèlement possible toutes les locutions du conteur, et de ne négliger ni récits, ni épisodes, alors même qu'ils paraissent anodins ou saugrenus. Rien n'est indigne de l'attention de l'historien-ethnographe; et un jugement prématuré sur le choix ou l'exclusion de certains matériaux de nature douteuse ne peut que nuire aux fins proposées. Le même scrupule doit présider à la préparation des textes. On peut sans doute donner une forme grammaticale aux tournures incorrectes et retrancher les répétitions inutiles; mais la simplicité n'en doit jamais être altérée; et le langage curieux du conteur ne fait qu'ajouter à la valeur du texte, surtout au point de vue de la linguistique.

L'auteur a recueilli les contes suivants à la sténographie, sous la dictée courante des conteurs. La transcription en a été faite avec la plus grande fidélité possible. Des mots archaïques ou familiers et des néologismes populaires ont été indiqués en italiques, à titre d'exemples seulement. Il ne faut d'ailleurs pas oublier que nos conteurs parlaient tous le langage des paysans illettrés, et y mêlaient souvent des expressions grossières et bannies de toute autre société, en Canada. Notre devoir d'historien était, cependant, de tout enregistrer, sans omission ni contrefaçon; et le lecteur éclairé ne nous en voudra pas d'avoir suivi la méthode strictement scientifique. A un Parisien ou même à un Canadien peu versé dans l'étude de la langue française, certains termes paraîtront étranges, incorrects et nouveaux. Une étude tant soit peu approfondie, toutefois, dissipera cette illusion et révélera qu'à peu près tous les éléments lexicologiques apparemment formés en Canada se retrouvent dans les provinces de France, et sont indiqués dans les grands lexiques français.

C'était d'abord notre intention de parsemer cette étude de notes et de listes de thèmes mythologiques comparés, avec indication de leur distribution géographique. Mais l'immensité même de cette tâche, déjà partiellement entreprise par certains auteurs, nous en a fait remettre à plus tard les premiers essais, dont le but sera d'étudier des versions parallèles antérieurement recueillies en Europe ou parmi les Indiens d'Amérique qui les ont de bonne heure empruntées des coureurs-des-bois.

Nous désirons, enfin, remercier la Section d'Anthropologie, Musée Victoria, Ottawa, pour la collection des matériaux et la préparation du manuscrit.

INTRODUCTION.

Les contes, les légendes et les facéties populaires des Canadiens sont des récits traditionnels transmis oralement d'une génération à l'autre, et d'une ancienneté plus ou moins grande. S'apprenant et se répétant, ils retiennent leur forme relativement fixe et sont considérés comme purement fictifs. Ils diffèrent radicalement des anecdotes ou récits d'événements présumés authentiques de certains conteurs. Bien qu'appartenant tous au folklore populaire, les contes traditionnels et les anecdotes viennent de sources indépendantes et sont d'âges différents. Aux époques reculées, les premiers passaient de bouche en bouche et se disséminaient partout; les seconds, en raison même de leur récente origine, sont restés exclusivement canadiens. Ainsi on retrouve dans tous les recoins de l'Europe, et même au-delà, de nombreuses versions parallèles des anciens contes de fées, de magiciens, de héros et de métamorphoses.¹ Plus un récit est ancien, plus il est répandu; et l'étendue de ses ramifications indique sa relative antiquité. Presque tous les contes proprement dits commencent par une formule, telle que: "Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était . . .," ou "Une fois, il y avait . . ." N'appartenant généralement à aucun temps ou aucun lieu en particulier, ils diffèrent des récits anecdotiques qui, eux, sont plutôt des réminiscences personnelles et se revêtent des atours de la vérité. La littérature canadienne est assez riche en anecdotes et en chroniques; mais les contes anciens, peut-être à cause de leur trompeuse apparence de futilité, n'y ont pas encore trouvé la place qu'ils méritent à plus d'un titre. La valeur scientifique et littéraire de la mythologie populaire et des anciennes traditions orales n'est, toutefois, pas discutable; et les savants en ont depuis longtemps reconnu l'importance primordiale. Il suffira de dire qu'elles sont les reliques ou les survivances d'un âge lointain et disparu. Là où il n'y avait pas encore de littérature écrite, les traditions orales florissaient. Au lieu de remettre au parchemin le patrimoine des souvenirs collectifs, on le conservait précieusement dans une mémoire d'autant plus tenace qu'elle était plus nécessaire et cultivée. C'est en vertu de cette coutume profondément enracinée dans toutes les races et dans toutes les classes incultes que les anciens récits se sont conservés intacts jusqu'à nos jours chez des paysans de différents pays, et en particulier chez ceux du Canada français.

¹ L'étude la plus ambitieuse que nous connaissions sur la diffusion et les différentes versions de certains contes anciens est celle qu'ont publiée récemment J. Bolte et G. Polivka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm* (Leipzig, 1913, 1915).

Le seul rôle de cette littérature, ici, était d'amuser. Durant les longs soirs d'hiver surtout, les villageois et les *habitants* se rassemblaient pour entendre leurs conteurs favoris redire les aventures merveilleuses, héroïques ou romanesques des héros fabuleux d'autrefois. Le coureur-des-bois, le bûcheron à l'emploi des compagnies, le mendiant, l'idiot errant et le commerçant de bestiaux étaient souvent précédés en maints lieux de leur réputation de conteur, et on ne manquait pas de se réunir à l'occasion de leur passage périodique. On aimait même particulièrement à entendre le répertoire un peu renouvelé de ces nomades, qui prenaient d'ailleurs leur rôle comme une mission.

Cette fiction populaire canadienne se répartit en plusieurs groupes, entre lesquels les transitions sont imperceptibles. Quoiqu'on y trouve quelquefois des vers et des retours rythmiques, la prose simple, descriptive et dialoguée en est le mode usuel et approprié. Le sujet lui-même se prête à une classification tant soit peu arbitraire, soit: (I) les fables, (II) les contes merveilleux et les mythes, (III) les contes pseudo-merveilleux où l'on feint ou parodie le merveilleux, (IV) les légendes et les contes chrétiens, (V) les contes ou récits romanesques du moyen âge, (VI) les facéties et les anecdotes modernes.¹ Presque la moitié des contes jusqu'ici recueillis en Canada sont d'origine et de nature purement païennes. Le merveilleux y est le principal ressort, et les personnages sont ceux des mythologies païennes de l'Europe. Si ces personnages disparaissent dans les contes plus modernes, il n'en est pas ainsi des objets merveilleux, qui se sont perpétués avec ténacité au-delà des révolutions religieuses. Ainsi dans les contes chrétiens, on trouve des charmes de toutes sortes, tels que: le sac magique (conte 22), la baguette merveilleuse, les cartes qui gagnent à souhait (conte 23), et les taches indélébiles de sang (conte 28).

L'origine et la formation d'une grande partie de cette littérature orale remontent à des temps reculés. Quand la composition d'un récit est relativement moderne, les sources, les thèmes et le modèle en sont souvent anciens. Il va de soi que ces récits, en passant de bouche en bouche, sont sujets à une décadence et à une rénovation graduelles, au cours des transmissions séculaires. La mémoire des conteurs a souvent fait défaut; ou encore certains traits appartenant d'abord à un récit se glissent dans d'autres. Les moyens de style, les noms des personnages, les thèmes mythologiques, les épisodes, les incidents et maints traits caractéristiques s'échangent ou font place à d'autres. Ce procédé opère souvent sans que les conteurs eux-mêmes s'en rendent compte. Il ne faut pas toutefois s'exagérer l'étendue de ces variations qui ne troublent que légèrement la remarquable fixité

¹ Dans la série de contes suivants, toutes ces catégories ne sont pas également bien représentées. Ainsi on n'y trouvera que trois fables, 1, 40, et 41.

des textes traditionnels. Les centaines de versions peu divergentes de nombreux contes populaires, que les folkloristes compilateurs ont retrouvées dans toutes les parties de l'Europe et au-delà, démontrent la fidélité étonnante de la mémoire collective.

Ce n'est pas notre but d'entreprendre ici l'étude comparée des contes et des légendes de ce recueil, et dont aucun n'est foncièrement original ou canadien. La tâche moins ambitieuse d'en réunir les principaux traits d'intérêt général en une liste graduée contribuera à en rendre l'accès plus facile pour une étude comparée.

FORME ET STYLE.

1. *Formules initiales.* — (a) "Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était..." "Il est bon de vous dire qu'une fois c'était..." (voir les contes 3, 18, 20, 27, 29, 30, 33, 36, 39). (b) "Une fois, *pour vous dire...*" (formule employée dans le comté de Rimouski, P. Q.). (c) "Une fois c'était...", "Il était, une fois...", "Une fois, il y avait..." (voir 1, 2, 40, 42, 44). (d) "Un jour, c'est..." (30).

2. *Formules finales.* — (a) "...Et moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici vous le raconter" (3, 16, 17). (b) "...Et moi! ils m'ont renvoyé ici avec pas un sou." "...Et moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici. Je leur avais aidé, mais ils ne m'ont pas donné un sou" (2). (c) "...Et moi, elle a voulu m'engager pour que je reste au château; mais je n'ai pas voulu. Qui sait? Ce Jean-Parle, étant sorcier, reviendrait peut-être! J'ai aimé mieux rester ici pour vous en raconter l'histoire" (28). (d) "... Et ça finit là. Je ne sais pas ce qui leur est arrivé depuis; car ça fait longtemps que je ne suis pas allé les voir;" "...Je pense qu'ils ont toujours bien vécu; mais je ne le sais pas, comme je ne suis pas allé les voir depuis;" "...J'étais aux noces; mais depuis ce temps, je n'ai pas revu ces gens-là;" "...Je suis passé par là l'automne dernier, et Petit-Jean-petit-bois, que j'ai vu, m'a paru bien portant" (4, 6, 16, 19). (e) "...Et ils vécurent tous comme des bienheureux;" "...Il vit comme un bienheureux, *et cætera*;" "...Il resta toujours avec sa mère, vivant heureux et aimé des voisins et de tout le village;" "...Où il régna longtemps avec bonheur;" "...Ils demeurèrent avec leurs parents, contents et heureux, jusqu'à la fin de leurs jours;" "...Il faut qu'elle se trouve bien là où elle est, puisqu'elle n'en revient pas. J'en juge par là;" "...Martineau-pain-sec est resté chez le roi, où il a toujours bien vécu;" "...Je pense qu'il a passé des beaux jours et qu'il s'amuse encore;" "...Ils ont vécu ensemble dans le bonheur" (1, 18, 45, 42, 43, 33, 20, 5, 27). (f) "...Et depuis ce temps, il n'a jamais eu l'idée d'y retourner;" "...Et le diable l'a emporté;" "...Et c'est tout" (29, 30, 39).

3. *Retours et randonnées.*—(a) La petite, et Zacharie (46, 47). (b) Minette m'a volé mes roulettes (37).

4. *Maximes, proverbes.*¹—“...Il faut faire le bien pour le mal” (10); “...On dit qu'un bienfait n'est jamais perdu” (25); le loup est puni pour ses mensonges (41); “...suffit que deux si belles personnes s'étaient promises par serment... C'est une punition du bon Dieu” (11).

5. *Marche, marche.*²—“...Marche, marche, marche... arrive au petit sentier” (6); “...Prend le sentier, marche, marche...” (20); “...Prend le chemin, puis le petit sentier, ... marche, marche...” (4); “...Ti-Jean marche jusqu'au bout du chemin, prend le petit sentier...” (6); etc.

6. *Epithètes.*—“Mon ver de terre!” “...ver de terre!” “...Petit ver de terre!”—épithètes qu'emploient les géants et le Corps-sans-âme à l'égard de personnages de petite taille (13, 3, 42); etc.

7. *Parole ou foi de roi!*—(a) “Foi de prince, de princesse et de roi!” (7); “...Parole de roi! il faut que tu parles...” (12); “...Parole de prince! il faut que vous me racontiez...” (27). (b) “Je ne peux pas mentir à ma parole; il me faut donc payer” (39); “La parole du roi en est donnée, il faut bien que la princesse épouse le petit garçon” (7, 12). (c) “Le roi a trois paroles” (6).

8. *Pas plus que...*—Le roi dit: “Un beau prince...est venu...” La princesse répond: “Pas plus beau que mon petit teigneux!”—“Tais-toi, ou je...” (4); le roi dit “un monsieur...”—“Pas plus monsieur que moi!” répond Ti-Jean. “Tais-toi!...” (3).

9. *Un de plus à manger.*—Le géant ou la Bête-à-sept-têtes dit à plusieurs reprises: “Je pensais n'en avoir qu'un à manger, mais j'en aurai deux,” ou “Je pensais n'en avoir que deux et j'en aurai trois.” L'autre répond: “Tu vas toujours bien les gagner!” (3, 5).

10. *Mouchoir enveloppe.*—“...Il enveloppe les langues de la Bête-à-sept-têtes dans son mouchoir” (5); “...il coupe les sept langues de la bête, et les met dans son mouchoir...” (42); “Ti-Jean met les sept galettes de sarrasin dans son mouchoir...” (42); le protégé du lion, de l'aigle et de la chenille enveloppe dans son mouchoir les talismans qu'ils lui donnent (2).

11. *Cheminée.*—(a) La vieille monte dans la cheminée; on tire l'échelle; elle tombe dans le chaudron d'huile bouillante, où elle se tue (3); le loup monte dans la cheminée, tombe dans le chaudron d'eau bouillante, où il meurt (40); la vieille descend par la cheminée,

¹ Les maximes, les proverbes, les conclusions et les morales ne se rencontrent à peu près jamais, dans les contes canadiens.

² Des mots caractéristiques serviront dans la suite à désigner brièvement les traits mythologiques d'intérêt général ou comparé.

et meurt dans le chaudron d'eau bouillante (45); (b) trois hommes noirs sortent de la cheminée (22); Parle grimpe dans la cheminée et verse du sel dans le chaudron des géants (13); la vieille descend par la cheminée dans la maison du petit Bonhomme-de-graisse (45).

12. *Sous le lit*.—(a) Les bottes et le violon du géant sont enchaînés sous le lit, et Parlafine et Parle y vont plusieurs fois pour s'en emparer (13, 14); Petit-Jean se cache sous le lit des géants, qu'il tue pendant leur sommeil (15). (b) Le cocassier met son panier sous le lit de son hôtesse (29).

13. *Galerie*.¹ — "...Se promène sur la *galerie*..." (3, 10, 18); ...laisse le sac sur la *galerie* (21).

14. *Langage imité* ou *déformé*.—Le conteur imite la prononciation d'un Gascon, vers la fin (3); imitation du langage d'une idiote (11).

15. *Chansons citées*.—Chansons de banquet (29); chanson de Cacholet (29).

THÈMES OU TRAITS MYTHOLOGIQUES.

Nombres mystiques.

16. *Trois*.—(a) le roi donne leur héritage à ses trois fils qui partent en voyage (10); le roi donne trois cents piastres à ses trois fils (10); le roi et ses trois fils, Cordon-bleu, Cordon-vert et Petit-Jean (6); Brise-bois, Brise-montagnes et Petit-Jean, les trois compagnons forts (16); les trois filles de la veuve, Charlotte, Javotte et Finette (28); les trois filles pauvres (27); les trois fils, Pierre, Jacques et Jean (42); les trois filles, Joséphine, Thérèse et Margoulette (33); les trois frères et les trois chevaux protecteurs (5); les trois fils pauvres, Pierre, Jacques et Jean (43); les trois fils de la veuve, Georges, Charles et Jean (13); Jacquelin, Jacqueline et Couleuvrine. (b) Les trois géants (3, 16, 12, 20); les trois princesses "gardées" (16); les trois chiens du géant (11); les trois secrets du lion, de l'ours et du loup (1); les trois animaux dans le Corps-sans-âme (2); les trois hommes noirs sortant de la cheminée (22); les trois fermiers du roi (39); les trois voleurs (43); les trois chasseurs (35); les trois Gascons (18, 36). (c) Les trois obstacles magiques (4); les trois coups de lime pour couper la chaîne de trois pouces qui retient les bottes du géant (13); les trois œufs d'or de la poule (43); "Tu n'as que trois fois à éteindre mon feu," ou à faire cela "avant que je te donne la plus fine volée" (15, 16); les trois combats de la Bête-à-sept-têtes (4, 5); les trois gages de la princesse (12); les trois concours des fils du roi pour gagner la couronne (6); Dom Jean se lève à trois heures pour travailler (39). (d) Dans les contes modernes, ce nombre mystique se retrouve encore

¹ Ce trait est peut-être purement canadien.

souvent, soit: trois sacs de grain, trois gerbes de blé (31); ma hache "*dont je coupais un orme en trois coups*" (32); trois grands *cabarouets* bien pleins (33).

17. *Sept.* — (a) Les sept filles du géant, les sept enfants pauvres (14). (b) La Bête-à-sept-têtes (5, 42); les Sept-montagnes-vertes (7); Ti-Jean compte les sept têtes de la bête, et la réveille en criant: "*Sept!*" (42). (c) Le violon du géant "*qu'on entend à sept lieues à la ronde,*" ou "*qui fait danser sept lieues à la ronde;*" les bottes de sept lieues, ou "*qui font sept lieues au pas*" (13, 14). (d) Antoine et Joséphine vivent sept ans seuls dans les bois (12); Petit-Jean-petit-bois essaie ses forces à l'âge de sept ans. Ne se trouvant pas encore assez fort, il retourne chez sa mère, où il reste encore sept ans (15); les trois frères demandent à leur mère sept petites galettes de sarrasin (42).

18. *Quatre.* — Les quatre Vents géants, Nordè, Suroît, Su et Nord (10); Petit-Jean fend la petite Capuche-bleue en quatre quartiers (16); quatre géants (10); les quatre chevaux de la princesse métamorphosée (6); Parle va quatre fois chez le géant (13).

19. *Cent et un.* — (a) Une fée "*cent fois plus méchante que moi*" (7); "*le dragon de feu sera cent fois plus fort qu'hier*" (3); (b) Ti-Jean ne se mariera à la princesse que dans un an et un jour (7); Petit-Jean se fait construire un palais cent fois plus beau que celui du roi (10); "*... pour un an et un carême*" (30). (c) La princesse cause une heure avec Petit-Jean; la fée dort une heure chaque jour (7).

20. *Autres nombres.* — Les trente aunes de toile dans une noix merveilleuse (6); la fée dit à Cendrillon de revenir avant minuit, car au coup de minuit l'enchantement doit finir (9). Le nombre deux se trouve aussi, mais rarement.

Talismans, Charmes, Objets et Faits Merveilleux.

21. *Baguette magique.* — (a) Petit-Jean ordonne à la baguette, qu'il a reçue d'une fée, de nettoyer les écuries du roi; ce qu'elle fait en un instant. Il lui fait aussi couper la tête du géant (42); saint Jacques donne une baguette magique à Pipette, qui s'en sert pour se faire construire un château et pour coller la Mort dans un cénellier (23). (b) Pois-verts feint de posséder un fouet magique qui fait bouillir la soupe sans feu (21).

22. *Bâton tape!* — La magicienne donne un gourdin à Petit-Jean. En disant de bonne foi "*Joue mon gourdin!*" le bâton se met à frapper qui veut son maître, jusqu'à ce qu'il le rappelle (18); "*Fesse, bâton rond!*" ou "*Guerre, mon rond bâton!*" (19); "*Bâton, tape!*" (43).

23. *Repas miraculeux.* — (a) Serviette donnant à boire et à manger quand on le lui ordonne (19); "*Nappe, mets la table!*" (43). (b) Un

bœuf dit à son protégé de prendre dans son oreille un petit morceau de toile et un de fer, et de les mettre à terre; la toile devient une tente, et le fer, un poêle; et un repas y est servi (3); L'arrivée se fait servir un repas par son sac merveilleux (22).

24. *Durandal*.¹ — Le sabre invincible de Petit-Jean (4, 10, 16).

25. *Autres "souhaite-vertus."*² — (a) Notre-Seigneur donne à L'arrivée un sac merveilleux, dans lequel entre tout ce qu'il y souhaite (22). (b) Petit-Jean trouve un sifflet merveilleux, au château des géants. Quand il y souffle, quelqu'un répond: "Que voulez-vous, maître?" et il accomplit tous les souhaits (3); Pois-verts, parodiant le merveilleux, prétend ressusciter les morts avec son sifflet (21). (c) Un poil blanc de la patte du lion, une plume blanche de l'aile de l'aigle, une patte de la chenille donnent le pouvoir à un jeune homme de se transformer en lion, en aigle ou en chenille (2). (d) Notre-Seigneur donne à Pipette un jeu de cartes avec lequel il gagne quand il le souhaite (23).³

26. *Agents surnaturels*. — Une lime coupant un pouce du coup (13); une petite noix contenant trente aunes de belle toile du pays (6); feuilles rendant la vue aux aveugles qui s'en frottent les paupières; un crapaud causant la maladie du roi en se tenant sous son lit (1).

27. *Moisson d'or*. — (a) La poule pondant l'or quand on le lui ordonne (43); l'âne *crottant* l'or et l'argent quand on lui frappe sur la queue (18, 19). (b) Le pommier aux fruits d'or du roi (11); le jardin aux fruits défendus, gardé par des taureaux aux longues cornes d'acier (*le jardin des Espérides*) (3). (c) La fontaine d'où coule l'or et dont le contact dore pour toujours (4); des perles, de l'or et des fleurs tombent de la bouche de Cendrillon (9).

28. *Don d'invisibilité*. — La ceinture que Petit-Jean obtient d'une fée le rend invisible quand il s'en ceint les reins (42); Petit-Jean-petit-bois obtient un 'habit couleur d'invisible', avec lequel il entre chez le géant sans être vu (13).

29. *Bottes de sept lieues*. — Les bottes "qui marchent sept lieues le pas" (13); les bottes de sept lieues (14).

30. *Sept lieues à la ronde*. — (a) Le violon du géant qu'on entend jouer à sept lieues à la ronde (14); le violon des géants qui fait danser sept lieues à la ronde (13); le violon des géants (16); la jument qui

¹ L'épée fabuleuse de Roland était sans doute de la même trempe que celle de Petit-Jean.

² *Souhaite-vertus* est le terme que les conteurs du comté de Kamouraska emploient pour désigner ces objets merveilleux opérant à souhait.

³ Il est probable que des talismans, dont la nature a été oubliée, opéraient dans les cas suivants : 1. Ti-Jean se fait bâtir un château de cristal cent fois plus beau que celui du roi (10); 2. Son souhait à l'effet d'être transporté au pays lointain d'un roi est immédiatement accompli (10).

boit la moitié de la mer et qui éteint le dragon de feu sept lieues à la ronde (3).

31. *Eau de Jouvence*. — L'eau de la *rajeunie*, ou qui rajeunit, venant de la fontaine gardée par la vieille fée (8).

32. *Sommeil enchanté*. — (a) Des marins font prendre de l'eau d'*endormie*, ou eau de sommeil, à Petit-Jean, qui s'endort aussitôt (10). (b) Le roi envoie sa servante endormir Petit-Jean; et aussitôt qu'elle approche de lui, elle réussit à le faire. Malgré tous ses efforts, la princesse ne peut pas le réveiller (7).

33. *Talon d'Achille*. — (a) On ne peut tuer la petite chienne gardant la princesse qu'en l'atteignant dans la petite lune blanche, au milieu de son front (12). (b) Pour détruire le Corps-sans-âme, il faut tuer le lion, l'éventrer, y saisir le pigeon, prendre les trois œufs dans le corps du pigeon et les casser sur le front du Corps-sans-âme (2).

34. *Luminaires déchus*. — (a) Le soleil des géants qui éclaire, la nuit, dans leur souterrain (16). (b) La lune du géant 'qui éclaire notre besoin', qu'on tient renfermée dans une boîte, et qu'on place sur le *bas côté* (petite maison) pour s'en servir (13).

35. *Obstacles magiques*. — Étant poursuivi par la sorcière, Petit-Jean jette une étrille derrière lui; l'étrille devient une montagne d'étrilles dans laquelle la sorcière s'empêtre; une bride et une bouteille deviennent successivement une montagne de brides, une montagne de bouteilles (4).

36. *Taches indélébiles*. — (a) Charlotte et Javotte ne réussissent pas à enlever le sang ou la rouille qui s'attache à la clef, quand elles ouvrent la porte que Jean-Parle leur a défendu d'ouvrir; Finette, étant sorcière, réussit à enlever les taches de sang sur la boule d'or et sur la clef (28). (b) Petit-Jean ne peut plus enlever l'or qui s'attache à son doigt quand il le trempe à la fontaine d'or que la sorcière lui a défendu de visiter (4).

37. *Nourriture donnant la force*. — (a) Avant de se battre avec le lion, Petit-Jean se fait faire de la bouillie (qui semble douée de vertus magiques) (2). (b) La bouillie est la nourriture des géants (3, 13).

38. *La femme de Loth*. — Une voix en arrière appelle Pierre; il finit par se retourner, et il reçoit en plein front un coup de massue qui l'étend par terre; et il en est ainsi de son frère (42).

39. *Jonas*. — Après lui avoir donné de l'eau de sommeil, les marins jettent Petit-Jean à la mer. Il se réveille dans le ventre d'une baleine qui l'a avalé. Il la mène s'échouer sur une île, où il retrouve sa liberté (10).

40. *Les pets du loup*. — Le loup pète, détruisant ainsi les maisons de la poule et de la dinde. Ce moyen ne réussit point à détruire la maison du renard (40).

41. *Trésors.* — Petit-Jean, sur la mer, aperçoit au loin une montagne d'or et une montagne d'argent; il en charge deux navires qu'il renvoie au roi (10); Dom Jean pardonne au roi étranger à condition qu'il lui remette un bâtiment chargé d'or pur (39); le héros trouve le trésor des géants, des tonnes d'or (42).

42. *La toison d'or.* — (a) Petit-Jean se trempe les cheveux dans la fontaine de la sorcière, et en revient avec des cheveux d'or (4). (b) Un beau cheval, le crin en argent et ferré en or (6).

43. *Château dans les airs.* — La maison dans les airs que Petit-Jean fait porter par ses quatre aigles (39).

44. *Fontaines miraculeuses.* — (a) Tout le village souffre de la soif; le héros n'a qu'à enlever une pierre sous l'église pour que l'eau jaillisse (1). (b) La fontaine d'eau qui rajeunit, gardée par la magicienne (8); la fontaine de Paris, dont l'eau guérit certains maux (29).

Monstres et Personnages Mythologiques.

45. *Monstres.* — Le Corps-sans-âme, un monstre apparaissant souvent sous la forme d'un lion (2); le dragon de feu (3); la Bête-à-sept-têtes (5, 42); la petite Capuche-bleue (16); la licorne, qui tue tout le monde (20).

46. *Géants.* — Les trois géants, le premier, de dix pieds de haut, le deuxième, de vingt pieds, le troisième, de trente pieds (3); quatre géants ayant des faux de vingt-cinq pieds de longueur (10); les trois géants qui jouent aux cartes et veulent délivrer la princesse (12); le géant, sa femme et sa fille, à qui Parle joue des tours (13); le géant, sa femme et ses sept filles; les géants qui ne traversent jamais l'eau (14); les géants Brise-bois, Brise-montagne et Petit-Jean (16); Petit-Jean-petit-bois, à quatorze ans, le plus fort des hommes (15); les trois géants portent des arbres et des tonnes d'eau (20); les géants de dix pieds de haut, et la Bête-à-sept-têtes (42).

47. *Ogres et leurs femmes.* — Le géant ogre sent la viande fraîche, les sept petits enfants que sa femme cherche à lui soustraire (14); les géants sentent la viande fraîche, quand Petit-Jean est caché sous leur lit (16); les quatre Vents renoncent à dévorer Petit-Jean, qui les apaise en leur donnant un baril de porc et un de biscuits (10).

48. *Noms des héros et des personnages.* — Petit-Jean (3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 16, 18, 42, 43); Petit-Jean-petit-bois (15); Dom Jean (39); Parle (13); Parlafine ou Petit-Poucet (14); Jean-Parle (28); Ti-Pierre et Jacqueline (33); Pierre (42, 43); Cendrillon (9); Cendrouillonne (8); Vent-de-nord-è, Vent-de-sur'oi, Vent-du-su et Vent-de-nord (10); le prince de l'Épée-verte (11); Antoine et Joséphine (12); Joséphine, Tharèse et Margoulette (33); Martineau-pain-sec (20); Pois-verts (21);

L'arrivée (22); Pipette (23); Michel Morin (30, 32, 32); le nommé Richard (34); Gilbert (44); le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse (45); un roi, un prince ou une princesse (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 20, 27, 29, 39, 42, 44); Notre-Seigneur, saint Pierre et saint Jacques (22, 23); le curé (11, 8, 21, 28); des Gascons (18, 36); le cocassier (29).

49. *Animaux parlants*. — Le lion, l'ours et le loup (1); le lion, l'aigle et la chenille (2); les chevaux parlants (5); le loup et le renard (40); le loup, la dinde, la poule et le renard (41).

50. *Fées, sorciers ou magiciens*. — (a) Une fée est la maîtresse de tous les animaux, une autre, de tous les oiseaux (8); fées protectrices (7, 8, 9, 10, 18, 19, 28, 42, 43). (b) Magiciens et sorciers (4, 17). (c) Le génisse fée (42).

51. *Le diable*. — (a) Le diable se déguise en homme et va à la recherche d'âmes (24, 25). (b) Le diable a un moulin où il moud le grain; il se querelle avec Petit-Jean-petit-bois (15). (c) Le diable vient chercher Pipette sur la terre (22, 23, 30).

52. *Les âmes*. — Les âmes de L'arrivée et de Pipette s'en vont dans l'autre monde (22, 23); un revenant s'engage sur la terre pour gagner sa dette (25).

53. *Anthropomorphisme*. — (a) La Mort est envoyée par Dieu sur la terre (23); la Mort guette Michel Morin (30, 31). (b) Les quatre Vents, qui sont des géants ogres (16).

54. *Les cadets favoris*. — (a) Parlafine, le plus jeune de sept frères, est rusé (14); le plus jeune de trois frères est d'une habileté extraordinaire, bien que ses frères le considèrent comme un idiot (13, 5, 6, 42); Petit-Jean choisit la troisième fille du roi, qui est la plus belle (4); la plus jeune de trois sœurs, la plus belle, devient reine (27).

55. *Les cadets habiles et rusés*. — Antoine vise, et ses flèches ne manquent jamais le but; les géants finissent par périr de sa main (12); Parlafine et Parle réussissent, à force de ruses, à enlever les talismans du géant, et à le faire périr (13, 14); Finette, la cadette, conduit Jean-Parle à sa perte (28).

56. *Les solitaires*. — Un petit garçon et sa sœur grandissent seuls dans les bois (11); Antoine et Joséphine passent sept ans seuls dans les bois (12).

57. *Les métamorphosés*. — Le cheval blanc aidant Petit-Jean est un beau prince métamorphosé (4); la chatte blanche est une princesse transformée (6); la princesse vient sous la forme d'une nuée (7).

Faits Domestiques.

58. *Enfants perdus*. — Des parents pauvres abandonnent leurs enfants dans les bois (13, 14); les sœurs jalouses déposent un enfant dans une corbeille d'or, au bord des flots, pour qu'il disparaisse (27).

59. *Faibles opprimés*. — (a) Des belles-mères maltraitent leurs enfants (3, 8, 9). (b) Un veuf maltraite son fils, Petit-Jean (4); un mari persécute sa femme, et une femme son mari (19, 24).

60. *S'en vont chercher fortune*. — (a) Ayant reçu leur héritage, Pipette, Martineau-pain-sec et Ti-Pierre quittent la maison paternelle (20, 23, 33). (b) Les enfants de parents pauvres s'en vont gagner leur vie ou chercher fortune (2, 18, 43). (c) Petit-Jean-petit-bois, à quatorze ans, quitte sa mère et s'en va gagner sa vie (15); Petit-Jean va commencer (18).

61. *Souhait de mariage réalisé*. — Trois sœurs souhaitent de se marier, l'une à un boulanger, l'autre à un boucher, la plus jeune au roi; le roi l'apprend, par indiscretion, et réalise leur désir (27).

62. *Au service d'un maître*. — (a) Petit-Jean et le fils de la veuve vont s'engager dans l'armée du roi (4, 13). (b) Petit-Jean va s'engager comme jardinier chez le roi, mais devient un valeureux soldat (4); Petit-Jean-petit-bois, Petit-Jean et Martineau-pain-sec s'engagent chez le roi pour faire tous les ouvrages difficiles (15, 42, 20); Petit-Jean s'engage comme cuisinier chez la princesse des Sept-montagnes-vertes (7). (c) Un jeune homme s'engage pour garder les chevaux de la magicienne, les moutons de la vieille ou les cochons du roi (4, 2, 3). (d) Pois-verts est le serviteur du curé (21). (e) Dom Jean est l'esclave du roi (39).

63. *Adoptions*. — Le petit garçon perdu sur mer est adopté par le capitaine d'un navire; perdu encore, il est adopté par le roi qui le fait instruire (10); une vieille femme adopte l'enfant trouvé dans la corbeille d'or, au bord de l'eau (27); le prince de l'Épée-verte adopte la vieille sorcière et sa fille (11); le prince adopte le vieux et la vieille qui ont protégé son enfant (27).

64. *Fidélité conjugale*. — Pendant qu'elle envoie son mari lui chercher de l'eau de la fontaine de Paris, une femme reçoit la visite du prince (29).

Protection Surnaturelle.

65. *Les fées conseillères*. — (a) La fée protège Cendrillon, lui donne des habits et l'envoie au bal (19); une fée console et guide Petit-Jean dans ses tribulations (7); une vieille magicienne donne des conseils

à Ti-Jean et lui dit comment il peut détruire les géants (10). (b) Parlafine va voir sa marraine et reçoit d'elle de la laine et du pain (13).

66. *La fée Parole*.—La fée gardant la fontaine d'eau de sommeil dit à Cendrillon de lui chercher des poux dans la tête; Cendrillon prétend y trouver des grains d'or et d'argent; et la fée la récompense disant: "Quand tu parleras, des fleurs et des grains d'or et d'argent tomberont de ta bouche." A une autre qu'elle haït elle dit: "Quand tu parleras, il tombera de ta bouche des crapauds et des couleuvres." Ces souhaits se réalisent (8).

67. *Dons de fées, de magiciens et d'autres puissances*.—(a) Pierre, Ti-Jean et Jacques aident une vieille fée qui, en retour, donne à l'un la poule aux œufs d'or, à l'autre le bâton de guerre, la nappe au repas servi, la ceinture rendant invisible, la baguette magique (42, 43). (b) Une magicienne donne à Petit-Jean la serviette, l'âne et le bâton merveilleux (18, 19); le géant donne ses chiens doués de raison au petit orphelin qui lui abandonne ses pelleteries (11).

68. *Chevaux protecteurs*.—(a) Le cheval blanc—un prince métamorphosé—parle à Petit-Jean: "Ne me bats pas, et soigne-moi bien; je te rendrai service plus tard." Et, protégé par son cheval blanc, Petit-Jean surmonte tous les obstacles, délivre une princesse, qu'il épouse (4); Petit-Jean laisse trois chevaux, un blanc, un noir et un rouge, manger dans la grange de son père; et les chevaux deviennent ses protecteurs (5). (b) De son sifflet magique Petit-Jean obtient la jument qui peut boire la moitié de la mer, éteindre le dragon de feu, et sauter par-dessus la boule d'or *mille pieds de rond d'air* (3).

69. *Bœufs protecteurs*.—(a) Un petit bœuf protège un petit vacher, lui donne des talismans, et à sa mort se fait écorcher en lui disant de se revêtir de sa peau, qui le rendra plus fort que tout autre au monde (3); une génisse fée dit à Petit-Jean: "Taille-moi une *babiche* de la tête à la queue, et la *babiche* attachera tout ce que tu voudras" (42). (b) Bœufs aux cornes d'acier gardant le jardin prohibé (3).

70. *Autres animaux protecteurs*.—(a) Le lion, l'aigle et la chenille récompensent un service en donnant des talismans (2); de gros chiens obéissent à un orphelin qui leur envoie chercher des habits, de la nourriture et de l'or (11). (b) Une princesse serait morte dans son cachot si un petit chien ne lui avait, tous les matins, apporté un morceau de pain par le soupirail (27).

71. *Le rock*.—Un gros aigle, obéissant à la magicienne, transporte Petit-Jean sur son dos aux Sept-montagnes-vertes; Petit-Jean lui donne à manger un quartier de bœuf et un morceau de sa propre chair, à défaut d'autre (7, 16).

72. *Dons du Christ et des apôtres*.—En reconnaissance de services que rend Larrivée, Notre-Seigneur lui donne un sac magique dans

lequel il trouvera tout ce qu'il souhaite (22); à Pipette pauvre, mais généreux, saint Jacques donne la baguette merveilleuse, et Notre-Seigneur les cartes gagnant à souhait (23).

73. *Secrets gardés.* — (a) Les chevaux qui protègent Petit-Jean lui disent: "N'en parle pas!" (5). (b) Les secrets du lion, de l'ours et du loup (1).

74. *Formules ou faits magiques.* — (a) Formules attachées aux talismans: "Adieu, lion!" "Adieu, aigle!" (2); le sifflet magique est accompagné d'un homme qui dit: "Que voulez-vous, maître?" — "Je veux..." à sa jument, Petit-Jean dit: "Ma jument, bois la moitié de la mer!" "... Ma jument, éteins le dragon de feu..." "Ma jument, saute par-dessus la boule d'or *mille pieds de rond d'air*;" à ses chiens il crie: "Fort, Raide, S'est-fait-tort, Prends-ma-garde, A-ton-maitre, Feu!" Et toutes les merveilles désirées s'accomplissent (3); en mettant un collier d'or autour du cou de la princesse, la magicienne dit: "Tu seras poisson au fond de la mer tant que la mer sera mer et tant que la terre sera terre;" et la princesse devient poisson (11); "*Crotte*, mon âne, dit Petit-Jean, lui frappant sur la queue; et l'âne *crotte* l'or et l'argent (18, 19); "Joue, mon gourdin!" "Fesse, mon rond bâton!" "Guerre, mon bâton!" ou "Bâton, tape!" et le bâton frappe (18, 19, 43); "Je souhaite une table bien *grèyée* pour boire et manger, et que rien n'y manque;" ou "Nappe, mets la table!" et la table est servie (19, 43); à sa baguette, Petit-Jean dit: "Je veux que les écuries soient nettes!" Et les écuries sont aussitôt nettoyées (thème: "*Ecuries d'Augias*"); se touchant de sa baguette, il dit: "Je veux devenir un grand officier!" Son souhait se réalise (42); à sa peau de génisse, Petit-Jean dit: "*Babiche*, attache!" Et la *babiche* attache tout ce qu'il désigne (42); Petit-Jean compte les sept têtes de la bête: "un, deux..." et en criant: "Sept!" il réveille la bête; "Poule, ponds-moi de l'or!" dit-il à sa poule; et elle pond trois œufs d'or (42); (b) Il suffit au héros de penser à la chenille ou aux chevaux pour que la protection désirée se produise (2, 5). (c) Imitant le merveilleux, Pois-verts fouette son chaudron en disant: "Bouille, ma soupe!" Et la soupe est bouillante; plus tard, Pois-verts, feignant de ressusciter sa mère avec son sifflet, dit: "Tourlututu, reviendras-tu?" Et la dernière fois il réussit en disant: "Tourlututu, reviendras-tu, ou ne reviendras-tu pas?" Quand on s'en va le jeter dans un sac à la mer, il répète: "Non, je ne veux pas y aller!" jusqu'à ce qu'un autre vienne prendre sa place (21).

Métamorphoses.

75. *Transformations successives.* — (a) A l'aide de trois talismans, un jeune homme peut se transformer en le plus beau de tous les lions ou de tous les aigles, ou en la plus belle de toutes les chenilles; le Corps-

sans-âme se transforme en lion (2). (b) Deux magiciens, à souhait, se transforment en chevaux, en carpe, en diamant jaune, en pépin de pomme, en coq ou en renard (17). (c) La princesse est transformée en nuée blanche et en nuée bleue (7).

76. *Métamorphoses fixes*.—(a) Le prince de l'Épée-verte est réduit en un être immobile et sec; sa sœur est transformée en poisson au fond de la mer, au moyen d'une chaîne d'or (11); un navire et des marins sont transformés en chicots de sapin sec (10). (b) Petit-Jean se transforme en grand officier (42); la fée rend Cendrillon belle princesse. (c) Un prince est métamorphosé en cheval blanc (4), une princesse, en chatte blanche, et ses chevaux, en crapauds (6).

77. *Charme rompu*.—(a) Le poisson redevient princesse, et le prince reprend vie quand, à cinq brasses sous l'eau, on coupe la chaîne d'or avec une tranche d'or pur et un marteau d'or pesant huit livres (11); le cheval redevient homme quand on lui enlève la selle et la bride magiques (17); Petit-Jean fend le cheval blanc en deux, et de son corps sort un beau prince (4); la chatte blanche ne redevient à jamais princesse que lorsqu'un prince l'épouse; elle reprend temporairement sa forme humaine en se trempant dans une cuve d'eau (6). (b) Les chicots de sapins reprennent forme humaine quand Petit-Jean les frotte avec la graisse d'un certain petit pot que lui a donné la magicienne (10).

Enchantements, Possessions et Délivrance.

78. *Princesses "gardées" ou "emmuraillées"*.—(a) Princesse "gardée" dans un château par une petite chienne fée (12); les quatre Vents gardent une princesse "emmuraillée," dans leur château (10); princesse "gardée" par une vieille fée (7); trois princesses "gardées" par trois géants, dans leur château souterrain (16); princesse "gardée" par le Corps-sans-âme (2). (b) Princesse qu'une fée garde endormie dans son château (12); fille de roi prisonnière des géants (42).

79. *Princesses sacrifiées*.—La fille du roi doit être dévorée par le dragon de feu (3); tous les ans le roi est obligé de donner une de ses filles à la Bête-à-sept-têtes (5).

80. *La proie du diable*.—(a) Le diable fait l'ouvrage de la femme battue par son mari, à condition qu'elle devine son nom; si elle n'y réussit point, elle lui appartient (24); le diable remplit de poissons le filet d'un pêcheur, à condition qu'il lui abandonne le premier être venant à sa rencontre, et qui est le fils même du pêcheur; dans les deux cas le diable est déjoué (25). (b) Le diable renonce à "ses droits" sur Petit-Jean-petit-bois et sur Pipette (15, 23). (c) Le diable refuse de laisser entrer L'arrivée en enfer, mais emporte Michel Morin (22, 30).

81. *Le roi fait battre un ban.*— Le roi fait battre un ban que celui qui délivrerait la princesse l'aurait en mariage (2, 3); le roi fait battre un ban que celle qui chausserait la petite pantoufle deviendra l'épouse du roi, et que celui qui a été blessé et qui rapportera le bout de la lance cassée aura la princesse en mariage (9, 5).

82. *Epreuves des prétendants.*— (a) Le roi dit: "C'est vous qui avez délivré ma princesse... mais vous allez nous donner des preuves de votre adresse;" et une épreuve consiste à enfiler une lance dans un anneau suspendu par un brin de soie au-dessus d'un sentier (5). (b) Les traverses de Petit-Jean, pendant un an et un jour avant son mariage à la princesse délivrée (7).

83. *Princesses délivrées.*— (a) Quand le libérateur se présente, la princesse dit: "C'est impossible! beaucoup y ont déjà perdu la vie;" mais, malgré les difficultés, elles sont délivrées (3, 7). (b) Petit-Jean et d'autres héros délivrent des princesses, qu'ils ramènent à leur père dans presque tous les cas (2, 5, 6, 7, 10, 12, 16, 42).

84. *Le mérite se cache.*— (a) Quand le roi ordonne à ses armées de s'emparer du libérateur, il s'échappe en sautant par-dessus les armées avec sa jument merveilleuse (3), en galopant sur son cheval blanc (4), ou en se cachant chez un charbonnier (5); dans chacun de ces cas le libérateur est Petit-Jean, qui se déguise pour délivrer la princesse sans être reconnu. (b) Cendrillon ne se fait pas reconnaître à ses sœurs vaniteuses (9).

85. *Prétendants rivaux.*— (a) Le libérateur qui se cache a été blessé, et un fragment de lance est resté dans la plaie; des prétendants se présentent au roi avec des bouts de fourche et de faucille, qu'ils se sont mis dans la hanche (3, 4). (b) Un charbonnier prétend avoir délivré la princesse, qu'il est sur le point d'épouser, quand le vrai libérateur est reconnu (5); Petit-Jean, le libérateur est reconnu au dernier moment, et le prince prétendant est congédié (7); Brise-bois et Brise-montagnes ne réussissent point à supplanter Petit-Jean, le vrai libérateur (16).

86. *Gages d'identité.*— (a) A Petit-Jean endormi par la sorcière la princesse laisse en gage-souvenir un anneau, une tabatière et un mouchoir brodé, où se trouve la marque de la princesse. (b) Antoine, quand il délivre la princesse, prend en gages sa bague, sa tabatière et son mouchoir; et Petit-Jean emporte les bijoux de la princesse; ces objets les font plus tard reconnaître (5, 12).

87. *Preuves d'identité.*— (a) La pantoufle ne fait qu'à Cendrillon et la bague qu'à Antoine (9, 12); au banquet de mariage, le charbonnier montre les sept têtes de la Bête-à-sept-têtes qu'il dit avoir tuée; mais Petit-Jean se fait reconnaître en montrant les sept langues de la bête qu'il a conservées dans son mouchoir (5, 42); Petit-Jean montre le

soleil et le violon des géants, que le roi accepte comme preuve d'identité (16); la princesse, de ses yeux mêmes, reconnaît son libérateur (7).

88. *L'éclat d'épée de Tristan*.— (a) En essayant de capturer le libérateur inconnu de la princesse, les soldats du roi lancent leurs épées, et l'une d'elles se casse en laissant un fragment dans sa hanche; le roi envoie des médecins par toute la ville; trouvant Petit-Jean couché chez un charbonnier, ils le saisissent et aperçoivent le bout d'épée dans sa hanche (5); un vieux Français dit: "Car, nom de Dieu! je vais toujours le blesser avec mon épée." Il lance l'épée dans sa hanche où elle se casse; Petit-Jean lui-même porte le fragment d'épée au roi (3); "le roi jette sa lance, qui se casse dans la cuisse de Ti-Jean;" le petit jardinier, plus tard, lui rapporte le fragment et se fait reconnaître (4).

89. *Banquet nuptial*.— (a) Le roi, à l'occasion du mariage de la princesse délivrée, donne un banquet de noces, et fait raconter leurs aventures aux prétendants, pour découvrir qui est le libérateur (12, 16). (b) A son banquet de noces, la princesse s'assoit entre son libérateur et le prince prétendant, dit une parabole et choisit le premier (7). (c) Au souper nuptial, pour empêcher les traîtres de s'échapper, le roi fait condamner portes et fenêtres, et dire à chacun son histoire (5, 16). (d) La femme légère donne un souper au prince, où l'on s'amuse en chantant (29).

90. *Noces royales*.— (a) Le libérateur épouse la princesse qu'il a délivrée (2, 3, 5, 12, 16, 42). (b) Petit-Jean épouse la princesse métamorphosée en chatte, qui lui a fait des dons (6). (c) Le roi donne la main de la princesse, sa fille, à celui qui lui a rendu maints services (1, 13, 39). (d) Le héros refuse d'épouser la princesse à laquelle il a droit, ou qui lui est offerte (10, 15, 39). (e) Un jeune magicien épouse la princesse qui lui a sauvé la vie (17). (f) Le prince de l'Épée-verte épouse la sœur d'un roi étranger (11). (g) Gilbert veut épouser la fille du roi, mais n'y réussit point.

91. *Choix de la plus belle*.— (a) Cendrillon, étant la plus belle, est choisie par le fils du roi, qui l'épouse (7, 8); Petit-Jean se marie à la plus jeune des princesses, qui est la plus belle (4). (b) Le roi donne sa couronne à Petit-Jean, le cadet de ses fils, parce qu'il a épousé la plus belle des princesses (6); Brise-bois et Brise-montagnes se battent pour la plus belle des trois princesses (16); le roi épouse la plus jeune de trois paysannes, qui est la plus belle (27).

92. *Testament de roi*.— (a) Le libérateur se marie à la princesse, et le roi lui donne ses richesses et son royaume (2); "le roi leur a donné tous ses biens, son château, ses parterres et son royaume" (3); "après le mariage, le roi remet sa couronne à Ti-Jean (4). (b) Le roi dit: "C'est mon Ti-Jean qui a gagné ma couronne," et l'enlevant de sa tête,

bang! il la met sur celle de Ti-Jean (6); Parle, en épousant la princesse, hérite de tout le royaume (13); "le mariage eut lieu avec de grandes cérémonies, et Ti-Jean monta sur le trône où il régna longtemps avec bonheur" (42).

93. *Châtiment des crimes.* — (a) Sont écartelées: les deux sœurs jalouses de leur cadette (27), et la sorcière et sa fille qui ont métamorphosé le prince de l'Epée-verte et sa sœur (11); le charbonnier trompeur est brûlé sur un bûcher (5); Charles et Georges sont mis en cage et brûlés à petit feu, en punition de leur jalousie malfaisante (13); Brise-bois et Brise-montagnes périssent sous le sabre de Petit-Jean qu'ils ont trahi (16). (b) Le roi dit à Petit-Jean: "Qu'est-ce que tu ordonnes au capitaine qui t'a trahi pour épouser ma princesse à ta place?" — "Je ne lui ordonne rien; car il faut faire le bien pour le mal" (10); le sorcier Jean-Parle a la tête tranchée par les gens de justice, et Finette hérite de ses biens et de son château (28).

Combats, Jalousies et Rivalités.

94. *Destruction des géants.* — (a) Petit-Jean tue les géants pendant qu'ils dorment (10, 16). (b) Petit-Jean, vêtu de la peau de bœuf qui le rend invincible, enfonce les trois géants sous terre et leur rompt la tête (3); Antoine tranche la tête des trois géants à mesure qu'ils entrent dans le soupirail (12); Martineau-pain-sec achève les géants épuisés à force de se battre (20); Jean tue les géants avec sa baguette magique (42). (c) Parle et Parlafine emprisonnent les géants dans une boîte trainée sur un chariot (13, 14).

95. *Querelles qu'amène la ruse.* — Antoine tire une flèche et mouche un géant; tire une autre flèche et éteint la chandelle; les géants se battent chaque fois, s'accusant les uns les autres de ces tours (12); Martineau-pain-sec, caché dans un arbre, lance des pierres aux géants dormant au-dessous et leur casse des dents; les géants s'entretuent en s'accusant mutuellement de brutalité (20); Jean, rendu invisible par sa ceinture magique, mange la soupe des géants qui, pour cette raison, se querellent (42).

96. *Destruction des dragons.* — (a) Petit-Jean dort sur les genoux de la princesse, en attendant l'arrivée du dragon de feu; quand elle le réveille, à l'approche du monstre, il dit à sa jument: "Bois la moitié de la mer! Eteins le dragon de feu sept lieues à la ronde!" Le dragon demande quartier; et, le lendemain, les chiens Fort, Raide, S'est-fait-tort, Prends-ma-garde, A-ton-maître et Feu le déchirent en mille miettes (3). (b) "A trois reprises Petit-Jean tranche plusieurs têtes de la Bête-à-sept-têtes; mais la troisième fois seulement il réussit à la tuer (7); Jean tue la Bête-à-sept-têtes avec sa baguette magique (42).

97. *Quartier au lendemain.* — Le Corps-sans-âme et le dragon de feu demandent quartier au lendemain; ce qui leur est accordé; mais le lendemain ils sont plus forts que la veille (2, 3); la Bête-à-sept-têtes demande trois fois quartier avant d'être détruite (5); l'ennemi demande trois fois quartier avant d'être définitivement vaincu (4).

98. *Concours d'habileté ou de force.* — (a) Dans le concours de la lance et de l'anneau, Petit-Jean réussit là où son rival, le charbonnier, échoue (5); le roi promet sa couronne à celui de ses fils qui lui procurera la plus belle toile du pays, lui ramènera le plus beau cheval et la plus belle princesse; et c'est Petit-Jean qui remporte la victoire (6); Brise-bois et Brise-montagnes sont battus par la petite Capuche-bleue, et leur compagnon Petit-Jean est le seul qui vienne à bout de la détruire (16). (b) Petit-Jean s'essaye avec le géant et réussit à le convaincre qu'il peut lancer plus loin que lui la canne de fer de trois mille livres et manger plus de bouillie que lui (3). (c) Trois personnes gagent que celui qui fera le plus beau rêve aura ce qui leur reste à manger (35, 36).

99. *Champ aride et champ fertile.* — A côté d'un champ brûlé du soleil et sans herbe se trouve un pâturage où l'herbe croît à hauteur d'homme, mais en la possession des géants ou du Corps-sans-âme; un vacher, un berger ou un porcher y font entrer leurs animaux, luttent avec les occupants qu'ils finissent par vaincre, grâce à la ruse ou à certains charmes (3, 2, 43).

100. *Force herculéenne.* — (a) Brise-bois frappait les arbres à coups de poing; Brise-montagnes frappait les montagnes; et Petit-Jean, étant le plus fort des trois, détruit la petite Capuche-bleue après deux combats (41); Petit-Jean-petit-bois, en battant le grain du roi, fait écrouler ses granges; au moulin du diable il ne trouve point son maître; et les roches qu'on lui lance sur la tête dans un puits ne lui paraissent que des gravois (15); Dom Jean est tellement fort et laborieux qu'il excite la jalousie des fermiers du roi (39). (b) Feignant la puissance, Martineau-pain-sec gagne l'admiration du roi (20). (c) Vêtu de sa peau magique de bœuf, Petit-Jean ne rencontre point son égal sur la terre; il renverse les arbres et les murailles, et détruit les géants en les enfouissant sous terre (3). (d) Force phénoménale des géants (voir plus haut, No 46).

101. *Jalousie fraternelle.* — (a) Les deux frères aînés ne réussissent pas à découvrir qui prend le foin dans la tasserie de leur père. Petit-Jean dit: "Moi, je vais y aller." Les autres se mettent à rire de lui. "Oui, un *beau fin* pour garder la tasserie!" Il y va et découvre ce qu'il cherche (5); les trois frères arrivent ensemble aux trois chemins; les deux frères aînés disent à Petit-Jean: "Ne nous suis pas; c'est un vrai déshonneur!" Il répond: "Ça ne fait rien; allez-

vous-en !” Et, devant leur père, ils se moquent de leur cadet. C’est Petit-Jean, toutefois, qui gagne la couronne du roi (6); Cendrillon, que ses sœurs et sa belle-mère honnissent, devient l’épouse du prince (8, 9); Parle, que ses frères méprisent et renient, fait tant de merveilles qu’il devient roi (13). (b) Poussées par l’envie, les deux sœurs aînées font croire au roi que leur cadette, son épouse, a donné le jour à un singe (27).

Tours, Fraudes et Déceptions.

102. *Trahison de l’envie.* — (a) Craignant la force extraordinaire de Petit-Jean-petit-bois, le roi cherche à le faire détruire en l’exposant à toutes sortes de dangers (15). (b) L’envie mène à vouloir la perte d’un parent ou d’un protecteur (3, 8, 11, 13, 16, 17, 27, 39, 45).

103. *Victime substituée.* — (a) Pensant tuer les enfants égarés, à qui sa femme a donné des bonnets bruns, le géant tue ses propres filles à qui Parlafine a mis les bonnets par ruse (14); Pois-verts, qu’on va jeter à la mer dans un sac, échange sa place avec un autre, qui, en cherchant ainsi fortune, s’en va à sa perte (21); le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse met à sa place, dans le sac, le fils de la vieille qui vient l’y tuer à coups de couteau, sans le reconnaître (45). (b) Quand les animaux se vengent de la perte de leur secret, c’est sur le frère infâme de celui qu’ils veulent détruire (1).

104. *Substitutions.* — (a) La vieille couvre sa fille hideuse d’un voile, et la remet au prince en lui faisant croire que c’est Cendrillon (8); la vieille magicienne fait croire au roi que son fantôme est la princesse de l’Epée-verte à qui il a promis par serment de se marier (11). (b) La magicienne coupe le pommier aux fruits d’or et en accuse le prince de l’Epée-verte; elle tue l’enfant du roi et fait punir le prince pour ce crime (11). (c) Le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse met un caillou à sa place dans le sac de la vieille femme (45). (d) On accuse la reine d’avoir donné naissance à un singe, quand son enfant était le plus beau au monde (27).

105. *Crédulité exploitée.* — (a) Petit-Jean feint de lancer la canne de fer du géant à neuf lieues, ce dont le géant le croit capable; plus tard, Petit-Jean gage qu’il peut manger plus que le géant, verse la bouillie dans un sac qu’il perce ensuite; croyant que son rival s’est percé le ventre, le géant en fait autant, et meurt (3). (b) Les frères jaloux font croire au roi que Petit-Jean s’est vanté d’aller chercher le violon, la lune, les bottes du géant et le géant lui-même. Au roi qui lui dit: “Puisque tu t’en es vanté, tu vas y aller,” Parle répond: “Je ne m’en suis pas vanté, mais je vais y aller quand même...” (13); Parlafine se fait donner la bourse des géants, et, à la fin, capture même

un géant en exploitant sa naïveté (14). (c) Martineau-pain-sec devient le favori du roi en feignant la force et la bravoure, quand il n'est qu'un paresseux et un lâche (20); Pois-verts se moque de la cupidité de son maître en lui vendant comme charmes des objets inutiles, et en le faisant mettre dans un sac et jeter à la mer (21). (d) La naïveté du diable lui fait perdre ses victimes (22, 23); en feignant d'être malade, Finette conduit le dangereux Jean-Parle à sa ruine (28). (e) La crédulité est aussi le thème qu'on utilise dans maints autres contes (1, 4, 11, 12, 16, 41, 44, etc.).

106. *La porte défendue*. — En lui remettant toutes les clefs du château, la sorcière défend à Petit-Jean d'ouvrir une certaine porte; mais Petit-Jean désobéit et trouve la fontaine d'or qu'elle recèle; la magicienne lui pardonne la première fois, mais le poursuit pour le tuer, la seconde (4); Jean-Parle défend à ses servantes d'ouvrir une certaine porte durant son absence, et leur laisse les clefs; les servantes ouvrent la porte et trouvent les cadavres de ses femmes; la clef qui se tache du sang indélébile révèle leur indiscretion fatale (28).

107. *Le sac de Pois-verts*. — On va jeter Pois-verts à la mer; il crie qu'il ne veut pas y aller; un pauvre passe et lui demande où; Pois-verts répond qu'il ne veut pas aller coucher avec la princesse; le pauvre prend sa place dans le sac, et périt. Voyant revenir Pois-verts, d'autres sont trompés de la même manière, et jetés à la mer (21).

108. *Déguisement*. — (a) L'homme se déguise en petit garçon pour voir si le loup ment (41); Parlafine se déguise en chien pour entrer chez le géant (14); Parle se déguise en roi pour capturer le géant, dans son chariot (13); Petit-Jean se déguise pour aller combattre le dragon ou la Bête-à-sept-têtes (4, 5); Petit-Jean se déguise pour aller punir les Gaseons voleurs (18). (b) Le diable se déguise pour tromper des personnes de bonne foi (24, 25).

109. *Secrets découverts*. — (a) Caché dans un arbre, l'aveugle découvre les secrets de trois animaux qui, plus tard, punissent un autre pour cette indiscretion (1). (b) La princesse se fait dire le secret de vie du Corps-sans-âme, qu'elle trahit ensuite et conduit à sa perte (2); le secret de la métamorphose de la princesse de l'Épée-verte est découvert par un paysan, qui le déclare au roi (11). (b) Parlafine, par indiscretion, découvre que son père va l'abandonner le lendemain, dans les bois (14); le secret du diable, qui se nomme Cacholet, est découvert par un bûcheron, dans les bois (24); un serviteur rapporte au roi le souhait des trois paysannes, qu'il a entendu par indiscretion (27). Le cocassier révèle au mari trompé les fourberies de sa femme (29).

110. *Choses subtilisées*. — (a) L'hôtelier subtilise la poule aux

œufs d'or, l'âne *crottant* l'or et l'argent, la serviette au repas servi, et les remplace par des objets semblables, mais de moindre valeur (19, 43). (b) Un Gascon vole impudemment le cochon que Petit-Jean veut lui vendre; Petit-Jean, à son tour, vole à main armée l'âne *crottant* l'or et l'argent; voleurs mis en fuite (2, 18). (c) Parlafine, à force de ruses, vole le violon, la lune, les bottes, la bourse et le troupeau des géants (13, 14). (d) Un individu meurt sans payer sa dette et expie sa faute en revenant souffrir sur la terre (26).

111. *Propriété reconquise*. — Petit-Jean, au moyen de son bâton magique, recouvre les objets qui lui ont été volés (19, 42).

112. *Les figues d'Esopé*. — Les fermiers du roi mangent les mets que Dom Jean a préparés pour son maître, et en rejettent la faute sur Dom Jean lui-même. A la suggestion de Dom Jean chacun absorbe une dose de sel, et en vomissant ce qu'ils ont mangé, les fermiers s'accusent de leur fourberie (39).

113. *L'ami contradicteur*. — Au roi qui lui demande s'il a des biens, Gilbert répond que non. Son ami déclare qu'il est le plus riche de la terre. Le roi demande à Gilbert pourquoi il se gratte; il répond qu'il a un petit bouton. Son ami déclare qu'il est cousu de boutons. C'est pourquoi le roi le congédie (44).

Voyages et Transports.

114. *Pérégrinations lointaines*. — Le voyage de Petit-Jean aux Sept-montagnes-vertes, au cours duquel il est aidé par trois magiciennes et le rock, et qui dure un an et un jour (7); voyage au pays du Corps-sans-âme (2); les longs voyages sur mer du petit garçon et du prince de l'Épée-verte (10, 11); le mari d'une femme légère va chercher de l'eau de la fontaine de Paris (29).

115. *Transporté dans un sac*. — Pois-verts, le pauvre et le curé sont portés à la mer dans un sac (21); Larrivée porte à un forgeron les trois émissaires du diable dans son sac; et lui-même entre au ciel dans son sac (22); sans le savoir, Jean-Parle transporte Charlotte, Javotte et Finette dans des coffres qu'il croit remplis de linge (28); le cocassier transporte et cache dans son panier l'homme qui allait chercher de l'eau de la fontaine de Paris (29); la vieille transporte le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse dans un sac (45).

116. *Voyages dans l'autre monde*. — (a) Après sa mort, Larrivée va frapper à la porte du ciel; mais on le renvoie à l'enfer; de là il revient de nouveau au ciel où il finit par entrer (22); Pipette, s'étant fait enterrer vivant, s'en va au ciel, de là, à l'enfer; mais comme le diable a promis de ne l'y point recevoir, il revient au ciel, où il entre (23). (b) Le revenant part pour le ciel sous la forme d'une petite lumière,

et le mauvais seigneur est enfoncé dans l'enfer (26). (c) Les trois chasseurs, ou les trois Gascons, rêvent qu'ils vont au ciel et voient Dieu et la Sainte Vierge (35, 36).

117. *Orphée aux enfers*. — Petit-Jean se rend dans un monde inférieur, dont l'entrée est un puits profond où l'on descend dans un panier suspendu. C'est là que vit la petite Capuche-bleue, un monstre, et que les géants gardent trois princesses. Le même panier remonte les princesses au haut du puits, où Petit-Jean se fait transporter par le rock (16).

118. *Retours de l'autre monde*. — (a) Saint Pierre permet à Larrivée de descendre un moment sur la terre où il revient chercher son sac magique (22). (b) Maudit après sa mort par un créancier impitoyable, un homme revient sur la terre s'engager et gagner sa dette (26).

119. *Les portiers du ciel et de l'enfer*. — Saint Pierre est le portier du ciel, et le diable est celui de l'enfer (22, 23).

CONTES MERVEILLEUX.

1. LES SECRETS DU LION, DE L'OURS ET DU LOUP.¹

Une fois, c'était deux orphelins. L'un dit à l'autre: "Pour gagner votre vie, je vas te crever les yeux; et nous irons dans les campagnes demander la charité pour l'aveugle que tu seras. Et nous ferons pas mal d'argent." Le plus jeune répond: "C'est bien! Je consens à ce que tu me crèves les yeux, pourvu que jamais tu ne m'abandonnes." Lui ayant promis de ne jamais l'abandonner, son frère lui crève yeux.

Après avoir parcouru ensemble les *paroisses*² pendant cinq ou six années, ils se sont ramassé un peu d'argent; mais le frère aîné devient tanné de traîner ainsi partout son frère aveugle. Il l'emène au bord d'une rivière dans la forêt, le jette à l'eau et ne s'en va que quand il le voit au milieu de la rivière. L'aveugle, à la fin, réussit à s'accrocher à une branche au bord de la rivière et à se retirer de l'eau. Dans la crainte de se faire dévorer par les loups, il vient à bout de grimper dans un arbre, en se disant: "Là, du moins, je ne me ferai pas manger."

Vers le soir, un ours, un lion et un loup arrivent ensemble au pied de l'arbre. Pendant qu'ils conversent, l'ours dit: "J'ai un secret, moi." Le lion répond: "Moi aussi." Et le loup: "Moi aussi, j'en sais un." L'ours reprend: "Le prince est bien malade; mais je suis capable de le guérir. Il y a un gros crapaud sous son lit: c'est ce qui

¹ Raconté par Mme Prudent Sioui, en août, 1914, à Lorette, Québec. Ce conte lui venait de feue Marie Michaud (Picard).

² I.e., communes, en France.

le tient malade. Je n'aurais qu'à l'ôter de là, et le prince reviendrait à la santé." Le lion dit à l'ours: "Voici mon secret: le roi est aveugle; je n'aurais qu'à prendre une feuille de cet arbre-ci et à lui en frotter les yeux pour qu'il recouvre la vue." Quant au loup: "Moi, j'ai un secret: dans le village, ils¹ n'ont pas une goutte d'eau. Ils n'auraient seulement qu'à ôter une pierre sous l'église pour que l'eau revienne."

Ayant entendu cette conversation, le jeune homme dans l'arbre prend une feuille, s'en frotte les yeux et recouvre la vue; prend une autre feuille et la met dans sa poche.

L'ours, le lion et le loup s'en vont chacun *de leur bord*. Le garçon descend de l'arbre, se rend au château et va voir le roi, à qui il dit: "Votre prince est bien malade. Moi, je puis le guérir, si vous me donnez cinq mille piastres."² Comme aucun médecin ne connaissait sa maladie et ne pouvait le soulager, le roi est bien content et dit: "Je vas te donner les cinq mille piastres." Le jeune homme fait semblant de rien et *avint*³ le crapaud, sous le lit du prince. Il ne l'avait pas sitôt *avindu* que déjà le prince allait mieux. Le roi dit: "C'est assez! il va bien. Mais tu demandes trop cher." Le garçon *garroche*⁴ le crapaud sous le lit, et voilà le prince encore bien malade. "C'est bien, c'est bien! dit le roi; guéris-le, je vais te donner l'argent." Mon bonhomme enlève donc la bête sans que le roi s'en aperçoive; et voilà le prince guéri. Avec ses cinq mille piastres, il part et s'en va.

Le lendemain, il arrive au château du roi aveugle et lui dit: "Vous ne voyez rien. Moi, je puis vous guérir si vous me donnez sept mille piastres." Le roi ne regarde pas à l'argent pour recouvrer la vue. Le jeune homme prend sa feuille et en frotte les yeux du roi qui, de suite, voit clair. Bien content d'avoir d'aussi bons yeux qu'à l'âge de quinze ans, le roi lui donne les sept mille piastres promises.

De là, le garçon se rend chez le maire de la paroisse et lui dit: "Vous n'avez pas une goutte d'eau; mais je suis capable de la faire revenir si vous me donnez huit mille piastres." Le maire ne trouve pas cela trop cher, vu que sans eau dans le village, ce n'est pas aisé d'y vivre. Il accepte, et le garçon va dessous l'église, ôte la pierre; et l'eau *ressoud* dans tout le village.

Une fois sorti de chez le maire, mon garçon rencontre *ben* son frère: "Tiens! bonjour, mon frère; tu vois clair!" Et se jetant à ses pieds, il lui demande pardon. "Dis-moi n'importe quelle pénitence, et je la ferai." Son frère lui répond: "Mais va donc à l'endroit où tu m'as

¹ I.e., les villageois.

² La "piastre" ou "dollar," au Canada, équivaut à cinq francs, au pair.

³ I.e., *attrape*.

⁴ I.e., *lance*.

quitté aveugle. Là, monte dans l'arbre au bord de la rivière !” Ce que son frère fait.

Le soir venu, l'ours, le lion et le loup arrivent encore à la même place, sous l'arbre. En colère de voir leurs secrets découverts, ils se mettent à regarder dans l'arbre. Y apercevant un homme, ils s'écrient : “C'est lui qui nous a déclarés ;¹ mangeons-le !” Et ils le dévorent à belles dents.

Quant à son frère, il se maria à la fille du roi, chez qui il vit encore comme un bienheureux, *et cætera*.

2. LE CORPS-SANS-ÂME.²

Une fois, c'était un homme et une femme. Ils étaient si pauvres qu'ils n'avaient pas les moyens de faire instruire leur seul enfant, un petit garçon.

A l'âge de dix-sept ans, le jeune homme dit : “Mes parents, aujourd'hui, je pars d'ici.” Le père répond : “Mon petit garçon, tu pars ? Je vais te donner quelque chose pour que tu te souviennes de moi.” — “Je ne peux pas voir³ ce que vous allez me donner ?” — “Ce que je te donne, c'est mon canif d'argent.” Prenant le canif d'argent, le garçon part, prend le chemin et marche. Au bout de sept jours, il arrive au bord d'un fleuve, dans les bois. N'ayant pas d'abri pour la nuit, il se couche près d'une souche, et, le lendemain matin, il commence à suivre le sentier, le long du fleuve. Marche toute la journée. Comme il n'y a pas de fin à la forêt, vers le soir il pense : “Peut-être serais-je mieux de *revirer* ? Je crois bien que je suis pris pour mourir ici.” Mais il pense toujours à son canif d'argent,⁴ de peur d'être attaqué par quelque bête féroce. Le lendemain matin, il aperçoit, le long du sentier, un vieux cheval mort et à moitié dévoré. Passant tout droit, il marche vite et, au bout d'une heure, il entend un vacarme épouvantable. Un lion, un aigle⁵ et une chenille se battent pour avoir le cheval. Le lion dit à l'aigle et à la chenille : “Il vient de passer un jeune homme ici. Donnons après lui !⁶ Toi, l'aigle, tu voles vite. Va lui dire qu'il vienne nous le séparer pour nous faire plaisir, et que nous le récompenserons.” L'aigle prend sa volée vers le jeune homme, et, arrivant à lui, il dit : “Venez donc où

¹ I.e., *dénoncé*; ici le sens est “qui a découvert nos secrets.”

² Raconté par Nacisse Thiboutot, de Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, en juillet, 1915. Ce conte lui venait de son oncle, feu Charles Francœur, né à la Rivière-Ouelle, mais résidant à Sainte-Anne. Le titre du conte est celui que le conteur a donné de lui-même.

³ I.e., *deviner*.

⁴ Ce canif était doué de vertus magiques.

⁵ Thiboutot disait : un *zaigle*.

⁶ *Courons après lui*.

ce qu'est le cheval, pour le séparer entre nous, un lion, un aigle et une chenille, qui nous nous battons pour l'avoir." — "Ah! je suppose que vous, bêtes, avez fini de manger cette pauvre carcasse?" — "Ne craignez rien, répète l'aigle; le lion vous fait demander de venir. Il y a longtemps que nous nous chicanons sans pouvoir manger, et nous avons faim." Bien en peine, le jeune homme *revire*, se disant: "Je suis toujours pour mourir; j'y vais." Le voyant arriver, le lion dit: "Bonjour, maître des braves!" La chenille en dit autant. Et ils demandent: "Sépare ça entre nous; et ce que tu feras sera bien fait. Nous te récompenserons." Le garçon prend donc son canif, coupe le cou du cheval, et donne la tête à la chenille, disant: "Toi, la chenille, tu n'es pas grosse; tu mangeras la moelle dans les os, et le crâne te fera un abri pour le mauvais temps." Puis il éventre le cheval et donne les tripes à l'aigle, disant: "Toi, l'aigle, on te voit toujours sur la grève à manger du poisson. Ceci est pour toi." Et au lion, il dit: "Je te donne le restant; ayant de bonnes dents, tu peux manger les os." Le lion s'écrie: "Merci, monsieur, merci, monsieur! c'est justement pour ça que je me battais." La chenille répète la même chose, et l'aigle en dit autant. "Pour ta récompense, dit le lion, je vais te donner la meilleure chose que tu pourras jamais avoir." — "Quoi, mon lion? Que vas-tu me donner?" — "Regarde sous ma patte gauche de devant, et prends-y un poil blanc. Enveloppe-le dans ton mouchoir, pour ne pas le perdre. Quand tu voudras devenir lion toi-même, tu diras: 'Adieu, lion!' et tu seras le plus beau des lions et maître de tous les lions." L'aigle, à son tour, dit: "Moi, je vais aussi te donner ma récompense. Regarde dans mon aile gauche, où il y a une plume blanche. Arrache-la et conserve-la. Et quand tu voudras devenir aigle, tu n'auras qu'à dire: 'Adieu, aigle!' et tu seras le maître des aigles et le plus beau de tous les aigles." Il reste encore la chenille. Elle dit: "Moi, je ne suis pas grosse, mais je te donne ma récompense *pareil*.¹ Prends ma patte gauche d'en arrière, et arrache-la. Quand tu voudras devenir chenille, tu n'auras qu'à penser à moi, et tu seras la plus belle et la maîtresse de toutes les chenilles." Partant de *d'là*, il les remercie *comme'il faut*, et bien content comme eux, il continue son chemin.

Un peu plus tard dans la journée, il entend, dans la forêt, un train épouvantable. "Qu'est-ce que ça peut bien être?" se demande-t-il. C'était comme si des bêtes féroces se battaient; et par *secousses*,² il y avait des voix. Tout à coup, que voit-il venir? Une bande de voleurs, vingt en tout, qui se disent: "Je viens de voir un homme." En les apercevant, le garçon pense à sa chenille. Le voilà chenille, et il se cache sous la racine d'un arbre. Des voleurs disent: "Il y a un homme ici; il faut le prendre et le tuer." D'autres répondent:

¹ Pour *pareillement*.

² Ou *escousses*; i.e., par moments.

“Ce n’est pas vrai; il n’y a personne ici.” Ne pouvant s’accorder, ils se battent. La chenille pense: “Il faut que je me mette en lion, pour leur faire peur.” En voyant le lion, imaginez-vous que les voleurs crient! Ne sachant où se sauver, ils prennent la fuite de tous côtés. Et le jeune homme continue son chemin.

Un peu plus loin, il se dit: “Plutôt que de marcher, je vais devenir aigle, pour aller plus vite, en volant.” Aigle, il vole par-dessus les arbres et arrive dans une belle prairie séparée en deux. Du côté où se trouve une petite maison, il y a un grand troupeau de moutons. L’aigle arrive à la maison, se change en homme, cogne à la porte et demande à loger. “Mais, mon cher monsieur, s’écrie la maîtresse de la maison, *zêtes*-vous de ce monde-ci ou bien de l’autre monde?” — “Madame, j’ai longtemps marché pour traverser cette forêt.” — “Je ne puis pas vous croire. Il faut que vous ayez été transporté, car c’est ici la prairie du Corps-sans-âme.” Le jeune homme demande: “Voulez-vous m’engager?” Elle répond: “Oui, et ce sera pour garder les moutons.”

Le lendemain, de bon matin, il part avec son troupeau de moutons. Mais comme il n’y a pas grand’herbe, les moutons braillent pour passer dans le clos voisin, celui du Corps-sans-âme, qui est tout en beau foin. “Ces pauvres moutons! dit le jeune homme, ils seraient bien mieux dans le champ de foin qu’ici, où il n’y a rien à manger.” Débouche une *pagée*¹ de clôture et fait passer le troupeau. *Ce qu’il aperçoit?* Le Corps-sans-âme, sous la forme d’un lion, couché le long de la clôture. “Que viens-tu faire ici, ver de terre?” — “Je ne suis pas plus ver de terre que toi.” — “C’est ce qu’on va voir. *Essèyons-nous!*” — “Oui, il faut *s’essèyer*. Mais attendons à demain pour avoir une chance.” — “Oui, mais pourquoi attendre à demain?” — “Je voudrais manger de la bouillie au sucre pour être aussi fort que toi, le lion.” — “Tu peux bien manger de la bouillie au sucre et la saler aussi.”

Ayant eu connaissance de cette *ostination*² entre le lion et le serviteur, la fille de la vieille femme dit à sa mère: “Il faut lui faire de la bouillie, ce soir. Demain il doit se battre avec le Corps-sans-âme.” Et quand il arrive, le soir, la vieille est à faire de la bouillie. Il demande: “La mère, pourquoi donc faites-vous de la bouillie?” — “Jeune homme, répond-elle, vous avez dit que si vous mangiez de la bouillie, vous seriez aussi fort que le Corps-sans-âme, qui est sous la forme d’un lion.” — “Oui, grand’mère, je serai aussi fort, *certain*. Demain, je me battrai avec lui. Mais, que j’aie le dessous ou le dessus, ne venez pas voir, ne regardez pas.”

Le jeune homme mange la bouillie.

¹ Consistant des perches comprises entre deux paires de piquets.

² Obstination; pour *dispute*, *querelle*.

Le lendemain matin, le Corps-sans-âme est pressé d'arriver, pour commencer la lutte. Trouvant le jeune homme endormi le long de la clôture, il le réveille, et, tout enragé, il lui dit: "Tu ne m'as pas l'air d'un homme qui a mangé de la bouillie." — "Tu t'apercevras tantôt de ce que j'ai mangé. Là, il se tourne en ¹ lion. La bataille prend, et *ça se bat, ça se bat!* A la fin, le Corps-sans-âme a le dessous, et demande quartier à trois jours, pour prendre sa revanche. Le jeune homme répond: "Dans trois jours tu ne seras pas meilleur qu'aujourd'hui." — "Mets tes moutons dans mon champ à foin jusqu'à ce que j'aie pris ma revanche." Et le jeune homme lui donne quartier à trois jours.

Le soir, de bonne heure, pendant qu'il soupe, il dit à la vieille et à sa fille: "Il faut que, cette nuit, j'aille voir de l'autre bord de cette prairie." Et, se mettant en aigle, il traverse toute la prairie, aperçoit le plus beau des châteaux, et se *jouque* ² sur une fenêtre. Dans ce château se trouvait une princesse que le Corps-sans-âme avait volée à son père. Emprisonnée dans ce château, elle se croyait gardée pour toujours par le sorcier que personne ne pourrait jamais tuer. L'aigle se change en jeune homme, et, passant la nuit avec la princesse, il lui demande: "Que faudrait-il faire pour détruire le Corps-sans-âme?" Elle répond: "Il est bien malade. Après s'être battu hier avec je ne sais qui, il est revenu bien massacré. Il doit bientôt prendre sa revanche." — "Demande-lui donc ce qu'il faudrait faire pour trouver son âme." — "Je lui demanderai. Tu reviendras demain soir, que je te le dise." De là, le jeune homme s'en va rejoindre son troupeau.

Comme le Corps-sans-âme, le lendemain, se prépare à sortir de son château, la princesse dit: "Mon Corps-sans-âme, pourquoi sortez-vous et me laissez-vous toujours seule. Je crains que vous ne veniez à vous faire tuer." — "Ne crains pas! Il n'y a point de danger! Personne ne peut me tuer." — "Mais comment donc?" — "Pour me détruire il faudrait qu'on me tue quand je suis en lion, qu'on éventre le lion et dans son corps prenne le pigeon qui s'y trouve, qu'on ouvre le pigeon et y prenne les trois œufs, et qu'on vienne me les casser sur le front." — "Ah! puisque c'est comme ça, répond-elle, il n'y a pas de danger qu'il vous arrive malheur."

Le soir, l'aigle *ressoud* encore, et se *jouque* à la fenêtre. Ouvrant le chassis, elle le fait entrer. "Qu'est-ce que le Corps-sans-âme t'a dit?" demanda-t-il; et elle lui raconte tout. Quand elle achève, il dit: "Moi, je puis faire tout ça, princesse." — "*Si tu en es capable*, jeune homme, mon père a fait publier dans tout son pays ³ que celui qui me

¹ *Se change en.*

² *I.e., se jouche.*

³ Thiboutot, ayant un peu d'instruction et un langage plus recherché que la plupart des conteurs, a ici substitué cette expression à la plus ancienne. . . "*a fait battre un ban.*"

délivrerait m'aurait en mariage.” — “Ma princesse, ça va arriver demain. Quand j'aurai tué le lion, il viendra ici en personne, bien malade; et il te demandera à boire; mais, prends bien garde de lui en donner. Si tu le faisais il pourrait t'arriver malheur: en te frappant, il pourrait te donner la mort.” — “Ne craignez pas!” répond-elle.

Le lendemain, les deux lions se rencontrent, et voilà la chieane qui prend. Ça *bûche*!¹ Toujours,² le Corps-sans-âme finit par *revoler en éclats*. Et quand le lion est mourant, le Corps-sans-âme arrive en personne à son château et tombe paralysé, incapable de grouiller. “De l'eau, vite, vite!” demande-t-il à la princesse. “Attends, tu vas *beto*³ avoir ce qu'il te faut.” De son côté, le jeune homme prend son canif d'argent et éventre le lion. Un pigeon en sort et s'envole dans les airs. Pensant à son aigle, le jeune homme devient aigle et chasse le pigeon. L'ayant attrapé, il l'ouvre, prend les trois œufs et les enveloppe bien précieusement dans son mouchoir.

Il arrive au château du Corps-sans-âme, y entre, et le trouve paralysé: “N'approche pas ici! dit le malade; tu es mort si je saute sur toi.” — “Ah! tu n'es pas dangereux!” Prenant les trois œufs de pigeon, il les lui casse sur le front, d'abord un et ensuite les deux autres. Voilà le Corps-sans-âme mort. La princesse n'est pas *lâche*⁴ à venir trouver le jeune homme. “Tu vas t'en venir avec moi au pays de mon père. Quand j'ai été volée, à l'âge de quinze ans, mon père m'a promise en mariage à celui qui me ramènerait.” Le jeune homme répond: “Princesse, il faut toujours que j'aie dire à la vieille femme dont je garde les moutons, que je m'en vais. Autrement, elle serait occupée⁵ de moi.” Arrivé chez la vieille, il dit: “La mère! la belle prairie à foin du Corps-sans-âme vous appartient *admeure*.⁶ Je viens de le tuer. Moi, je m'en vais avec la princesse chez son père.” Bien contente, la vieille lui a payé le temps qu'il a de fait.⁷

Le jeune homme et la princesse arrivent chez le roi, qui les marie ensemble et leur donne toutes ses richesses et son royaume.

Et moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici. Je leur avais aidé, mais ils ne m'ont pas donné un sou.

3. LE DRAGON DE FEU⁸

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était un roi. Il dit à sa femme, un

¹ *Bûcher* ici est dans le sens de *frapper, se battre*.

² Pour *enfin*.

³ Pour *bientôt*.

⁴ I.e., *lente*.

⁵ I.e., *inquiète*.

⁶ Pour *à demeure*, définitivement.

⁷ I.e., payé pour le temps qu'il avait été à son service.

⁸ Raconté par Achille Fournier, à Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière, Kamouraska, P.Q., en juillet, 1915. Fournier dit qu'il a appris ce conte, quand il était jeune homme, d'un mendiant, à Sainte-Anne.

jour: "Celui qui mourra devant ¹ ne se remariera point; notre petit garçon aurait de la misère." De l'un et de l'autre ce marché passe entre les deux. La femme meurt et le roi, veuf, va à la chasse tous les jours.

Le petit garçon dit à son père: "*Poupa*, ² n'allez pas dans les bois, pour ne pas rencontrer une fille qui pourrait vous tenter." — "Mon petit garçon, répond le roi, je vais faire la chasse dans les bois, où on ne rencontre pas des filles."

Rendu dans les bois, *ce qu'il voit*? Une belle perdrix blanche. Tire sur la perdrix, qui tombe dans les feuilles. Gratte dans les feuilles, et *ce qu'il trouve*? Un bel arganeau ³ d'or. *Ça fait qu'il tire l'arganeau; ce qui s'ouvre*? Une trappe. Ouvre la trappe et aperçoit un château tout en or et en argent. Il se trouve face à face avec une vieille magicienne, qui dit: "Il faut que tu m'épouses *ast'heure*." — "Je ne peux pas t'épouser; ce serait contre la promesse que j'ai faite à ma défunte femme." — "Ah, si tu ne m'épouses pas, tu meurs!" Lui, plutôt que d'être tué — elle a un poignard à la main — l'épouse. Aussitôt, le beau château disparaît, et la magicienne s'en revient avec le roi.

Le roi gardait à l'année un petit vacher pour avoir soin de son troupeau. "Mon mari, dit la belle-mère, pourquoi ce petit vacher? Ton petit garçon serait bien capable d'avoir soin des vaches." Le roi répond: "J'ai les moyens; je ne veux pas mettre mon enfant vacher." Mais *c'est pas tout ci tout ça*, ⁴ elle envoie le petit garçon garder les vaches. Le voilà devenu vacher, qui s'en va dans le haut du clos. ⁵ Toujours, une fois les *frets* ⁶ arrivés, le bonhomme se met à l'abri de la elôture et il tremble. Le petit bœuf, parmi les vaches, dit: "Mon Petit-Jean, *t'as fret?*" ⁷ — "Oui, j'ai fret." — "Regarde à mon oreille gauche, où il y a un petit morceau de fer. Mets-le à terre, et ça te fera un beau poêle. Regarde à mon oreille *drête*; ⁸ il y a un petit morceau de toile; ça te fera une belle tente. Tout ce que tu aimes à manger se trouvera dans la tente." Mon Petit-Jean regarde dans l'oreille gauche du bœuf, trouve un petit morceau de fer, le met à terre, et voilà un beau poêle. Regarde dans l'oreille *drête*, met à terre le petit morceau de toile; et ça lui fait une belle tente. Et tout ce qu'il souhaite à manger, il l'a.

Voyant que le petit bœuf le regarde, il dit: "Comment, mon petit bœuf, ⁹ tu parles, toi? *On* ¹⁰ va donc jaser, tous les deux." Le soir,

¹ I.e., le premier.

² I.e., papa.

³ Dict. : "Anneau de fer scellé dans le mur d'un quai pour attacher les bateaux." Ce mot n'est peut-être pas connu en dehors des contes, en Canada.

⁴ I.e., rien ne peut l'en dissuader.

⁵ I.e., le haut ici est pas opposition à *en bas*, dans ou vers la vallée.

⁶ I.e., le froid, l'hiver.

⁷ Tu as froid.

⁸ Pour droite.

⁹ Fournier prononçait *beu*.

¹⁰ Pour nous.

il *embarque*¹ à cheval sur son petit bœuf pour revenir au château de son père. Quand la belle-mère le voit arriver, elle dit à son mari: "Je pensais bien qu'il ferait un bon vacher; il a déjà dompté le petit bœuf." Le roi répond: "Tais-toi donc, ma vieille! il n'a toujours pas la peine de marcher." Le lendemain, le petit vacher revient encore à cheval. Voilà la vieille malade pour² manger du bœuf. Voyant ça, Petit-Jean s'en va trouver son bœuf, et lui dit: "Mon petit bœuf, la vieille veut te faire tuer demain matin par trois bouchers." — "Tu diras aux bouchers qu'il faut que ce soit toi qui me tue." Les bouchers lui demandent: "Es-tu capable de le tuer?" — "Oui, j'en suis capable." Mon Petit-Jean prend la hache, coupe le cable, monte à cheval sur le petit bœuf, tandis que la belle-mère sur sa *galerie* se promène en disant: "*M'a*³ en manger, du petit bœuf!" Mais le bœuf saute, donne un coup de patte dans le front de la vieille, la tue raide et se sauve avec le petit vacher sur son dos. Le roi s'arrache les cheveux de voir son enfant parti.

Le lendemain, le bœuf dit: "Mon Petit-Jean, nous arrivons à un jardin où il y a des fruits défendus, gardés par des bœufs trois fois plus gros que moi. Si je m'y fais tuer, *pleume-moi*,⁴ mets-toi ma peau sur la tête, et il n'y aura rien de plus fort que toi sur la terre." La bataille prend, et le petit bœuf tue les trois autres. Une fois repartis, "Mon Petit-Jean, dit le bœuf, nous allons encore passer par un autre jardin aux fruits défendus, gardé par des bœufs aux cornes d'acier. Si je me fais tuer, *pleume-moi*, mets-toi ma peau sur la tête, et il n'y aura rien de plus fort que toi sur la terre." La bataille commence, et le petit bœuf se fait tuer. Petit-Jean le *pleume* et se coiffe de la peau. Le voilà comme *Barban*,⁵ une peau sur la tête. Se disant: "Il faut que je *m'assève*, *ast'heure*, avec ma peau de bœuf," il arrive devant un chêne de six pieds *sur la souche*;⁶ pousse ses cornes sous le chêne, *verse* le chêne.

De là, Petit-Jean s'en va chez le roi. "Monsieur le roi, vous n'avez pas besoin d'un engagé?"⁷ — "Oui, répond le roi, j'en ai un de parti hier; si tu veux prendre sa place, tu es à même." — "J'accepte." — "Eh bien! tu garderas mes cochons. Mais ne vas pas les faire passer sur les terrains de mes voisins, les géants, qui vous tueraient *certain*, toi et les cochons."

S'approchant du mur de pierre de soixante pieds de haut, Petit-Jean pousse ses cornes sous le mur, le renverse, fait passer ses cochons sur la terre des géants, et monte dans un gros chêne. *Ce qu'il* voit venir? Un géant de dix pieds de haut, qui crie: "Je croyais n'en

¹ I.e., *monte*.

² I.e., *feignant d'être malade*.

³ Pour *je vais*; *m'a* est l'abréviation de *je m'en vas*.

⁴ I.e., *écorce*.

⁵ Peut-être *Brabant*.

⁶ Fournier disait: "six pieds sur la *chousse*;" ce qui signifie "six pieds de diamètre."

⁷ I.e., *serviteur*, prononcé *engagé* (*h* aspiré).

avoir que deux à manger, mais j'en ai trois." — "Si tu en as trois, répond Ti-Jean, tu vas les gagner." Il vous attrape le géant par les deux épaules, le plante jusqu'aux oreilles dans la terre; et *cran!* sur son genou, lui casse le cou, et met la tête près de lui, à terre. "Tiens! il dit, vous ne répéterez pas avec moi, mes géants!" Et il s'en retourne avec ses cochons, qui ont engraisé d'un demi-pouce dans la journée. Le roi dit: "C'est le meilleur *cochonnier*¹ que j'aie jamais eu; mes cochons ont engraisé d'un demi-pouce dans la journée."

Le lendemain matin, Petit-Jean repart encore avec ses animaux, repasse sur les terrains des géants et monte dans le chêne. *Ce qui ressoud?* Un géant de vingt pieds de haut. "Aie, ver de terre! *ce que*² tu fais ici? Je croyais en avoir seulement deux à manger, mais j'en ai trois." — "Si tu en as trois, tu les auras gagnés." Attrape le géant par les deux épaules et le plante jusqu'aux oreilles dans la terre, et *cran!* sur son genou, lui casse le cou. Il repart avec ses cochons, qui ont engraisé d'un pouce dans deux jours. Démonté, le roi dit: "C'est un bon *cochonnier*, *dépareillé*."³

Petit-Jean, le lendemain matin, retourne encore avec ses cochons sur le terrain des géants, et monte dans le chêne. *Ce qui ressoud?* Un géant de trente pieds de haut. "Aie, ver de terre! *ce que* tu fais ici? Je croyais n'en avoir que deux à manger, mais j'en ai trois." — "Si tu en as trois, tu les auras gagnés, comme tes frères." — "Ah! dit le géant, ne fais donc pas ça, Petit-Jean. Mes frères étaient des vrais chicaniers.⁴ Viens faire un tour avec moi, et soyons bons amis." En marchant, le géant dit: "Il faut *s'essayer, ast'heure*, pour voir qui est le plus fort. J'ai une canne de fer de trois mille livres. Celui qui la jettera le plus loin gagnera." Prenant la canne de fer, il la fait tourner en l'air et la jette à trois milles, disant: "Petit-Jean, tu n'es pas capable de la jeter plus loin, grosse vache⁵ que tu es!" Petit-Jean répond: "J'ai un de mes frères, un forgeron, qui reste à neuf milles d'ici; ça lui sera bien utile, trois mille livres de fer." — "Aie! Petit-Jean, ne va pas lancer là ma canne, j'en ai encore besoin. Mais viens à mon château avec moi." Rendu chez lui avec le jeune homme, il dit à sa mère: "Petit-Jean vient nous voir. Vous lui enverrez chercher un jambon dans le haut de la cheminée,⁶ et, quand il sera monté, vous le ferez tomber dans une *chaudronne*⁷ d'huile bouillante. C'est le seul moyen de s'en débarrasser." Petit-Jean, ayant tout entendu, dit à la vieille, quand le géant est sorti: "Allons, la vieille! marche, monte dans la cheminée, et va chercher le jambon." Et

¹ Pour porcher.

² Pour qu'est-ce que.

³ *Dépareillé* veut dire "sans pareil, sans égal." Fournier prononçait *cocho-gnyé*.

⁴ Prononcé *chicagné*.

⁶ Fournier prononçait *chunée*.

⁵ I.e., gros paresseux.

⁷ I.e., un chaudron.

aussitôt qu'elle est au haut, il tire l'échelle, et la bonne-femme tombe dans la *chaudronne* d'huile. En entrant le géant dit: "La voilà morte! On est bien débarrassé."

"*À l'heure*, mon petit jeune homme, il faut *s'essayer*; celui qui mangera le plus de bouillie sera le plus capable."¹ Petit-Jean s'en va à la ville, où il se fait faire un habit des pieds à la tête, avec un sac dedans. Arrivé chez le géant avec son habit, *on* sépare la bouillie; à chacun quatre *siaux*.² Petit-Jean dit: "*Dévi*rons-nous dos à dos; moi, je n'aime pas à manger face à face." — "C'est bon!" répond le géant. Et pendant que le géant mange sa bouillie, Petit-Jean la jette à cuillerée dans le sac de son habit. Le géant dit: "Je suis malade, moi." — "Et moi aussi," répond Petit-Jean, en ajoutant: "Mais j'ai un bon remède; je me fends la panse avec un couteau." Prenant son couteau, il se fend la panse, et la bouillie se répand. Le géant dit: "*M'a*³ *ben* faire *pareil*, moi aussi." Prend le couteau, hésite un peu, et se fend la panse. Il tombe à la renverse, mort, détruit.

Petit-Jean s'en va à l'écurie du géant et y trouve vingt beaux grands chevaux noirs et reluisant comme des souris. Grattant dans un quart d'avoine, il trouve un sifflet,⁴ siffle dedans. *Ce qui* arrive à lui? Un homme, qui dit: "Que voulez-vous, maître?" — "Je veux que ces vingt beaux chevaux soient bien soignés et étrillés. Tout ce qu'on veut avoir de ce sifflet, on l'a?" — "Oui, maître!"

Petit-Jean part avec ses cochons et arrive au château du roi. Tout est en deuil. "Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire?" demande-t-il. Le roi répond: "Une de mes filles va être⁵ dévorée par le dragon de feu, demain matin, à sept heures. J'ai déjà envoyé bien des armées pour le détruire, mais je n'ai jamais pu." Petit-Jean part, retourne au château des géants, prend son sifflet, siffle et demande: "Donne-moi la jument qui est capable de boire la moitié de la mer et d'éteindre le dragon de feu sept lieues à la ronde."

Il se rend avec sa jument, le lendemain matin, sur le rivage où est la belle princesse. "Qu'es-tu venu faire ici?" Il répond: "Je suis venu combattre le dragon de feu et te délivrer." — "*Poupa* a envoyé des centaines d'armées pour détruire le dragon, sans jamais y réussir." — "Belle princesse! je vais me coucher sur vos genoux, et quand vous verrez le dragon venir, vous me réveillerez." Le dragon de feu arrive, la princesse le réveille. Il dit: "Ma jument! bois la moitié de la mer!" Et elle boit la moitié de la mer: "Eteins le dragon de feu sept lieues à la ronde!" La jument vomit l'eau de la mer et éteint le dragon de feu sept lieues à la ronde. Le dragon demande quartier jusqu'au lendemain matin. Accepté. Petit-Jean arrive au château du roi. "Petit-Jean?" — "Sire le roi, qu'est-ce que ça veut dire?

¹ I.e., *fort*, *puissant*.

² Pour *seau*.

³ I.e., *je vas*.

⁴ Fournier disait *soufflet*.

⁵ Fournier dit *est pour être dévorée*.

Tout était en deuil hier, et tout est aujourd'hui en réjouissance." Le roi répond: "Un monsieur est venu combattre le dragon de feu." — "Pas plus monsieur que moi," dit Petit-Jean. "Tais-toi donc! Tu n'es toujours bien rien qu'un petit *cochonnier*." Le roi dit: "Demain matin, je vais envoyer une armée pour guetter celui qui va combattre le dragon de feu." *Ça fait que* Petit-Jean s'en va au château des géants, prend son sifflet, siffle et demande: "Donne-moi la jument qui est capable de sauter par-dessus la boule d'or, mille pieds *de rond* d'air, et les chiens qui s'appellent Fort, Raide, S'est-fait-tort, Prends-ma-garde, A-ton-maitre, Feu."

Le lendemain matin, Petit-Jean s'en va avec sa jument et ses chiens sur le rivage où est la belle princesse. La princesse dit: "*C'est comme rien*,¹ le dragon de feu va être cent fois plus terrible aujourd'hui qu'hier." — "Ne craignez pas, belle princesse; je suis cent mille fois plus fort, moi." Le roi place une armée pour guetter le beau cavalier étranger. Comme le dragon arrive, Petit-Jean appelle ses chiens: "Fort, Raide, S'est-fait-tort, Prends-ma-garde, A-ton-maitre, Feu!" Et se jetant sur le dragon, les chiens le déchirent en mille miettes. A sa jument, Petit-Jean dit: "Saute par-dessus la boule d'or, mille pieds *de rond* d'air." Et la jument saute par-dessus l'armée du roi. Il y avait là un vieux Français qui dit: "Car, nom de Dieu! je vais toujours le blesser avec mon épée." Lance son épée à sa hanche, où elle se casse.

Le roi fait battre² un ban que celui qui serait trouvé avec le bout de l'épée dans la hanche aurait la belle princesse en mariage. Beaucoup de jeunes gens se mettent des bouts de fer, de faucille, dans la hanche. Mais c'est inutile. Petit-Jean arrive, le soir, en boitant. Le roi dit: "Petit-Jean, tu t'es planté un bout de fourche dans la hanche pour avoir ma princesse?" — "Non, sire le roi! J'ai couru après mes cochons, aujourd'hui, et je me suis planté un chicot dans le pied." Le roi l'examine, ajuste l'épée au bout qui sort de sa hanche; ça fait juste! "Petit-Jean, es-tu capable de me montrer la jument qui a sauté par-dessus la boule d'or?" — "Oui, sire le roi. J'ai mon gros cochon noir dans la grange. Il est capable de sauter par-dessus." Et il monte à cheval sur le cochon, qui fait des sauts de quatre pieds en l'air. Le roi est à terre de rire. Petit-Jean dit: "*As't'heure* que vous avez *ben* ri, je vais aller chercher la jument qui a sauté par-dessus la boule d'or.—Et vous, belle princesse, *appareillez-vous*³ pour venir à cheval avec moi." Comme il arrive avec la jument, la princesse *embarque*, et, tous les deux, ils sautent par-dessus la boule d'or mille pieds *de rond* d'air. Voilà le roi sans connaissance de peur;

¹ I.e., inutile.

² Fournier disait toujours *mettre un ban*.

³ I.e., *préparez-vous*; terme d'origine marine.

sa princesse va peut-être se tuer! Mais non; ils redescendent, et Petit-Jean la ramène. Le roi dit: "Tu vas épouser ma princesse, tu l'as gagnée." Ils se sont donc mariés, et le roi leur a donné tous ses biens, son château, ses parterres et tout son royaume.

Et moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici vous le raconter.

4. TI-JEAN ET LE CHEVAL BLANC. ¹

Une fois, c'était un veuf qui cherchait à se remarier. Il maltraitait tellement son petit garçon, Ti-Jean, que, découragé, celui-ci déserte un bon matin, prend le chemin et marche, marche. Il arrive au bout du chemin et, ne sachant où aller, il prend un petit sentier menant dans les bois. Suit le petit sentier, et *ressoud*² devant un beau bâtiment, un beau château. Il cogne à la porte et on lui dit: "Entrez!" Une vieille magicienne est là, toute seule. Elle demande: "Mon petit garçon, dis-moi donc d'où tu viens?" — "Bonne mère! Je ne sais pas." — "Où vas-tu?" — "Je ne sais pas." — "Veux-tu t'engager?" Il répond: "Oui!" — "Tu n'auras pas grand'chose à faire," lui dit-elle. Elle l'engage donc. "C'est pour soigner un cheval noir et un vieux cheval blanc. Tiens! au cheval blanc tu ne donneras que de la paille; et voici un bâton; tu le battras tant qu'il te plaira. Mais mon cheval noir, tu le soigneras au foin et à l'avoine et tu le brosseras tous les jours." Ti-Jean répond: "C'est bien!"

Ast'heure elle l'emmène au château et lui montre tout, ouvrant des portes *sur* un sens, *sur* l'autre, partout. Arrivant à une porte, elle dit: "*Tant qu'à*³ celle-ci, n'y entre pas, ou je te mettrai à mort." — "Ne craignez pas," répond-il.

La vieille femme part pour huit jours. Une fois seul, Ti-Jean visite le château, examine tout et est satisfait. Mais il se met à penser: "Dis-moi donc, dans ce petit cabinet, ce qu'il peut bien y avoir de drôle?" Prenant la clef, il ouvre la porte. Un grand trou sans fond et une échelle qui y descend. "Dis-moi donc! *ce qu'il* peut bien y avoir, là?" Prenant l'échelle, il descend, descend, descend. Rendu pas mal loin, il fourre son bras et son doigt où ça reluit, au fond. Retirant son bras, il voit que son doigt est doré. C'était une fontaine d'or.

Ti-Jean remonte et ferme la porte.

Sorti de là, Ti-Jean essaie d'arracher l'or de son doigt; mais c'est impossible. Il se l'enveloppe donc. La vieille magicienne arrive et demande: "Qu'est-ce que tu t'es fait au doigt?" — "J'ai dolé et je me suis coupé le doigt." — "Montre donc! montre donc!" — "Non!

¹ Conte récité à Saint-Victor, Beauce, en août, 1914, par Paul Patry, qui l'avait appris de sa mère, Geneviève Coulombe (Patry).

² I.e., arrive.

³ Pour quant à.

je ne me suis coupé qu'un peu." Lui *pognant*¹ la main, elle arrache l'enveloppe et dit: "Ah, mon malheureux! tu es descendu à la fontaine d'or." Il répond: "Je ne savais pas quoi faire et, m'ennuyant, je suis descendu voir. Au fond, c'était comme de l'eau; j'y ai fourré le doigt, et c'est resté collé." — "Prends garde d'y retourner, ou je te prendrai la vie." — "Ne craignez pas, vu que je connais ce que c'est." Elle ajoute: "Je repars encore pour huit jours; aie bien soin de mon cheval noir; nourris-le et brosse-le. Mais l'autre, rosse-le."

La bonne-femme partie, Ti-Jean va soigner ses chevaux. Le cheval blanc lui dit: "Ne me bats donc pas et soigne-moi bien. Je te rendrai service plus tard. Quant au noir, donne-lui de la paille et *foute-lui*² la volée à son tour. Tu verras!" Ti-Jean répond: "Tu parles, toi?" — "Ah! dit-il, oui! et je te sauverai la vie, toi." Le petit garçon soigne son vieux cheval blanc au foin et à l'avoine, et donne une bonne volée à l'autre. *Sapré!*³ le noir trouve ça dur, lui qui n'y est pas habitué.

L'ennui le prenant encore, le petit garçon *débarre* le cabinet et descend encore à la fontaine d'or. — Il était comme moi, il avait les cheveux longs *effrayant*. Rendu au bas de l'échelle, il se fourre la tête dans la fontaine d'or, et sort de là avec une belle chevelure dorée. "*De ce coup-là, pense-t-il, la bonne-femme va me tuer.*" Cherchant partout, il trouve une peau de petit jeune mouton,⁴ et s'en fait une bonne perruque cachant bien ses cheveux d'or.

Avant le retour de la magicienne, le cheval blanc dit à Ti-Jean: "Mon petit garçon, c'est le temps de désertir. Tu te ferais tuer pour t'être mis la tête dans la fontaine d'or." Et ils se *grèyent* pour partir. "Prends l'étrille et une bouteille, dit le cheval blanc; bride-moi, et partons! Quand elle arrivera, ça ne sera pas drôle!" *Comme de fait*, Ti-Jean prend l'étrille, une bouteille, et les met dans sa poche; bride son cheval blanc; et ils partent. Le cheval dit: "Touche, et filons!"

La magicienne *ressoud*. Pas de cheval blanc ni de petit garçon. Elle dit: "Le petit bougre, il a fait quelque méchant coup!" Et pendant que Ti-Jean et le cheval blanc se sauvent à l'épouvante, ils voient venir, en arrière, une tempête terrible. Le cheval dit: "C'est la vieille magicienne qui court après nous. Si elle nous rattrape, c'est la mort." Et la tempête approche. Quand elle est tout près, le cheval dit: "Jette ton étrille!" Jette l'étrille; et voilà une montagne d'étrilles, dans laquelle la vieille et son cheval noir s'empêtrent. Ti-Jean et son cheval continuent, et *ça mène!* Après une *escousse*,⁵ ils s'aperçoivent que le temps noircit, regardent en arrière, et je vous dis que ça vient! Le cheval blanc dit: "C'est encore la vieille. S'il

¹ I.e., *saisissant*.

² I.e., *donne-lui*.

⁵ I.e., *laps de temps*.

³ Juron.

⁴ Pour *agneau*.

faut qu'elle nous rejoigne, nous sommes morts tous les deux. Quand elle sera tout près, jette la bride." Et Ti-Jean jette la bride. Voilà une montagne de brides épouvantable. La bonne-femme voit l'heure qu'elle ne s'en *démancherait* pas, tandis que les autres filent. Après un *bout* de temps, elle s'en *démanche* et part encore après eux. Le temps devient encore noir, et la tempête casse et arrache les arbres. "S'il faut qu'elle nous *pogne*, de ce coup-là, c'est fini! Jette la bouteille." Ti-Jean jette la bouteille; et voilà une montagne de bouteilles épouvantable. Prise dans les bouteilles, essayant de monter, la vieille roule toujours en bas. C'est impossible, elle ne peut pas s'en *démancer*.

Le cheval blanc dit à Ti-Jean: "*As't'heure*, rends-toi là-bas, au château, en passant par la petite rivière, dans les arbres. Et va chez le roi t'engager comme jardinier." Ti-Jean arrive chez le roi, qui n'avait pas de jardinier, et offre ses services. Bien content, le roi accepte, et l'envoie loger dans une petite bâtisse, en arrière du château.

Le roi dit à ses trois filles: "Une de vous ira porter à manger au jardinier." La plus jeune des trois, une beauté sans pareille, va donc lui porter à manger, tous les jours.

*Ça s'adonne bien que*¹ la belle fille a sa chambre vis-à-vis du jardin, et qu'elle voit souvent le petit jardinier. Le matin, Ti-Jean fait toujours sa toilette et se débarbouille. La petite fille le regarde faire, de sa chambre. Ah! les beaux cheveux d'or! En finissant de se peigner, il met sa perruque en peau de mouton. Quand on lui demande: "Pourquoi mets-tu cette calotte?" il répond: "Je suis teigneux." La fille a bien vu ses beaux cheveux d'or, mais elle n'en parle à personne.

Un jour, voilà la guerre déclarée. A tout son monde le roi ordonne de rejoindre le régiment et de partir pour la guerre. Le vieux cheval, que Ti-Jean va voir tous les jours, lui dit: "Le roi s'en va à la guerre. Allons lui aider; il va perdre, car il n'a pas assez de soldats. Viens ici, demain matin, et nous irons joindre l'armée." Le lendemain matin, le petit teigneux ôte sa calotte de mouton et s'en va trouver son cheval, qui est plus blanc que la neige, blanc comme on n'en a jamais vu. Mettant un habit tout blanc, il laisse tomber ses cheveux d'or sur ses épaules. A cheval, et ses armes pendant de chaque côté, il part pour la guerre. Il arrive dans l'armée, passe près du roi, faisant un grand salut, pendant que tout le monde regarde ce beau prince qu'on n'a encore jamais vu. La bataille commence. Le cheval blanc saute d'un bord, saute de l'autre, pendant que Ti-Jean joue si bien du sabre que l'ennemi demande quartier pour jusqu'au lendemain. C'est Ti-Jean qui a gagné la victoire! En repassant près du roi, il lui fait un salut et part. Le roi retourne à son château, disant: "Je ne sais pas quel est ce beau prince, si vaillant, les cheveux

¹ Pour le hasard veut bien que.

en or et habillé tout en blanc, qui m'a fait gagner la victoire." La plus jeune de ses filles dit: "Pas plus beau que mon petit teigneux!" — "Ton petit teigneux? répond le roi; tais-toi! ou je te fais péter la gueule." Et la fille ne reparle pas.

Le lendemain matin, la même fille va porter à manger au petit teigneux pendant qu'il se peigne. Elle voit encore ses beaux cheveux d'or, mais ne dit rien. A Ti-Jean le cheval blanc dit: "La bataille recommence aujourd'hui; il faut aider au roi. Aujourd'hui, habillons-nous en rouge." Ils s'habillent donc tout en rouge. En arrivant dans l'armée, Ti-Jean passe encore près du roi et fait un salut. Comme la bataille commence, son cheval est si vigoureux que, saute d'un côté, saute de l'autre, Ti-Jean avec son sabre gagne encore la victoire. En revenant, il passe contre le roi et lui fait un salut. Le roi essaie de le *pogner*,¹ mais il en est incapable.

De retour au château, le roi dit à la reine: "Un beau cavalier, tout habillé en rouge et des cheveux d'or sur le dos, m'a encore fait gagner la victoire. Mais je ne peux pas savoir qui il est." La petite fille dit: "Il n'est pas plus beau que mon petit teigneux."—"Ferme ta gueule! Tu vas baiser ma main."

Le lendemain matin, le cheval blanc dit: "Mon Ti-Jean, nous allons encore à la guerre, aujourd'hui. Habillons-nous tout en noir." Et ils se *grèyent*, leurs habits, le sabre, le cheval, tout en noir. Sur ses épaules, Ti-Jean laisse tomber ses cheveux d'or. En passant à côté du roi, il fait un grand salut et file encore en avant, saute d'un côté, saute de l'autre, et, avec son sabre, gagne la victoire. La guerre est finie. Le roi dit: "Que ça coûte ce que ça voudra, il faut le *pogner*, pour voir qui il est!" Ti-Jean fait encore un salut au roi, en passant; et le roi jette sa lance, qui se casse dans la cuisse de Ti-Jean. Mon petit jeune homme s'échappe quand même, sans qu'on puisse arriver à l'arrêter.

Le roi, en arrivant, dit: "Un beau prince tout en noir a encore gagné la victoire et fini la guerre." Il fait battre un ban que celui qui lui apporterait le bout de la lance cassée aurait sa fille en mariage et sa couronne. On vient donc de tous bords et tous côtés avec des bouts de fourche, de *broc*² et de faucille, pour essayer de les ajuster à la lance. Mais c'est inutile. Le vieux cheval blanc dit: "Mon Ti-Jean, habillons-nous tout en blanc, comme la première fois que nous sommes allés à la guerre." Le petit jeune homme s'habille en blanc, et, nu-tête, il laisse battre ses beaux cheveux d'or sur son dos. Partant à cheval, il arrive comme une tempête. Comme il passe près du château, on essaie de le saisir, mais sans y réussir.

Une fois revenu, Ti-Jean mène le cheval blanc dans sa forêt; et,

¹ I.e., *le saisir*.

² I.e., longues fourches à foin. Mot d'origine celtique.

arrivant au château, il remet sa petite calotte de mouton. La belle princesse en le regardant s'aperçoit qu'il boite, mais elle n'en dit rien.

Le lendemain matin, le cheval dit: "Retournons, comme au deuxième jour, tout en rouge!" Ti-Jean s'habille donc tout en rouge. En les voyant arriver comme une tempête, le roi dit: "Celui-là, c'est le prince qui est venu me gagner la bataille, le deuxième jour." Comme il repasse, on essaie de le prendre, mais il leur glisse dans les mains et passe tout *dret*.

De retour au château, il relâche son cheval, change d'habit et se remet à jardiner.

Le cheval blanc dit, le lendemain: "Allons-y vêtus tout en noir, comme au dernier jour de la guerre, quand tu as été blessé." Et ils partent pour le château, Ti-Jean habillé en noir, et ses beaux cheveux d'or lui battant sur le dos. "C'est le dernier prince venu à ma guerre," dit le roi. On essaie encore de le prendre au passage, mais sans y réussir. Le roi remarque: "C'est bien curieux, on ne peut pas les prendre, ni trouver qui ils sont!" En s'en revenant, il ajoute: "Coûte que coûte, il faut essayer de les *pogner*!"

Au roi qui entre au château, le petit jardinier dit: "Venez voir, monsieur le roi, si ce bout de lance ajuste à la vôtre." L'ayant essayé, le roi reconnaît que c'est le vrai, cette fois. "J'ai promis ma fille en mariage et ma couronne à celui qui m'apporterait le bout cassé de ma lance." Et le prenant par la main, il l'emmène voir ses trois filles, en disant: "Prends celle que tu voudras." Ti-Jean tend la main à la plus jeune et la plus belle des trois, à celle qui lui portait à manger. Fâchées, les deux autres se mettent à *brailler*: "Voir que le beau prince a choisi la plus jeune!"

Après le mariage, le roi remet sa couronne à Ti-Jean. Le vieux cheval blanc vient et dit: "Mon Ti-Jean, tu es marié. Je viens donc te voir pour la dernière fois. *Ast'heure*, tue-moi et fends-moi en deux." Ti-Jean prend une hâche, tue son cheval blanc, le fend en deux; et un beau prince en sort, disant: "Merci bien!" Le vieux cheval était un prince que la vieille sorcière avait *amorphosé*.¹

Et ça finit là. Je ne sais pas ce qui leur est arrivé depuis; car ça fait longtemps que je ne suis pas allé les voir.

5. TI-JEAN, LES CHEVAUX ET LA BÊTE-À-SEPT-TÊTES.²

C'était un *habitant*³ à l'aise et ses trois garçons. Il s'apercevait que le foin baissait vite dans la tasserie d'une de ses granges, sur ses terres, et n'en pouvait trouver la raison.

¹ Pour *métamorphosé*.

² Récité en août, 1914, à Lorette, Québec, par David Sioui, âgé de près de cinquante ans, et le frère de Prudent Sioui. David Sioui dit avoir appris ce conte de son défunt père, Clément Sioui.

³ I.e., *cultivateur* ou *paysan*.

Toujours que le plus âgé des garçons dit: "*Poupa*, je vas¹ garder la tasserie." Mais, durant la nuit, la peur le prend, le garçon, et il se sauve, les jambes à son cou. Le deuxième garçon dit: "Je vas y aller, *poupa*." A la fin, la peur l'emporte, lui aussi, et il se sauve.

Ti-Jean, le troisième garçon, dit: "Moi, *poupa*, je vas y aller." Et ils se mettent tous à rire de lui. "Oui, un beau fin pour garder la tasserie!" — "J'y vas quand même." Il part, arrive à la grange, entre et s'assoit sur la tasserie. Vers les onze heures de la nuit, un cheval blanc entre. Ti-Jean demande: "Que viens-tu faire ici?" — "Comment? C'est toi, Ti-Jean? Ne dis pas un mot! Laisse-moi manger du foin, et quand tu seras en peine, tu n'auras qu'à penser à moi, et je serai à toi." — "Mange!" dit Ti-Jean. Et le cheval blanc mange à peu près une demi-heure. Après quoi, il sort. Un cheval noir entre. "Comment, que viens-tu faire ici, toi?" — "Ti-Jean, ne dis pas un mot! Laisse-moi manger du foin. Quand tu seras en peine, tu penseras à moi, et je serai à toi." Ti-Jean dit: "Mange!" Le cheval noir mange une demi-heure et s'en va. Après lui, un cheval rouge entre. "En voilà encore un autre? Mais combien êtes-vous de votre bande?" — "Ti-Jean, je suis le dernier. Laisse-moi manger du foin, et quand tu seras en peine, tu penseras à moi, et je serai à toi. Mais, souviens-toi, n'en parle pas. Ne dis pas un mot."

Le matin, Ti-Jean s'en retourne à la maison, où on lui demande: "Qu'as-tu vu?" — "Je n'ai rien vu," répond-il. On rit de lui en disant: "Il a dormi toute la nuit; il pouvait bien ne rien voir!" Et tout en finit là.

En se promenant sur les terres de son père, Ti-Jean pense à son cheval blanc. Tout à coup le cheval blanc [vient] à lui. "Que veux-tu, Ti-Jean?" — "Ce que je veux? Ah! c'était seulement pour voir si tu m'avais conté des menteries." — "Ti-Jean, *embarque*,² je vas te faire faire un tour." Mon Ti-Jean *embarque*. Les voilà partis; et, je vous assure que ça marche, ça marche! Quand il en fut tanné, Ti-Jean dit: "C'est assez!" Il descend, et son cheval disparaît.

Le lendemain, il en fait autant: pense à son cheval noir. Le cheval noir à lui.³ "Que veux-tu, Ti-Jean?" — "C'était seulement pour voir si tu m'avais conté des menteries." — "Ah non! répond le cheval; *embarque*! Je vas te faire faire un tour." Et voilà Ti-Jean parti en promenade sur le cheval noir, allant partout, de ville en ville.

Il entend quelque part dire que, tous les ans, le roi est forcé de donner une de ses filles à la Bête-à-sept-têtes. Après s'être informé du jour où ça arrivait, il pense à son cheval rouge. Le cheval rouge à lui. "Que veux-tu, Ti-Jean?" — "J'ai besoin de vous, les che-

¹ Sioui dit *m'a garder* pour *m'en vas garder* et *je m'en vas garder*.

² Pour *monter à cheval*; terme d'origine marine.

³ I.e., *lui apparaît*. Ici le verbe *vient* est omis apparemment pour dénoter la rapidité de l'action.

vaux!" — "Nous sommes à toi!" répond le cheval rouge. Et Ti-Jean continue: "Sais-tu qu'une princesse va se faire manger par la Bête-à-sept-têtes?" — "Oui, je le sais." — "Je veux me battre avec elle." — "On ira, on ira!" répond le cheval.

Le jour arrivé, Ti-Jean pense à son cheval blanc. Le cheval blanc à lui. Et ils galopent tout *dret* vers la ville, arrivent au milieu de l'armée du roi, qui conduit la belle princesse au pied de la montagne, passent au milieu des soldats qu'ils bousculent, et jettent tout à terre. Les voyant arriver sur la montagne à la suite de la princesse, la Bête-à-sept-têtes dit: "Je pensais n'en manger qu'un; mais j'en aurai deux." Ti-Jean répond: "Avant de les manger, tu vas les gagner!" Les voilà pris à se battre. A Ti-Jean qui vient de lui couper deux têtes, la bête demande quartier pour jusqu'au lendemain. Ti-Jean consent.

Le lendemain, Ti-Jean pense à son cheval noir. Le cheval noir à lui. L'entendant arriver sur la montagne, la Bête-à-sept-têtes dit: "C'est un bon repas que je vas faire!" — "Tu vas toujours bien le gagner," répond Ti-Jean. Et les voilà pris à se battre. Ti-Jean coupe encore deux têtes de la bête, à qui il n'en reste plus que trois. "Quartier jusqu'à demain?" demande-t-elle. Ti-Jean consent et redescend la montagne. A son cheval noir il demande: "Penses-tu que je vas en venir à bout?" — "Elle va se recoller deux têtes; et, demain, elle te redemandera quartier; mais c'est tout; *plus*¹ de quartier! Le cheval rouge, qui a deux fois plus de force que nous, te le dira."

Le lendemain, Ti-Jean pense à son cheval rouge. Le cheval rouge à lui. Ils arrivent sur la montagne où la bête, grondant de fureur, se dit: "C'est ce matin que je fais un bon repas!" Et Ti-Jean continue: "Comme de coutume." Les voilà encore pris; *bat* et puis *bat*.² Il lui coupe deux têtes. "Quartier!" — "*Plus* de quartier! Au bout!" A la fin, toutes les sept têtes sont tranchées, et la bête est morte. De son couteau, Ti-Jean en coupe les sept langues et les enveloppe dans son mouchoir. Prenant les bijoux de la princesse, il les y met aussi. La princesse se jette à ses genoux, et lui saute au cou. Mais il la repousse, et, ne voulant pas la ramener, il s'en va sans elle. De là, Ti-Jean s'en va vivre avec un vieux pêcheur et sa vieille, dans une petite grotte.

Quant à la belle princesse, elle restait seule sur la montagne quand, un jour, un charbonnier *s'adonne* à passer là. Fièvre de trouver quelqu'un qui puisse la ramener chez son père, elle consent et promet de dire au roi que c'est le charbonnier qui l'a délivrée en tuant la Bête-à-sept-têtes. La ramenant au château, où le roi est content de la revoir, le charbonnier la demande de suite en mariage. Le roi

¹ Pour *pas plus, point*.

² Ici employé d'une manière impersonnelle.

dit: "Ben sûr! C'est vous qui avez délivré ma princesse; elle vous appartient. Mais reposez-vous d'abord. Et, comme c'est ici la façon, il y aura festin avant le mariage. Vous allez nous y donner des preuves de votre adresse." — "Ah oui!" répond le charbonnier.

Le moment venu, le roi prend un anneau, le suspend par un brin de soie au-dessus d'un sentier et fait monter le charbonnier sur le cheval le plus vigoureux de son écurie. Montant d'un bord,¹ le charbonnier retombe de l'autre. Il se fait garrotter sur le cheval, qu'on lâche. En passant à cheval dessous l'anneau, il s'agissait d'y enfiler une épée. Mon charbonnier la manque. Mais tout à coup on entend *ding!* et l'anneau part. Personne ne sait ce que ça veut dire.

Le lendemain, on garrotte encore le charbonnier sur un cheval, et tout recommence comme la veille. Il manque encore l'anneau, de son épée. Mais, *ding!* l'anneau part encore. On n'avait encore rien vu. Le roi fait donc avancer ses troupes et les place en deux rangs, l'épée à la main, de chaque côté de l'anneau. "Quand vous verrez partir l'anneau, leur dit-il, vous vous lancerez en avant." Sur son cheval on garrotte le charbonnier, qui manque encore l'anneau, de son épée. Mais à peine est-il passé que *ding!* l'anneau part. Les soldats de suite dardent de leur épée, jusqu'à ce que l'un d'eux casse sa lame, sans voir où elle s'est brisée, ni ce qu'en est devenu l'éclat. Personne ne peut dire comment ça s'est fait.

Le roi envoie deux médecins de porte en porte, par la ville, pour visiter tout malade ou blessé. Les médecins arrivent à la grotte où Ti-Jean, blessé, est couché sur un petit lit. "Y a-t-il quelqu'un de malade ici?" demandent les médecins. Jetant l'œil dans la maison, ils aperçoivent Ti-Jean couché derrière le poêle. "Vous n'êtes pas malade, vous?" — "Non, répond Ti-Jean; je ne suis pas malade; je suis couché." — "Il faut vous examiner." Saisissant mon Ti-Jean, ils l'examinent et trouvent un bout d'épée dans sa cuisse.² Ils l'arrachent et s'en vont le porter au roi. On ajuste ce morceau à l'épée cassée du soldat, et on trouve qu'il fait juste. "Attelez deux chevaux, dit le roi, et allez chercher Ti-Jean." — "Cocher! répond Ti-Jean, va dire au roi que demain j'irai de moi-même au château."

Le lendemain, pendant que le roi attend, Ti-Jean part à cheval pour le château. Oh! tout de suite, un valet vient tenir son cheval par la bride. "Que me voulez-vous?" demande Ti-Jean au roi. "Ce que je te veux? Je marie ma fille, et j'aimerais te voir au festin de noees." — "C'est bien trop de bonté, mon roi! Puisque vous le voulez, je reste. Mais je vais soigner mon cheval." — "Ne sois pas

¹ Le mot *bord*, ainsi que maints termes surtout marins, a pris l'acception de *côté*, *direction*, chez les paysans canadiens.

² Il devient ici évident que Ti-Jean, invisible, avait au lieu du charbonnier passé son épée dans l'anneau.

inquiet, dit le roi, quelqu'un en prend soin." Ti-Jean sort quand même; et ayant relâché son cheval, il revient passer la journée à la cour. Là, il reconnaît la princesse; mais, quand au charbonnier, il ne l'avait jamais vu.

Le roi donne un grand souper, le soir, avant le mariage de sa fille, la princesse. La table prête et le temps venu, le roi fait entrer tout le monde et *barrer* la porte.¹ A sa droite, il fait asseoir le charbonnier, et, à sa gauche, Ti-Jean. En face s'asseoit la princesse. Une fois le souper fini, il n'est pas question de chansons; ce sont des histoires qu'on raconte. On commence par Ti-Jean: "Une histoire, Ti-Jean!" Pas trop fou, il répond: "M'avez-vous invité pour rire tout de suite de moi. Commencez donc par un autre." Le roi fait conter son histoire au charbonnier, et lui demande: "Comment t'y es-tu pris pour tuer la Bête-à-sept-têtes?" Le charbonnier *emmanche*² son histoire aussi bien qu'il le peut, fait des menteries au roi, et dit en achevant: "Vous en voyez la preuve; j'ai les sept têtes dans ma voiture." Le roi répond: "Ça bien du bon sens!" On trouve que l'histoire du charbonnier n'est pas la plus amoureuse. "Ti-Jean, ton histoire! Conte-nous ton histoire, Ti-Jean!" demande-t-on. Il répond: "Mon histoire n'est pas longue. Tout en me promenant dans le pays, je *m'adonnais* à passer par ici à cheval. Il y avait la Bête-à-sept-têtes. Trois jours de suite, je me suis battu avec elle; et le troisième jour, je l'ai tuée. Dans mon mouchoir, voici les sept langues de la bête. Allez voir aux sept têtes si les langues y sont. Dites-moi s'il était facile d'aller chercher les langues dans la gueule de la bête vivante. Et voici les bijoux de la belle princesse, que j'ai gardés." Se retournant vers la princesse, le roi lui demande: "Tout ça est-il bien vrai?" La princesse ne parle pas. "Si tu as fait quelque promesse, reprend le roi, parle quand même; je prends ça sur moi." — "C'est Ti-Jean qui m'a délivrée," dit-elle aussitôt.

Le lendemain, on fit un grand feu d'artifice, où le charbonnier fut brûlé. Quant à Ti-Jean, il hérita de la princesse. Je pense qu'il a passé des beaux jours et qu'il s'amuse encore.

6. TI-JEAN ET LA CHATTE BLANCHE.³

C'est un roi qui a trois fils. Un s'appelle Jean, un autre, Cordon-bleu, et l'autre, Cordon-vert. Le roi, un jour, leur dit: "Tous trois vous êtes maintenant en âge. Celui de vous qui ira chercher le plus beau cheval aura ma couronne." Les garçons se *grègent*,⁴ partent

¹ Pour que personne ne sorte.

² I.e., *invente tant bien que mal*.

³ Récité par Paul Patry, en août, 1914, à Saint-Victor, comté de Beauce. M. Patry dit avoir appris ce conte de sa mère, Geneviève Coulombe.

⁴ Pour *gréer*.

et marchent. . . . Rendus à la fourche de trois¹ chemins, Cordon-vert dit: "Je prends ce chemin." Cordon-bleu ajoute: "Et moi, ce chemin;" et Ti-Jean achève: "Et moi, l'autre chemin." Avant de se quitter ils se disent: "*Tel jour*, nous nous retrouverons tous trois à la fourche des chemins."

Mon Ti-Jean marche,² marche jusqu'au bout du chemin. Là, il prend un petit sentier dans la forêt et il marche. Arrivé près d'une petite cabane de paille, il aperçoit une grande chatte blanche charroyant de l'eau avec quatre crapauds. Il s'assied et regarde. La chatte, ayant rempli une cuve d'eau, y met ses quatre crapauds, et *rrnyao, rrnyao*, s'y fourre elle-même. Et de la cuve sort une belle princesse, telle que Ti-Jean n'en a jamais vu. Elle lui demande: "Que cherches-tu?" — "Un cheval, répond-il; nous sommes trois garçons, et notre père, le roi, a promis sa couronne à celui de nous qui ramènerait le plus beau cheval." La princesse lui dit: "Demain matin, je serai encore la grande chatte blanche que tu as vue. Tu iras dans mon écurie et prendras le plus galeux de mes crapauds. Une fois rendu chez ton père le roi, tu le renfermeras, et le lendemain, il sera devenu le plus beau cheval de la terre."

Comme de fait,³ le lendemain matin, Ti-Jean prend le crapaud et s'en va à cheval dessus, *patati, patata*. Aux trois chemins, il rencontre ses frères, dont les chevaux sont fort beaux. Regardant Ti-Jean et son crapaud, ils disent: "Ne te montre pas ainsi à notre père, ou tu vas te faire tuer." Mais celui-ci part par derrière eux, *patati, patata*, fouettant sa monture d'une petite hart. "Ne nous suis pas, dirent-ils; c'est un vrai déshonneur!" — "Ça ne fait rien; allez-vous en!" Ils arrivent sur le tard chez leur père et mettent leurs chevaux à l'écurie. Ti-Jean passe l'étrille sur son crapaud, *perarrar*. . . Et ses frères disent: "Tu vas briser l'étrille de notre père." — "*Poupa* a les moyens d'en avoir une autre."

Le lendemain matin, Cordon-bleu et Cordon-vert se lèvent et vont montrer leurs beaux chevaux au roi. "Et Ti-Jean?" il demande. Ils répondent: "Ah, lui? c'est un *crapotte*."⁴ — "*Crapotte*?" Il faut que je le voie." Ti-Jean se lève après les autres. Son crapaud c'est le plus beau cheval qu'on ait jamais vu, le crin en argent, et ferré en or. "Ah! s'écrie le roi, c'est Ti-Jean qui a gagné la victoire; c'est lui qui a le plus beau cheval. Mais, vous savez qu'un roi a trois paroles. *Ast'heure*, celui de vous qui me rapportera la plus belle toile d'*habitant*⁵ aura ma couronne." Et ils partent tous les trois

¹ A un endroit de ce conte, M. Patry dit *quatre chemins*.

² L'expression originale était *marche à plein*.

³ I.e., *en effet*.

⁴ *Crapotte* au lieu de *crapaud* est ici employé par moquerie.

⁵ *Habitant* pour *fermier, cultivateur*.

sur leurs chevaux. Rendus à la fourche des trois chemins, Cordon-bleu dit: "Je prends le même chemin." Cordon-vert prend aussi le sien. "Moi, je prends aussi le mien," finit Ti-Jean en partant. Il marche, marche, arrive au petit sentier et de là à la maison recouverte de paille. La grande chatte blanche charroie encore de l'eau avec ses trois crapauds. Ti-Jean s'assied et les regarde faire. Une fois la cuve pleine, *rrnyao, rrnyao*, la chatte blanche se fourre dans la cuve et en ressort une belle princesse. Elle dit: "*Ast'heure*, mon Ti-Jean, que cherches-tu?" Il répond: "Je cherche la plus belle toile du pays¹ que mon père ait jamais vue."—"Demain matin, reprend la princesse, je serai redevenue une grande chatte blanche. Tu regarderas dans ma petite commode et tu y prendras la plus vilaine noix qui s'y trouve et la mettras dans ta poche. Arrivé chez ton père, tu la fendras avec un couteau; et il en sortira trente aunes de la plus belle toile qui se puisse voir."

Cordon-bleu et Cordon-vert se rencontrent aux trois chemins. Ah! qu'ils ont de la belle toile! Mais Ti-Jean, ayant mis la noix dans sa poche, n'en avait pas. Un de ses frères lui demande: "Ti-Jean, je *cré ben*² que tu n'en as pas?" A quoi il répond: "Je *cré ben* qu'avec autant de toile que vous en avez, mon père en aura assez."

Chez leur père le roi, le matin, ils se lèvent et s'en vont montrer leur toile. Leur toile est belle. Celle de Cordon-vert surtout est *dépareillée*.³ "Quant à Ti-Jean, je *cré ben* qu'il n'en a pas." Mais Ti-Jean *ressoud*⁴ et donne la noix à son père, en disant: "Fendez-la sur la table, avec un couteau." Le roi fend la noix et en tire trente aunes de la plus belle toile qu'il ait jamais vue." Il dit: "C'est encore Ti-Jean qui a gagné la victoire. Mais vous savez qu'un roi a trois paroles. *Ast'heure*, il vous reste encore une chose à faire. "Qu'est-ce que c'est?" demandent-ils. "Celui qui ira *q'ri*⁵ la plus belle femme aura ma couronne, et cette fois, c'est le *boute*." Ils repartent donc tous trois, Cordon-vert et Cordon-bleu sur leurs chevaux, et Ti-Jean sur son crapaud. Cordon-bleu dit: "Je reprends encore le même chemin." Cordon-vert: "Et moi aussi." Et Ti-Jean: "Je prends aussi le mien." Marche, marche,⁶ et Ti-Jean arrive au petit château couvert de paille, et revoit encore la grande chatte blanche charroyant de l'eau avec ses crapauds. *Rrnyao, rrnyao*, la chatte plonge dans la cuve pleine d'eau et en ressort belle princesse. Ti-Jean en *tumbe* sur le cul d'admiration, tellement il la trouve belle. "Dis-moi donc, Ti-Jean, ce que tu cherches? Voilà bien ton troisième voyage ici."

¹ I.e., *toile tissée par les paysans*.

² Pour *crois bien*.

³ I.e., *sans pareille*.

⁴ De *ressoudre*, pour *arriver*.

⁵ Pour *querir*, *chercher*.

⁶ Employé ici d'une manière quasi impersonnelle.

Et sa réponse est: "Mon père le roi, vous savez, a trois paroles. Il a dit: 'Celui qui m'emmènera la plus belle fille, c'est le *boute*, il aura ma couronne.'" Et il ajoute: "*Ast'heure*, je n'en vois pas sur la terre de plus belle que vous." — "Moi, dit-elle, je suis métamorphosée,¹ et je ne redeviendrai princesse que si le fils d'un roi m'épouse." Ti-Jean dit: "C'est bon!" — "Demain matin, ajoute-t-elle, je serai encore grande chatte blanche. Tu attelleras mes quatre crapauds à mon vieux carrosse, et nous nous en irons ensemble."

Le lendemain matin, Ti-Jean se lève et revoit la princesse métamorphosée. Au carrosse il attelle les crapauds et s'assoit sur le petit siège, la grande chatte blanche près de lui.² *Ça fait de manière que*,³ elle se frôle contre lui, se promène sur ses genoux et frotte ses joues contre les siennes, *rrnyao, rrnyao!*

Ses frères arrivent à la fourche des trois chemins. *Acré!*⁴ ils ont des belles filles! Puis ils regardent Ti-Jean avec sa chatte blanche et les quatre crapauds, et disent: "*De* ce coup-là, c'est le restant!"⁵ Ti-Jean va se faire tuer." Et ils ont un plaisir! "Avec ce vieux carrosse et ces quatre crapauds, ne nous suis pas, au moins!" — "Allez-vous en donc!" répond-il. Le voilà par derrière eux, fouettant d'une hart ses crapauds, tandis que la chatte blanche se frôle dans son visage en miaulant *rrnyao, rrnyao*. Les trois frères arrivés chez leur père, Ti-Jean emmène la chatte blanche dans sa chambre et va étriller ses crapauds *bring, brang, brang!* "Ti-Jean, tu vas briser l'étrille de notre père, le roi." — "Notre père est capable d'en avoir une autre."

Le matin, ah! le roi trouve que Cordon-vert et Cordon-bleu ont des belles *criétures*.⁶ Il demanda: "Ti-Jean?" — "Ah! lui, il a une grande chatte blanche." — "Que ça soit ce que ça voudra, il faut que je la voie." Et mon Ti-Jean *ressoud* avec sa princesse par la main. *C'est pas ça!*⁷ le roi n'en revient pas. Il n'a jamais vu de si belle *criéture* de sa vie. Ayant attelé les crapauds, Ti-Jean arrive avec quatre chevaux sans pareils et un carrosse comme on n'en a jamais encore vu. Les trois frères partent et s'en vont ensemble se marier à chacune de leurs belles, Ti-Jean, à la princesse. "C'est mon Ti-Jean qui a gagné ma couronne," dit le roi; et, l'enlevant de sa tête, *bang!* il la met sur celle de Ti-Jean.

¹ *Amorphosée* est l'expression employée ici par Paul Patry.

² *A contre de lui*, dit M. Patry.

³ Locution conjonctive à peu près dénuée de sens, mais souvent employée par les paysans.

⁴ Juron.

⁵ Expression souvent employée par les paysans dans le sens de *cette fois, c'est la limite extrême*.

⁶ Pour *femmes*. Ce mot, au Canada, n'est pas pris dans son sens péjoratif.

⁷ Expression emphatique familière.

*Ça fait de manière...*¹ J'étais aux noces. Mais depuis ce temps, je n'ai pas revu ces gens-là et je ne sais pas comment ça se passe là-bas.

7. TI-JEAN ET LA PRINCESSE DES SEPT-MONTAGNES-VERTES.²

Une fois, c'était une princesse qui avait été métamorphosée³ par une vieille fée. Un nommé Ti-Jean, un jour, passe près du château dans lequel la princesse est prisonnière. L'apercevant à la fenêtre, en haut, il lui demande: "Mais que fais-tu donc là?" Elle répond: "Je suis la prisonnière d'une vieille fée." — "Que faut-il faire pour te délivrer?" — "C'est impossible!" Sur quoi Ti-Jean la quitte et s'en va. Le long du chemin, il rencontre une vieille fée, et lui demande: "Mais qui donc garde la princesse dans le château?" Celle-ci répond: "C'est une fée cent fois plus méchante que moi." — "Comment faire pour la délivrer?" — "Cette fée dort pendant une heure, chaque jour; et la princesse en profite pour venir à la fenêtre de sa chambre, où il est impossible à quiconque d'entrer. Rends-toi au château, et quand la prisonnière viendra à sa fenêtre, demande-lui de te tendre la corde qui est dans sa chambre, afin que tu y puisses monter. Sitôt monté, va renfermer la fée chez elle, pour qu'elle n'en puisse plus sortir, et pour qu'elle y meure." Ti-Jean se rend donc au château, aperçoit la princesse. "Il y a une corde près de ta chambre, dit-il; va la chercher et tends-la moi, pour que j'aie te délivrer." — "C'est impossible! plusieurs y ont déjà perdu la vie." — "Va vite chercher la corde! le temps est court." La princesse va donc chercher la corde et la tend à son libérateur, qui monte et se hâte d'emprisonner la fée chez elle. Sans perdre un instant, Ti-Jean aide la princesse à descendre et descend après elle, pendant que la fée lance des cris et des lamentations si épouvantables que le château en tremble.

Ayant conduit la princesse au château du roi, Ti-Jean dit: "C'est moi qui l'ai délivrée." Le roi répond: "Tu as délivré ma princesse; mais tu ne deviendras son époux que dans un an et un jour."

Toujours pensif, loin de la princesse, Ti-Jean trouve maintenant les journées fort longues. Rencontrant la vieille fée, sa bienfaitrice, il reçoit encore un conseil d'elle: "Tu n'as pas eu grand'peine à délivrer la princesse, mais tu vas essayer bien des traverses avant de l'épouser." Et elle ajoute: "Tu iras au château, tel jour, et vous pourrez jaser

¹ Expression souvent usitée comme locution conjonctive.

² Récité par Prudent Sioui, de la Jeune Lorette, Québec, qui avait appris ce conte de son père, et, jusqu'à l'âge de 20 ans, le lui avait souvent entendu raconter. Recueilli en août, 1914.

³ *Amorphosée* est l'expression employée par Sioui; il est évident que le conteur emploie ici une expression inappropriée, la princesse n'étant réellement point métamorphosée en un autre être, mais étant seulement prisonnière.

une heure ensemble." Le jour arrivé, Ti-Jean se rend au château; et la princesse arrive, fière¹ de causer une heure avec lui. Parlant ensemble de leurs malheurs, ils se redisent: "La parole du roi en est donnée, nous ne pourrons nous marier que dans un an et un jour, et après bien des traverses." Tout ça mettait Ti-Jean dans l'inquiétude. La princesse, avant de partir, lui dit: "Va revoir la fée, et reste toujours près d'elle. Moi, je repars; et, tel jour, j'arrêterai là pour causer une heure avec toi."

Ayant entendu leur conversation, une servante du roi s'en va la raconter à son maître, qui répond: "Tu endormiras Ti-Jean!" A l'heure où la princesse doit arriver, la servante va trouver Ti-Jean et lui donne une dose. La princesse arrive et le trouve endormi. Elle le *pogne*,² le pince, lui tire les bras, le secoue et essaie de toutes manières de le réveiller. Impossible. L'heure passée, il lui faut s'en aller. A peine est-elle partie que Ti-Jean se réveille, pensif. La vieille fée vient lui dire: "Elle est repartie. Dans quinze jours, tu pourras causer une heure avec elle." Au bout de quinze jours, ils sont fiers de se revoir. La princesse fait des reproches à Ti-Jean, qui répond: "La dose de la servante, je le *cré ben*, m'avait endormi; et je me suis réveillé bien pensif et triste." — "Ti-Jean, dit la princesse, je vais encore revenir, et, cette fois, en nuée bleue. Mais, garde-toi bien de rien accepter de la servante. Dans un an et un jour, mon père en a donné sa parole, nous nous marierons." Il retourne voir la fée.

La journée venue, la servante prépare encore une dose, que Ti-Jean refuse de la prendre. En disant: "Tu as quelque chose de sale sous le nez," elle lui passe son mouchoir dans le visage; et il s'endort aussitôt. La princesse arrive et le trouve endormi. Elle passe son heure à le secouer et à lui faire toutes sortes de cruautés pour le réveiller. Impossible. Au bout de l'heure, il lui faut partir. Voyant la nuée bleue disparaître au loin, Ti-Jean se dit: "C'est fini, jamais je ne la reverrai!"

Il avait toujours à l'idée son mariage à elle, dans un an et un jour, comme le roi l'avait dit. Mais il était toujours dans le trouble, pendant que le temps passait. Sa fée protectrice, un jour, lui dit: "La princesse va revenir ce soir, et tu vas avoir le plaisir de causer une heure avec elle." Ti-Jean se rend donc au château et cause une heure avec la princesse. Il se lamente plusieurs fois de ne pas la revoir plus souvent. "C'est par ordre de mon père, dit-elle, que la servante agit ainsi. Courage, Ti-Jean! Tu m'as délivrée et tu m'auras dans un an et un jour; mon père l'a promis. On m'envoie en voyage en attendant, pour que je ne pense plus à toi et que, rencontrant des beaux princes, je t'oublie pour eux. Courage, Ti-Jean! Que l'année s'écoule! et nous nous marierons. Maintenant, je pars,

¹ *Fier* signifie ici "content," "heureux."

² Pour *prendre, saisir*.

et quand je passerai ici en nuée blanche, ce sera pour la dernière fois. Après ça, je ne reviendrai plus, car l'année achève." En partant, elle ajoute: "Rappelle-toi, Ti-Jean, des ordres de mon père, et défie-toi de la servante. Va retrouver la fée qui te protège, et quand j'y passerai, tel jour, nous causerons encore une fois ensemble."

La journée dictée, la servante arrive près de Ti-Jean et lui dit: "Ti-Jean, le roi lui-même m'envoie te laver et te mettre de la poudre et de l'odeur, avant que la princesse arrive." Ti-Jean consent, et la servante s'empresse de le laver et de le poudrer. Elle n'a pas fini que Ti-Jean dort. La princesse arrive aussitôt et, le trouvant endormi, elle se jette sur lui, le secoue de bien des manières et lui fait toutes les cruautés imaginables. A la fin, elle l'arrose de larmes, disant: "C'est fini, nous ne nous reverrons plus!" Elle lui laisse en souvenir sa tabatière et son mouchoir, où son nom est brodé en or. Et elle lui fait ses adieux pour toujours.

Se réveillant, Ti-Jean aperçoit une nuée blanche au loin et se met à pleurer et se lamenter. "J'ai tout perdu!" Mais on avait dit qu'il aurait du trouble pendant un an et un jour; et ça lui donne un peu d'espoir. La fée arrive et, le trouvant si triste, le rassure, malgré toutes les traverses qui l'attendent. "La princesse que tu as délivrée, dit-elle, est partie du château de son père, et n'y reviendra jamais. Elle est sur les Sept-montagnes-vertes. Ti-Jean, je vas te protéger comme je l'ai toujours fait. Trois de mes sœurs sont fées comme moi. *Ast'heure*, écoute *ben*, Ti-Jean, et ne te trompe pas! Au bout de ce chemin, tu vas trouver trois sentiers, un à droite, un à gauche, et l'autre au milieu. Prends celui de gauche, et à peu près une lieue plus loin, tu trouveras la plus jeune de mes sœurs. Voici une lettre de recommandation pour elle." Heureux d'être toujours protégé par la fée, mais triste à la pensée de la princesse, Ti-Jean part, emportant la lettre de recommandation. Rendu chez la fée, il lui remet la lettre, où elle lit: "Je te recommande de prendre soin de Ti-Jean, qui s'en va aux Sept-montagnes-vertes, à la recherche d'une princesse *amorphosée*.¹ Indique-lui le sentier menant chez notre troisième sœur, à qui tu le recommanderas." Ti-Jean passe la nuit chez la fée qui, le lendemain matin, lui dit: "Tu vas t'en aller chez celle de mes sœurs, la maîtresse de tous les animaux, qui reste à une lieue d'ici. Pour y arriver tu suivras le premier petit sentier à droite, au bout de ce chemin. Attends, Ti-Jean! Je vais te donner une lettre de recommandation. Peut-être pourra-t-elle te donner des nouvelles de la princesse." Malgré sa peine, Ti-Jean se met à sourire, en s'en allant. Arrivé chez la troisième fée, la maîtresse de tous les animaux, il présente sa lettre de recommandation. Fièvre de le voir, la fée s'informe de sa sœur. Mais Ti-Jean lui raconte son histoire, ses troubles et sa

¹ *Métamorphosée*.

peine. Elle lui dit: "Tu vas coucher ici. Demain matin, je prendrai mon sifflet et j'appellerai tous les animaux dont je suis la maîtresse. Peut-être pourront-ils nous donner des nouvelles de la princesse, qui est sur les Sept-montagnes-vertes." Le lendemain matin, la fée prend son sifflet et appelle les animaux des bois, qui accourent autour d'elle. Elle leur demande: "N'avez-vous pas pris connaissance de la princesse qui est allée sur les Sept-montagnes-vertes?" Aucun d'eux ne l'avait vue. Ti-Jean est triste comme toujours; mais la fée le rassure et lui dit: "Tu vas aller voir une de mes sœurs, la reine de tous les oiseaux des bois, qui reste bien plus loin que les autres. Je vas t'enseigner la route, qui est bien difficile à suivre. Prends ce chemin, et, rendu à cinq arpents d'ici, tu verras un petit sentier¹ que tu suivras un *boute*. Arrivé à un autre sentier, tu t'y engageras. Fais bien attention, et ne te trompe pas!" Toujours triste, Ti-Jean se *grève* pour partir. La fée lui donne une lettre de recommandation. Il se met à sourire, et part en disant: "Bonsoir!" — "Bonsoir, Ti-Jean!" répond la fée. Pensif tout le long du chemin, Ti-Jean arrive chez la quatrième fée et lui présente sa lettre. Contente d'avoir des nouvelles de sa sœur, celle-ci lui demande son histoire. Il s'empresse de raconter ses troubles et ses traverses. Aussitôt qu'il a fini, elle dit: "Moi, je suis la reine des oiseaux. Je vas prendre mon sifflet et appeler tous les oiseaux pour savoir s'ils ont vu la princesse." Dans un instant tous les oiseaux arrivent, et elle leur demande: "Savez-vous où est la princesse?" Aucun d'eux ne l'avait vue. "Courage, Ti-Jean! J'ai un vieil aigle qui n'est pas encore arrivé. Courage!" A l'aigle qui arrive bien fatigué, elle demande: "N'as-tu pas pris connaissance de la princesse?" L'aigle répond: "Oui, je viens de manger à la porte de son château. Elle est sur les Sept-montagnes-vertes." — "Es-tu capable d'y conduire Ti-Jean?" — "Je suis bien fatigué, répond l'aigle; mais avec un quartier de bœuf, je pense m'y rendre." La fée consent: "Tu vas avoir le bœuf voulu pour y mener Ti-Jean."

Une fois Ti-Jean sur son dos, l'aigle se hâte de voler vers les Sept-montagnes-vertes, car il savait que la princesse allait bientôt épouser un prince. Rendu sur la sixième montagne, l'aigle faiblit; et Ti-Jean de plus en plus souvent lui donne de la viande. Au haut de la sixième montagne, l'oiseau dit: "Il ne reste plus guère de temps. Dans vingt-quatre heures, la princesse sera mariée." A Ti-Jean qui se met à pleurer, il redit: "Courage! Avec du courage, nous arriverons." Sur la septième montagne, l'aigle crie: "Je n'en peux plus; il me faut de la viande!" Plein de courage et voulant voir la princesse, Ti-Jean prend son couteau, se taille un morceau de chair sur la fesse gauche, et le donne à l'oiseau. Bien fatigués tous les deux, ils

¹ Sioui disait *chantier*.

arrivent au château à huit heures du soir. La princesse se mariait le lendemain matin. Mal vêtu comme il est, Ti-Jean frappe au château et s'offre comme premier cuisinier, en disant: "Je peux faire la cuisine pour toutes les classes." La princesse, à qui on rapporte ça, le fait de suite engager comme premier cuisinier. Fier de son succès, Ti-Jean entre à la cuisine. Aussitôt les chaleurs¹ le prennent,² et il sort son mouchoir pour s'essuyer. Mais la servante aperçoit sur le mouchoir qui brille un nom écrit en lettres d'or. Elle court le dire à sa maîtresse. La princesse se met à penser. Puis elle dit: "Demande au cuisinier de venir ici dans ma chambre. Je veux le voir." — "Mais ce n'est pas aisé. Le cuisinier est tout en guénilles." — "Va dire à Ti-Jean de venir ici! Je veux le voir." La servante obéit et répète l'ordre au cuisinier. "C'est bien difficile de me présenter ainsi devant la princesse, répond Ti-Jean; mes habits ne sont pas convenables." — "Quand même vos habits ne sont pas convenables, elle veut vous voir de suite." Ti-Jean monte à la chambre de la princesse, qui le reconnaît. "D'où viens-tu, Ti-Jean?" — "De la cuisine," répond-il. "Ce n'est pas toi, Ti-Jean, qui as délivré une princesse?" — "Oui, c'est moi qui ai délivré une princesse." — "Ti-Jean, tu vas me montrer le mouchoir avec lequel tu t'es essuyé dans la cuisine." En regardant le mouchoir, elle demande: "Est-ce le mouchoir de la princesse que tu as délivrée?" — "Oui," dit-il. "Ti-Jean, tu dois avoir une tabatière?" Il prend sa tabatière et offre une prise à la princesse. Fièr de prendre une prise à la suite de Ti-Jean, elle le salue, et lui de même.

Sans se faire reconnaître l'un à l'autre, ils se quittent, et Ti-Jean, toujours triste, mais heureux d'être dans le château de sa princesse, s'en retourne à la cuisine. Sa maîtresse lui fait faire un habit de prince, et dit à une servante: "Prends soin de Ti-Jean, à la cuisine; et sois sûre que son habit soit prêt demain matin."

De bonne heure le matin, la princesse fait demander Ti-Jean et lui dit: "Va mettre l'habit de prince que je t'ai fait faire; et tiens toi prêt! Aussitôt que je te ferai demander, tu viendras à ma droite." Et il s'empresse d'aller se mettre en toilette. Pendant ce temps-là, le prince qui doit épouser la princesse arrive et le mariage commence. Une fois à table, la princesse fait demander son cuisinier. Le cuisinier arrive, et de lui-même vient s'asseoir à la droite de la princesse. Le prince assis à sa gauche se trouve insulté.

Avant que le mariage soit célébré, les principaux invités font un discours à table. La princesse demande la parole et dit: "Voilà un an et un jour..." Les gens aperçoivent Ti-Jean sourire; "...J'avais une vieille clef. Cette clef m'avait rendu un grand service, et je n'avais

¹ I.e., *défaillance*, *pâmoison*.

² C'est probablement une feinte de Ti-Jean.

pas besoin d'autre clef pour toutes mes serrures. Mais je l'ai perdue; et je suis indécise d'en acheter une nouvelle que je redoute. Foi de prince, de princesse et de *rouet*,¹ qui êtes ici à ma table! Que dois-je faire? Je viens de retrouver ma vieille clef." Tous les princes et princesses: "Foi de prince, princesses et de *rouet*! gardez la vieille clef, parce qu'elle vous a rendu un si grand service." — "Eh bien! dit-elle, voici ma vieille clef. C'est Ti-Jean mon héros; c'est lui qui m'a délivrée, il y a un an et un jour, quand j'étais *amorphosée*. Toi, beau prince, retire-toi!"²

8. LES PAROLES DE FLEURS, D'OR ET D'ARGENT.³

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était un roi qui avait une belle petite fille. S'étant marié en secondes noces à une veuve qui avait aussi une fille du même âge, il passait son temps à la chasse. La belle-mère, elle, tenait l'enfant du roi en esclavage, la plupart du temps sous une grande cuve, devant la cheminée, et l'appelait "sa petite *Cendrouillonne*."⁴

Voulant la faire détruire, elle lui dit, un jour: "Ma petite *Cendrouillonne*, va à la cabane des fées chercher de l'eau de la *rajeunie*."⁵ La petite fille s'en va donc à la fontaine, où elle rencontre la vieille magicienne: "Que cherches-tu, ma petite fille?" Elle répond: "Je suis venue chercher de l'eau de votre fontaine." — "Bien! cherche-moi des poux, dans la tête." Et pendant que la petite fille cherche, elle demande: "Que trouves-tu, dans ma tête?" — "Je vous trouve des grains d'or et d'argent." — "Quand tu parleras, ma petite fille, il sortira de ta bouche de l'or, de l'argent et des belles fleurs." Ayant pris de l'eau de la *rajeunie* à la fontaine, elle s'en va trouver sa belle-mère. "Tiens! en voilà, de l'eau de la fontaine de la vieille magicienne." Comme elle parle, des fleurs, de l'or et de l'argent tombent de sa bouche. Voyant ça, la belle-mère se dit: "Il faut que j'y envoie aussi ma fille." L'enfant arrive chez la fée magicienne de la fontaine, qui lui demande: "Que viens-tu faire ici, ma petite fille?" — "Je viens chercher de l'eau de la *rajeunie* à la fontaine." — "Bien! elle dit, cherche donc dans ma tête." Et quand la fille cherche, elle demande: "Que trouves-tu dans ma tête, ma petite fille?" — "Je vous trouve des poux et des *landes*."⁶ Fâchée, la vieille refuse de lui laisser

¹ Pour *roi*.

² Comme le raconteur, Prudent Sioui, ne se souvenait pas très clairement de quelques parties de ce conte, il est probable que la finale est quelque peu brusquée ici.

³ Récité à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, en juillet, 1915, par Achille Fournier, qui dit avoir appris ce conte d'un vieux Edouard Lebel, aussi de Sainte-Anne, et décédé il y a une douzaine d'années.

⁴ Pour *Cendrillon*.

⁵ I.e., de l'eau qui rajeunit.

⁶ Pour *glandes*.

prendre de l'eau de la fontaine, et lui dit: "Quand tu parleras, il te sortira de la bouche des crapauds et des couleuvres." Comme elle arrive chez elle, sa mère lui demande: "As-tu apporté de l'eau de la *rajeunie*?" Elle parle, et des crapauds et des couleuvres tombent de sa bouche.

Ce qui arrive là? Le fils d'un roi. S'approchant de la cheminée, il lève la cuve et aperçoit *Cendrouillonne* — qui est la fille du roi. Il la trouve si belle, avec toutes ces fleurs qui lui tombent de sa bouche quand elle parle, qu'il lui fait promettre de l'épouser, un jour. En la quittant il dit: "Je reviendrai te chercher."

Le voyant revenir, la belle-mère *grève* sa propre fille, lui met un voile sur le visage, et dit: "La voilà, celle que vous voulez épouser." Elle *embarque* dans la voiture du prince, et ils s'en vont. Mais, aussitôt qu'elle parle, des couleuvres et des gros crapauds sortent de sa bouche. "Ah! dit-il, elle m'a joué un tour. Ce n'est pas celle que j'ai promis d'épouser." La jetant *haut en bas* de la voiture, il retourne au château du roi, et fâché, il dit à la vieille: "Vous m'avez joué un tour et donné votre fille à la place de celle que j'ai promis d'épouser." S'en allant près de la cheminée, il aperçoit sa belle fiancée: "*As't'heure*, veux-tu te marier à moi?" — "Oui!" C'est sa réponse. Et aussitôt qu'elle parle, des fleurs, de l'or et de l'argent tombent de sa bouche, il n'y a rien de plus beau. Bien contents, les amoureux s'en vont chez le curé, qui les marie. C'est tout ce que je sais de leur histoire.

9. CENDRILLON.¹

Une fois, c'était un veuf et sa fille. Le veuf se marie en secondes noces à une femme ayant trois filles pas très *jolies*. Cendrillon, la fille unique, était belle. Les filles de la veuve devinrent bientôt jalouses et fâchées de voir les jeunes gens s'approcher d'elle plutôt que de toutes autres.

Un jour, elles disent à leur mère: "Il y a toujours un *boute!* Ne la laisse pas passer avec nous au salon. Avec ses belles façons, elle attire tous les garçons; et il nous est impossible d'en avoir un à veiller² avec nous." Fâchée de cela, la belle-mère donne un habit de flanelle *d'habitant*³ à Cendrillon, et la met à tous les ouvrages durs, pour gaspiller sa belle peau. Pendant que Cendrillon est assise seule près de la cheminée, les jeunes filles sont toujours en toilette, faisant leurs demoiselles.

Un beau soir, une *magnière*⁴ de roi fait une grosse soirée, invite tout le monde, surtout les jeunes filles. Les trois sœurs de Cendrillon s'habillent de leurs plus beaux habits pour aller à la soirée. Mais

¹ Raconté par Mme P. Sioui, en août, 1914, à Lorette, Québec. Mme Sioui avait appris ce conte de sa mère, Mme Marie Michaud (Picard).

² I.e., pour passer la soirée. ³ I.e., flanelle du pays. ⁴ Pour *manière de*.

on dit à Cendrillon: "Toi, tu ne viendras pas. Ta place est ici." Elle reste donc seule devant la cheminée, à pleurer de se voir si jeune et de ne pouvoir s'amuser comme ses sœurs. A peine les filles parties, une vieille fée *ressoud*¹ près d'elle. "Bonsoir, ma fille! Qu'as-tu à pleurer?" Elle répond: "*Mémère!*"² Vous voyez ce que je suis. Voici ma chaise. Si quelqu'un vient veiller, on me laisse ici avec ces habits de flanelle d'*habitant*. Mes trois sœurs vont partout, mais pas moi. Comme vous voyez, ce soir, le roi donne une grosse soirée; mes sœurs y sont. Moi, je ne puis pas m'y montrer; ma mère me tuerait." La fée lui dit: "*Grève*"³ toi! tu vas y aller."—"Je ne puis pas y aller; je n'ai pas de robe."—"Moi, je vas t'en donner une." La fée l'habille de beau satin pâle, et lui donne aussi des pantoufles de satin pâle. Belle comme elle est, avec ses beaux cheveux d'or, il n'y a qu'un éclat autour d'elle. La fée lui recommande: "Ne passe pas"⁴ minuit. Si tu le fais, tu redeviendras comme avant." Un beau carrosse passe à la porte, Cendrillon y *embarque*⁵ et arrive à la porte du château. Elle descend et entre. A la vue d'une beauté si rare, tous les danseurs s'arrêtent et regardent, surpris. C'est à qui danserait avec elle. Le prince la trouve si belle et si bien vêtue qu'il lui demande une danse. Ne voulant pas passer minuit, elle demande l'heure. Le prince lui dit: "Il est onze heures." Elle répond: "Ça me fait bien de la peine, mais il faut que je m'en aille." Le prince ne veut pas la laisser partir et dit: "Il n'est pas tard!"—"Je ne peux pas; il faut que je parte." Le carrosse est à la porte, elle y monte et s'en retourne. Rendue à la maison, elle redevient habillée en Cendrillon, comme avant. Ses sœurs arrivent et la trouvent assise devant le feu, comme toujours. Elles lui disent: "Il y avait donc une belle fille, belle comme un ange! *On*"⁶ n'a jamais vu de beauté pareille." Cendrillon écoute et fait semblant de rien. Elle demande à ses sœurs: "Etait-elle bien habillée, cette fille dont vous parlez tant?"—"Elle avait la plus belle robe de satin pâle et des pantoufles sans pareilles. Où a-t-elle bien pu les prendre? *On* n'en a jamais vu d'aussi belles."

Le lendemain *au* soir, il y avait encore un bal chez le roi. Les trois filles se disent: "Nous allons toujours nous mettre des belles toilettes, tout ce que nous avons de plus beau." Elles ne savent quoi faire pour se rendre plus jolies et trouver à se marier. Cendrillon leur demande: "Emmenez-moi donc?" La belle-mère répond: "Je ne veux pas d'une *Cendrouillonne*"⁷ comme toi, pour faire honte à mes filles." Cendrillon s'asseyait comme toujours dans sa petite chaise *berçante*, près de la cheminée. Les trois filles se *grèyent* pour la danse,⁸

¹ I.e., apparaît, arrive.² Pour grand'mère.³ I.e., prépare-toi.⁴ I.e., reviens avant minuit.⁵ I.e., monte.⁶ Pour nous.⁷ Probablement dérivé de *Cendrillon*.⁸ I.e., soirée où l'on danse.

mettent tout ce qu'elles ont de plus beau en or et en satin, partent avec leur mère et laissent Cendrillon seule à pleurer. Aussitôt qu'elles sont parties, la vieille fée *ressoud*¹ encore: "Bonsoir, ma fille! tu as l'air bien triste." — "Oui, *mémère!* elles sont parties pour la danse; et moi, elles n'ont pas voulu m'emmener. Tous les ouvrages les plus durs, c'est à moi qu'on les donne." La fée demande: "Veux-tu y aller?" — "Ça me ferait bien plaisir d'y aller; mais je n'ai pas de robe." — "Vite, *grêye-toi!*" dit-elle en lui donnant une belle robe de satin rose et des pantoufles appareillées. La fée la rend deux fois plus belle qu'elle est, et l'envoie en disant: "Ne passe pas minuit, parce que, à cette heure-là, tu redeviendras *Cendrouillonne.*" Les plus beaux chevaux, attelés à un carrosse sans pareil, arrivent à la porte; Cendrillon *embarque* et arrive au bal. Voyant entrer une si belle fille, tout le monde arrête de danser pour la regarder. Vitement le prince s'approche d'elle et lui demande de danser avec elle. Elle accepte, et s'amuse tellement qu'elle oublie l'heure. Tout à coup, elle lui demande: "Quelle heure est-il?" Et, pendant que minuit sonne, elle dégringole l'escalier et redevient Cendrillon comme avant. Dans l'escalier elle perd une pantoufle, que le prince, courant après elle, ramasse. Vêtue de flanelle d'*habitant*, dans son carrosse, elle file chez elle. A peine assise devant la cheminée, ses sœurs arrivent. Elles ne font que parler de la belle fille vêtue de satin rose. "Mais c'est drôle comme elle est partie vite!" disent-elles.

Le lendemain, le prince fait battre un ban. "Celle à qui la pantoufle ira sera l'épouse du prince." En attendant que le prince passe, les trois filles mettent leurs plus belles toilettes. Comme la pantoufle est bien petite, elles se coupent le bout du pied pour la mettre, mais sans y réussir. A la fin, le prince fait le tour de toutes les maisons des invités à la danse, sans trouver à qui la pantoufle appartient. Alors le roi dit: "Réunissez toutes les jeunes filles du village." Cendrillon se trouve parmi elles, habillée en paysane. A elle seule la pantoufle fait. Et le roi déclare qu'elle est bien celle que le prince va épouser. Les gens de la cour la font habiller en princesse, et s'aperçoivent comme elle est belle. Pour le mariage, on fait une grosse noce. Mais moi, on ne m'a pas invitée.

10. LES QUATRE VENTS.²

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire que c'était un roi. Le temps étant venu de donner à ses trois garçons leur héritage, les deux plus vieux

¹ I.e., arrive.

² Conte récité à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, en juillet, 1915, par Achille Fournier, qui dit l'avoir appris dans les chantiers des Montagnes-Blanches, d'un Canadien-français, il y a une trentaine d'années. Il est évident que ce conte est, surtout vers la fin, bien incomplet.

lui demandent chacun trois cents piastres, et Ti-Jean, un gars de quinze ans seulement, dit: "Moi, je ne vous demande que votre chaloupe, sur la grève."

Dans sa chaloupe, voilà Ti-Jean parti pour la pêche. Après avoir pêché toute la journée, il revient, le soir, avec plein sa chaloupe de poissons. "Qui aurait cru ça! dit le père; je n'aurais jamais pensé que tu pouvais prendre tant de poissons dans ta journée." Le lendemain, le petit garçon retourne encore à la pêche, se couche dans sa chaloupe et s'endort. Voilà bien que le courant l'emporte au large. Se réveillant, il pense: "Dis-moi donc où je suis rendu!"

Le capitaine d'un gros bâtiment passant par là aperçoit un petit *tapon* noir. C'était son gilet que Ti-Jean secouait au bout d'une rame, comme signal. Regardant dans sa longue-vue, le capitaine dit à ses matelots: "Allons-y voir; ça doit être quelque naufragé." Quand les matelots arrivent à lui: "Mon petit gars! ils disent, par quelle aventure es-tu ici?" — "Pendant que je dormais dans ma chaloupe, le courant m'a emmené ici; et je ne puis plus prendre terre." Charmé de ce petit gars, le capitaine lui dit: "Viens-t'en à bord du bâtiment, où tu n'auras pas de misère; on y prendra bien soin de toi."

Toujours que, il fallait arrêter à quelque part pour prendre de l'eau douce. "Mes matelots, dit le capitaine, allez chercher de l'eau douce." — "*M'a*¹ aller avec vous autres," dit l'enfant qui, une fois rendu à terre, prend sa ligne et ses *ains*,² et s'en va pêcher dans la rivière. Voyant une tempête s'élever sur la mer, les matelots crient: "Il faut partir!" Et ils partent, oubliant leur protégé à terre. Le capitaine dit: "Mais! vous ne m'avez pas remmené mon petit gars. C'est donc *de valeur*!³ moi qui en étais si charmé; je ne le reverrai plus!"

Dans sa journée, Ti-Jean pêche une belle *brochetée*⁴ de truites. Il prend un sentier, et arrive à un château. La princesse, qui se promenait *sur la galerie*,⁵ aperçoit la *brochetée* de poissons, et demande: "Est-il à vendre, ton poisson?" — "Oui, belle princesse!" — "Comment *ce que* tu demandes?" — "Je demande une piastre." Et la princesse lui ayant donné la piastre, il part. "Attends donc un peu!" dit la princesse, qui s'en va parler à son père: "Si vous le voulez, je vas faire venir ce petit garçon au château, et nous l'enverrons à l'école pour le faire instruire." — "C'est bon! répond le roi; jette-lui un cri, pour le faire entrer." — "*Aye*, mon petit gars! viens donc ici un peu." — "Tu voudrais bien m'ôter ma piastre? Ah non, non!" Mais il finit par entrer au château, où le roi lui dit: "Si tu veux rester avec nous

¹ Pour *je m'en vas*.

² Terme populaire pour *hameçon*.

³ I.e., *regrettable*. Locution très usitée au Canada.

⁴ Une brochette sur laquelle on enfle le poisson sitôt qu'il est pris.

⁵ Un promenoir extérieur en saillie devant ou autour d'une maison; le sens de ce mot, au Canada, est dérivé d'un terme marin.

autres, *on* va te faire instruire pour que tu gagnes ta vie honorablement."

A l'école, Ti-Jean apprenait tout ce qu'il voulait; il avait une tête *épouvantable*.¹ Après cinq ou six ans d'école, il avait tout appris les affaires de la marine et des bâtiments sur la mer. C'était un vrai marin. Il dit au roi: "*Ast'heure*, je suis capable de gagner ma vie honorablement; je m'en vais à la découverte de mines d'or et d'argent." Et il part, emmenant avec lui les deux garçons du roi.

Sur la mer, il prend sa longue-vue, regarde et voit un petit *tapon* clair. "Tiens! il dit, mes petits amis, il y a ici une mine d'argent." Il charge un bâtiment d'argent et renvoie un des enfants du roi chez son père, avec ce bâtiment.

Lui, sur la mer, il marche encore, marche, marche; regarde encore dans la longue-vue. *Ce qu'il voit?* Un *tapon* jaune. "Ah! il dit, ici, c'est une montagne d'or." Il charge un bâtiment d'or, et renvoie le deuxième enfant du roi à son père, sur ce bâtiment. Et il dit: "Moi, il faut que j'aille encore plus loin, à la découverte."

Bien loin, Ti-Jean arrive à un château, au bord de la mer. Comme ce château a deux étages, et une *galerie* au deuxième, il monte dans un gros arbre, saute sur la *galerie*, et entre dans le château. Là, il aperçoit une princesse emmurillée² dans des grilles de fer. La princesse dit: "Je suis gardée par quatre géants, le Vent-de-Suroi, le Vent-de-Nordè, le Vent-de-Nord et le Vent-du-Su."

Voilà bien le Vent-de-Suroi qui arrive et s'en va pour manger Ti-Jean, qui dit: "*Dévore-moi point!* Que veux-tu à manger?" — "Donne-moi un quart³ de lard et un quart de biscuit." Ti-Jean les lui donne. Le Vent-du-Su arrive à son tour et dit: "Tiens, Ti-Jean! Je vas te dévorer." — "Le géant! tu n'en aurais pas pour ta grosse dent. Que te faut-il à manger?" — "Il me faut un quart de lard et un quart de biscuit." Et aussitôt le géant a ce qu'il demande. Voilà le Vent-de-Nordè qui vient: "*Aye*, Ti-Jean, je vas te dévorer!" — "*Dévore-moi point!* Tu vois bien que tu n'en aurais pas pour ta grosse dent. Que veux-tu manger?" — "Il me faut un quart de lard et un quart de biscuit." Sitôt dit, sitôt fait. Voilà le Vent-de-Nord qui arrive: "Je viens te dévorer, Ti-Jean." — "*Dévore-moi point!* Tu vois bien que tu n'en aurais pas pour ta grosse dent de moi." Et il lui donne un quart de lard et un quart de biscuit.

Toujours, voilà mon Ti-Jean qui prend son sabre, part, s'en va au château, et entre dans les grilles de fer. Une vieille magicienne le voit, et lui dit: "Ti-Jean, ne fais pas ça! Dans la forêt, il y a quatre géants qui sont bien plus forts et malins que toi. Pour faucher, ils ont des faux de vingt-cinq pieds de long. Si tu veux les détruire, va dans la forêt pendant qu'ils dorment." Ti-Jean s'en va donc dans la forêt,

¹ I.e., extraordinaire.

² Emprisonnée.

³ Un baril.

trouve les géants endormis, et, avec son sabre,¹ leur coupe le cou à tous les quatre. Voilà les géants morts.

S'en retournant au château, Ti-Jean s'en va trouver la vieille magicienne, et dit: "Bonne vieille! *ce que ça* veut donc dire, tous ces chicots de sapin sec qu'on voit là?" Elle répond: "Ce sont tous des bâtiments que les géants ont *amorphosé* en masses de sel." — "Qu'est-ce qu'il faut faire pour les *démarphoser*?"² — "Prends ce petit pot de graisse et va frotter les chicots de sapin."³ Il prend le petit pot de graisse, s'en va frotter les chicots de sapin sec, qui se *démarphosent* et deviennent autant de bâtiments, avec matelots et capitaine à bord. De là il s'en va tout *dret* au château, brise les grilles de fer avec son sabre, délivre la princesse et l'emmène avec lui dans son bâtiment. Pendant le grand souper qu'il donne à tous les capitaines délivrés, on lui fait prendre une dose d'eau *d'endormi*.⁴ Un coup Ti-Jean endormi, on le met dans une pailleasse et le *sapré*⁵ à la mer. Une baleine passe et *envalé*⁶ la pailleasse. Se réveillant dans le ventre de la baleine, mon Ti-Jean s'aperçoit que *ça* marche pas mal vite. "Où-*ce* que⁷ je suis?" Prend son couteau et pique *dans* le corps de la baleine. Plus il pique, et plus *ça* marche! En s'échouant sur une île, la baleine se casse en deux. Voilà Ti-Jean qui en sort et se met à se promener sur l'île.

Ti-Jean se souhaite transporté chez le père de la princesse qu'il a délivrée. Là, pendant la nuit, il se fait bâtir un beau château de cristal.⁸ En se réveillant, le lendemain matin, le roi aperçoit le beau château de cristal devant son palais, et envoie un de ses valets voir ce que *ça* veut dire. Le valet demande: "Qu'est-ce que *ça* veut donc dire, ce château de cristal bâti pendant la nuit?" Ti-Jean répond: "Va dire au roi que s'il a affaire à moi, il vienne ici me trouver." Le roi s'y rend et demande: "Mais, comment *ça se fait* que tu es rendu à ma porte, ce matin, avec un château en cristal cent fois plus beau que le mien?" — "C'est pour vous montrer, sire le roi, que j'ai été trahi. J'avais délivré votre princesse que les géants avaient emmuraillé. Un capitaine de bâtiment *démarphosé*, que j'avais invité à souper chez moi, m'a donné de l'eau *d'endormi*, m'a mis dans une pailleasse et m'a *sapré* à la mer. Une baleine en passant m'a *envalé*. En me réveillant dans le ventre de la baleine, je l'ai piquée avec mon couteau, et elle est allée se casser en deux sur une île. Là, je me suis souhaité

¹ Il est évident que son sabre était doué de vertus magiques.

² *Désamorphoser*, de *démétamorphoser*.

³ I.e., frotter les chicots avec la graisse.

⁴ Eau qui produit le sommeil, *eau de sommeil*.

⁵ I.e., *jette*.

⁶ *Avalé*.

⁷ *Où est-ce que*.

⁸ Il est évident qu'ici le conte est très incomplètement réité. Il est à supposer que, sur l'île, Ti-Jean rencontra quelque magicien ou obtint un charme qui lui donna des pouvoirs merveilleux.

transporté ici avec un beau château de cristal.” — “Ah! mon Ti-Jean, puisque c’est toi qui as gagné ma princesse, tu vas l’épouser.” — “Non, sire le roi! je ne l’épouserai point.” — “Qu’est-ce que tu *ordonnes*¹ au capitaine qui t’a trahi et a épousé ma princesse à ta place?” — “Je ne lui *ordonne* rien. Laissez-le où il est; car il faut faire le bien pour le mal. Moi je m’en vais.”

De là, Ti-Jean se souhaite transporté à la porte du château où il avait vendu sa *brochetée* de poissons à la princesse. “Tu as été bien longtemps à ton voyage!” dit le roi. “Eh bien! sire le roi, les deux bâtiments, l’un chargé d’argent et l’autre d’or, sont-ils arrivés?” — “Oui, ça fait longtemps. *Ast’heure*, mon Ti-Jean, tu vas épouser ma princesse, que tu as *ben* gagnée.” Ils se sont donc mariés.

Et moi, ils m’ont renvoyé ici vous le raconter.

11. LE PRINCE DE L’ÉPÉE-VERTE.²

Il est bon de vous dire qu’une fois c’était un prince, dont le *réfugiarum*³ était la forêt, où il vivait de chasse. Un jour, sa femme meurt, et il reste avec deux enfants, un petit garçon et une petite fille d’une quinzaine d’années. Plus tard, lui aussi tombe malade, meurt.

Le petit garçon se met à chasser, chasse. Il tue le pékan, le vison, la martre; et, ayant ramassé des fourrures riches à plein,⁴ il dit à sa petite sœur: “Nous sommes tout nus. Il faut que je prenne le petit sentier⁵ et tâche de trouver du monde, pour qu’on me vende des habillements.” Leur père leur avait dit qu’il y a des marchands d’habits. Il part donc avec ses pelleteries, et il marche, marche le long du petit sentier à son père.⁶ *Ce qu’il* rencontre dans le sentier? Un gros et grand homme, épouvantable.⁷ “Mon petit garçon, où vas-tu?” — “Monsieur! je m’en vas vendre mes pelleteries pour m’acheter des habits. Je suis seul avec ma petite sœur, et nous voilà sans habits, nus.” — “Mon petit garçon, donne-moi tes pelleteries!” — “Non, *batège*!⁸ je m’en vas les vendre.” Le petit garçon a peur; et le géant, qui a deux gros chiens abominables, répète: “Tu vas me donner tes pelleteries, et mes chiens sont à toi. Ce que tu leur demanderas, ils te l’apporteront.” Le petit gars pense: “C’est bien des menteries, mais c’est égal!”⁹ Il *revire*¹⁰ et arrive à sa sœur en *brillant*. Il lui dit: “J’ai rencontré un gros et grand homme, avec une longue barbe. Il m’a pris mes pelleteries et donné ses chiens en disant: ‘Ce que tu leur demanderas, ils te l’apporteront.’”

¹ Dans le sens de “Quel châtiement veux-tu qu’on inflige à . . .”

² Le conteur, Paul Patry, de Saint-Victor, Beauce, avait appris ce conte de son neveu, Magloire Couture, maintenant un vieillard, de Saint-Benoit, Beauce. Recueilli en août, 1914.

³ Le “réfuge,” demeure habituelle, ou endroit familial.

⁴ I.e., très riches.

⁵ Patry disait *chantier*.

⁶ De son père.

⁷ Un géant.

⁸ Juron.

⁹ I.e., pareil.

¹⁰ I.e., retourne.

Le lendemain matin, il tue des *chevreux* et donne à manger à ses chiens. Sa petite sœur dit: "Ah! demande-leur donc s'ils sont capables de nous apporter quelque chose." Il regarde ses chiens assis sur le cul et leur demande: "Etes-vous capables d'aller chercher de quoi nous habiller?" Les chiens répondent: "*Wu! wu!*" Il ouvre la porte, et voilà les chiens partis. "Ils ne reviendront plus," dit la petite fille.

Mais, le soir, les chiens arrivent; l'un avec un paquet *épouvantable*¹ de beaux habits et de chemises pour le petit garçon. L'autre est chargé de tant de robes de soie pour la petite sœur qu'elle aurait pu se *rhabiller* d'un bout à l'autre² plusieurs fois. Ils donnent bien à manger à leurs chiens, et se couchent.

La petite sœur dit encore le lendemain matin: "*Cou'don!*"³ si nous leur demandions de quoi manger? Tu sais, défunt père apportait souvent du pain et de la viande. C'était bien bon: la belle viande blanche qui faisait du bouillon en cuisant—des *grillades!*"⁴ *Comme de fait*,⁵ le garçon donne bien à manger à ses chiens: "Allons, mes chiens!" Et les chiens s'asseoient sur le cul en le regardant. "*Cou'don*, mes chiens! êtes-vous capables d'aller nous chercher du pain blanc et de la viande?" Les chiens répondent: "*Wu! wu!*" Ils partent et, le soir, reviennent, un avec deux sacs pleins de beau pain blanc, l'autre avec un gros *lard*⁶ sur le dos. Ah! voilà les enfants contents. Ils mangent du bon pain blanc, et le saucent dans le bouillon de la viande; c'est *ben* bon!

Ast'heure, la petite dit: "Comme ils nous donnent bien des bonnes choses, demande-leur donc s'ils peuvent nous apporter de l'argent." Il y avait encore de l'argent blanc dans le porte-monnaie de leur père. Le garçon soigne bien ses chiens, et quand ils s'asseoient sur le cul, il leur demande: "Eh *ben*, mes chiens! êtes-vous capables d'aller me chercher de l'argent comme ça?"⁷ Ils répondent: "*Wu! wu! wu!*" Et les voilà partis. Le soir, ils reviennent, l'un avec un sac bien rempli d'argent de papier, l'autre avec un sac plein d'or et d'argent, *sur le dos*.⁸

Ast'heure, les enfants se disent: "Il faut sortir d'ici, c'est impossible de rester dans les bois toute notre vie." Le petit garçon dit: "Je m'habille, et je vas essayer encore un coup de trouver du monde." Il s'habille, se *grève com'i faut*, met de l'argent dans le porte-manteau, et part le long du petit sentier, marche, marche. Arrivé au bout de la forêt, il aperçoit la première maison; et trouve ça bien beau, *pas rien!*⁹ Il avance un peu dans la ville, où il ne connaît personne.

¹ I.e., d'une grosseur extraordinaire.

² I.e., des pieds à la tête.

³ Ellipse de *Ecoute donc!*

⁴ Ici *grillade* est pris dans le sens restreint de *grillade de porc*.

⁵ I.e., en réalité, en fait.

⁶ Cochon, porc.

⁷ I.e., comme celui-ci.

⁸ I.e., sur son dos.

⁹ Pour *c'est pas rien!* i.e., extrêmement.

Quelqu'un lui demande: "Mon jeune homme, que cherchez-vous?" Il répond: "Je suis seul dans la forêt avec ma sœur; mais je voudrais vivre parmi le monde." Comme il est bien poli et a l'air d'être en moyens, on l'accueille bien et lui dit: "Oui, vous pouvez vivre ici." Il continue donc son chemin dans la ville, vers le fort; continue, marche. Tout ce qu'il voit autour de lui, il le trouve *ben ben* beau, et il se demande: "Je ne sais pas si je pourrais avoir une cabane ici." N'ayant jamais vu de maisons, il les appelait "des cabanes"! On lui répond: "Oui, vous pouvez bien en avoir une, si vous le voulez." Il s'achète une belle maison, au milieu de la ville. Comme il a de l'argent *en masse*,¹ il fait *grèyer* sa maison de beaux meubles et de tout le *brantant*.² Puis, il se dit: "*Ast'heure*, je vais aller *q'ri*"³ ma sœur, dans les bois." Emmenant quatre hommes avec lui, ils se rendent en voiture jusqu'au bord du bois. Là, ils *débarquent* et marchent dans les bois jusqu'à ce qu'ils arrivent chez la petite fille. "Tu as été bien longtemps parti!" dit-elle à son frère. Il répond: "Tu vas voir comme c'est beau, là-bas. Il faut nous suivre; nous sommes venus te *q'ri*." Montrant à ses hommes un grand coffre bien plein d'or, d'argent et de papier, il leur dit: "Apportez ce coffre." Ils l'apportent à la voiture, au bord de la forêt, pendant que le petit garçon et sa sœur les suivent. Arrivée à la ville, la petite fille aussi trouve ça *ben* beau, et est contente. Comme de raison, ces enfants-là ne connaissaient rien. S'apercevant qu'ils sont riches, le curé vient les voir, et il les avertit: "Mes petits jeunes gens, prenez garde à vous autres. Si vous voulez prêter de l'argent, venez me le dire. Je vous introduirai, moi." De fait, ils vivent à l'aise, prêtant de l'argent aux gens à qui le curé les introduit.

Un jour, une pauvre femme vient leur demander la charité; elle est veuve, et traîne avec elle un fantôme,⁴ un enfant *inregardable*. Le garçon lui donne la charité en lui demandant: "Pourquoi donc demandez-vous la charité?" Elle répond: "Je suis veuve, seule, avec un fantôme *inmontrable*; et, ne pouvant pas gagner ma vie, il faut bien que je la demande." — "La mère! si vous voulez, vous pouvez rester avec nous. Nous vous ferons vivre. Comme je n'aime pas que ma sœur travaille à l'ordinaire, vous seriez quasiment la maîtresse ici." Mais elle demande: "Mon fantôme?" Il répond: "Il y a une chambre où vous pouvez le tenir renfermé." Bien contente, la vieille consent à rester. Elle apporte son fantôme, tout entortillé dans une couverture, sans que personne ne le voie. Dans la chambre où elle le garde, chaque jour, elle lui donne à manger. Sa besogne, à la maison, c'est de faire l'ordinaire.

¹ I.e., en quantité.

² I.e., mobilier, objets accessoires.

³ I.e., de querir, chercher.

⁴ Patry prononçait *fâtôme*; *fantôme* dans le sens de *personne maigre* semble être rarement usité, au Canada.

Un bon jour, les jeunes¹ sont devenues grandes et commencent à aimer le monde. Le garçon dit à sa sœur: "*Cou'don*, il faut que je fasse un voyage, pour me chercher une femme de mon goût." Elle dit: "C'est bon! Et tâche, à moi *tou*,² de trouver un bel homme." Le garçon se *grève* un beau bâtiment, et y met l'équipage. Allant chez un *tireur* de portraits,³ il demande son portrait et celui de sa sœur, disant: "S'il arrive quelque chose, tu auras mon portrait, et j'aurai le tien." Avant de partir, il dit à la *mémère*⁴ d'avoir bien soin de sa sœur, pendant son voyage. Ils se souhaitent: "Bonsoir! bon voyage!" Et, sur son bâtiment, il part.

Il arrive dans une ville riche et lointaine. Comme il est en moyens, un bel homme et un monsieur s'il y en a un, il devient l'ami du roi, qui est jeune et garçon. Le roi aussi a une sœur, très belle fille. Monsieur le prince de l'Epée-verte⁵ commence à se promener souvent avec le roi, et fait amitié avec la sœur. Le roi, voyant qu'il a les moyens, le trouve très bon parti et consent au mariage de sa sœur avec lui. "Monsieur le prince de l'Epée-verte, lui demande-t-il, vous dites que vous avez une sœur?" — "Oui!" — "Si elle est un peu convenable,⁶ peut-être ne ferons-nous qu'une seule noce. Irez-vous la *q'ri*?" Il répond: "Oui!" Et il lui montre le portrait de sa sœur. Le roi la trouve belle *dépareillée*.⁷ Faisant aussi *tirer* son portrait, il le remet au prince de l'Epée-verte pour sa sœur. "Une fois parti, il ne reviendra plus!" dit la sœur du roi, en se plaignant. Mais non! Ils se promettent par serment de se marier ensemble, tous les quatre. Voilà le prince de l'Epée-verte parti sur son bâtiment, pour aller *q'ri* sa sœur.

Le voyant arriver, sa sœur lui saute au cou et l'embrasse. Pendant le voyage de son frère, elle avait encore profité. Elle se frottait, et elle était belle. "T'es-tu trouvé une femme?" est sa première demande. "M'en as-tu trouvé un, *moé tou*;⁸ pas un torchon, mais un beau?" Pour toute réponse, il montre à sa sœur le portrait du prince. "Ah, *sapré bateau*!⁹ c'est un bel homme." Elle est contente. La vieille, leur servante, se met à pleurer, en disant: "Voilà que j'étais si heureuse¹⁰ avec vous, et que vous vous en allez. Moi, je vais rester dans la misère." — "Non, *mémère*, ne craignez pas! Vous allez venir avec nous; vous serez ma servante, et votre vie est assurée." Bien contente, la vieille enveloppe son fantôme dans une couverte, l'emporte sur le bâtiment, dans une petite chambre faite exprès, pensant en elle-même: "*On part! mais cherche*¹¹ comment *on* sera, là-bas!"

¹ I.e., le frère et la sœur. ² Pour à moi aussi; de et tout. ³ Pour *photographe*.

⁴ Petit nom pour *grand'mère*, ou toute vieille personne.

⁵ Notre jeune voyageur, à partir d'ici, est désigné sous le nom de prince de l'Epée-verte.

⁶ Jolie.

⁷ I.e., sans *pareille* sans *pareille*.

⁸ I.e., moi aussi.

⁹ *Juron*.

¹⁰ *Patry pr*.

¹¹ Dans le sens de *qui sait*.

Pendant que le bâtiment file et que la sœur du prince de l'Épée-verte repose dans sa chambre, la vieille s'approche d'elle et lui met un collier d'or au cou, en disant: "Tu seras poisson au fond de la mer tant que la mer sera mer et tant que la terre sera terre." *D'un crac*, la fille est *amorphosée*¹ en poisson au fond de la mer; et le prince de l'Épée-verte devient sec et immobile, n'ayant que la vie. Ne voyant plus le prince ni sa sœur, le capitaine s'en va voir ce qui se passe. Il trouve le prince immobile et sans parole, et sa sœur—partie. Il demande à la servante: "Où est la princesse de l'Épée-verte?" Elle répond: "Dans la chambre, là." Il entre et aperçoit le fantôme de la vieille. Il en tombe sur le cul. Ce fantôme *inmontrable* a des bras et des jambes croches, une bosse au dos, des oreilles en cloche, des yeux rouges et une grande gueule de travers. Il dit: "Je ne crois pas que ce soit la princesse de l'Épée-verte." La vieille répond: "Oui, c'est bien elle!"

Voyant arriver le bâtiment, les gens du pays éloigné font des grands préparatifs et recouvrent tout le quai de beau velours. Musique en tête, le roi et sa suite viennent au-devant du prince de l'Épée-verte. Montant à bord, le roi aperçoit le pavillon noir qu'on a hissé en signe de tristesse: "Qu'y a-t-il? Est-ce le prince de l'Épée-verte qui est mort?" On le mène voir le prince, qui est comme mort, *grouille*² *pas, parle pas*. A la vue du fantôme, tout le monde se met à rire en se claquant les mains.

Le roi fait transporter le prince de l'Épée-verte avec beaucoup de cérémonies, sur un boyart, au château qu'il s'était fait construire pendant sa première visite. On y emmène aussi le fantôme et la vieille servante.

Le curé, à qui le roi parle de l'affaire, dit: "Ça doit être une punition. Suffit que deux si belles personnes se soient promises par serment. Oui! ça doit être une punition du bon Dieu." Le roi déclare: "C'est le bon Dieu qui nous punit; il faut bien que je me marie au fantôme, puisque j'en ai fait serment.

Après le mariage du roi au fantôme, tous les médecins du royaume essaient de ramener monsieur le prince de l'Épée-verte à la santé, mais sans y réussir. La veuve, sa servante, prend soin de lui.

Au bout d'une bonne *escousse*, le roi et son fantôme *achètent* un fils. Pendant que le roi est à la chasse, comme toujours, la vieille femme dit à son fantôme: "Sais-tu que si notre secret venait à se déclarer, ça pourrait tourner bien mal? Il faudrait faire détruire le prince de l'Épée-verte." Le roi avait un beau jardin, où se trouvait un pommier rapportant des pommes d'or. Son pommier, il ne l'aurait pas donné pour des mille et des mille piastres. La bonne-femme prend donc une hache et coupe le pommier. Le roi *ressoud*³ de la chasse, n'ayant tué qu'un petit pic-bois. Il trouve son enfant

¹ Pour *métamorphosée*.² I.e., ne *grouille pas, ne parle pas*.³ I.e., arrive.

dans le ber à jargonner comme le nôtre;¹ jette la vue vers son jardin: "Le pommier aux pommes d'or est coupé! Ah! qui a coupé mon pommier aux pommes d'or?" Le fantôme répond: "*Sais pas!*"² La veuve passe; demande³ à la veuve: "Qui a coupé mon pommier?" Elle répond: "Monsieur le roi, vous ne me croirez pas, si je vous le dis. Celui qui a coupé votre pommier, c'est le prince de l'Epée-verte. Quand vous êtes ici, il ne grouille pas; mais vous n'êtes pas sitôt parti qu'il fait des mauvais coups." Rien de plus pressé, le roi part et va voir le prince de l'Epée-verte, qui est là, sans grouiller un doigt. Le roi se dit: "Je ne puis toujours pas le punir sans bien savoir si c'est lui."

Après quelques jours, le roi part encore pour la chasse. La veuve dit au fantôme: "Sais-tu que si on ne peut pas le faire détruire, il nous arrivera quelque chose!" Elle prend l'enfant du roi, et, avec un sabre, le coupe en quatre (morceaux), qu'elle porte dans la chambre du prince de l'Epée-verte. Là, elle trempe les mains du prince dans le sang. Le roi arrive, va voir son enfant dans le ber, n'y voit que du sang. "On va toujours voir qui a fait ça!" Sans connaissance de fureur, il va voir son fantôme, qui braille: "*Enhahanhan, enhahanhan!*" — "Dis-moi qui a tué mon enfant!" — "*I sé pas.*"⁴ La bonne-femme passe. "La mère! dit le roi, qui est venu détruire mon enfant?" Elle répond: "Ah! c'est votre beau⁵ prince de l'Epée-verte. Allez donc le voir, dans l'état qu'il est, là. Vous le considérez tant!" Le roi s'en va voir, et lui trouve les mains ensanglantées. "Ah, c'est lui! Je ne suis pas pour lui ôter la vie *admeure*;⁶ mais je le ferai mourir en *longueur*."⁷ A l'ordre du roi, on fait une plate-forme au bord de la mer, et on y place le prince de l'Epée-verte, aux quatre vents. Pour toute nourriture on ne lui donne que du pain et de l'eau.

Un bon jour, voilà une tempête abominable. La mer est agitée. Il fait si noir qu'on ne peut rien voir, dans la ville. Un *habitant*, qui reste vis-à-vis de la plate-forme du prince de l'Epée-verte, se couche le long de la grève, pendant la tempête. *Ce qu'il aperçoit?* La sœur du prince, qui sort de la mer, *amorphosée*⁸ en poisson, et qui traîne à son cou une longue chaîne d'or allant jusqu'au fond de la mer. S'approchant de son frère, elle le prend par le cou: "Mon pauvre frère! nous sommes comme morts tous les deux, incapables de tout.

¹ Le narrateur indique ici un petit enfant au berceau, dans sa maison.

² Pour *Je ne sais pas*; ici, le narrateur, avec une grimace comique, imitait la manière ridicule de parler du fantôme.

³ I.e., *il demande*.

⁴ I.e., *il ne sait pas*, pour *je ne sais pas*. L'auteur a souvent entendu des idiots, près de Québec, parler d'eux-mêmes à la troisième personne du singulier.

⁵ Par moquerie.

⁶ I.e., *à demeure*, pour définitivement.

⁷ I.e., *en longueur*, lentement, à petit feu.

⁸ I.e., *métamorphosée*.

Moi, je serai *amorphosée* en poisson, au fond de la mer, tant que la mer sera mer et tant que la terre sera terre.” En pleurant, elle ajoute: “C’est la vieille qui nous a *amorphosés*. Mais si quelqu’un nous entendait sans que nous le voyions, il pourrait nous délivrer en coupant ma chaîne à cinq brasses sous l’eau, au moyen d’un marteau de huit livres pesant d’or et d’une tranche d’or massif.” Ayant tout entendu de sa cachette, *l’habitant* court au château avec ses grosses bottes pleines de vase, et tout effarouché, arrive chez le roi. “Qu’avez-vous?” demande le roi. “Monsieur le roi, vous voyez la tempête. Eh bien! la cause en est la princesse de l’Epée-verte, qui a été *amorphosée* en poisson, au fond de la mer, *pour* tant que la mer sera mer et tant que la terre sera terre. Attachée au fond de la mer par une grande chaîne d’or, elle vient de parler à son frère qu’elle a pris par le cou, en lui disant: ‘Je n’ai plus que deux jours à venir te voir, avant ta mort. Si on m’entendait et venait sous l’eau couper ma chaîne, nous serions délivrés tous les deux.’” — “*Cou’don!* répond le roi, retournes-y demain, et si elle se remontre, viens me le dire.”

Comme de fait, le lendemain, voilà une tempête pire qu’on n’en a jamais vu. Pendant que *l’habitant* est encore caché au pied d’un arbre, la princesse de l’Epée-verte *ressoud*, prend son frère par le cou, l’embrasse et dit: “Mon frère! je n’ai plus qu’une fois à venir te voir. Si quelqu’un m’entendait et coupait ma chaîne avec une tranche d’or massif et un marteau de huit livres pesant d’or, nous serions délivrés tous les deux.” Apprenant ça, le roi dit: “*Ah ben!* tu vas voir; *m’a¹ te grèyer.*” Dans un *siffle*,² il fait forger un marteau de huit livres pesant d’or et une tranche d’or massif; et il fait faire un habit à *l’habitant* pour qu’il *plongît*³ et coupe la chaîne avec la tranche.

L’habitant redescend au bord de la mer, le lendemain, et avec son nouvel habit, se couche à terre. Voilà une tempête épouvantable. *C’est pas ça!*⁴ le temps est tout blanc et la mer agitée. Tout d’un coup, la princesse *amorphosée* *ressoud* du fond de la mer, *poigne* son frère par le cou; et c’est la même histoire que la veille: “Si quelqu’un coupait la chaîne d’or, ça serait la délivrance.” *L’habitant* se *foute*⁵ à la mer avec son marteau et sa tranche, et se met à travailler. Pendant que le frère et la sœur se lamentent, il coupe la chaîne. Voilà la princesse de l’Epée-verte et son frère revenus comme avant. Quant au prince, lui, il est bien maigre, car ça fait longtemps qu’il pâtit. *L’habitant* sort de la mer, va chercher un carrosse, et les emmène au château, qui est encore en grand deuil.

Les voyant venir de loin, le roi court au-devant d’eux. Là, c’est une joie et une alerte! *De manière* que la princesse de l’Epée-verte

¹ I.e., *je m’en vais*.

² I.e., *dans un instant*.

³ *Plonge*.

⁴ Terme emphatique, dont le sens est *C’est extraordinaire!*

⁵ I.e., *jette*.

dit: "La vieille m'a mis un collier d'or dans le cou, et je me suis trouvée *amorphosée* en poisson, au fond de la mer, 'tant que la mer sera mer et tant que la terre sera terre.' Et mon frère, lui, a été *amorphosé* sans mouvement." Le roi dit: "*Ast'heure*, que faut-il faire?"

Le fantôme de la vieille, il le fait *écartiller*¹ en quatre dans la rue, devant le château. Et la vieille? On l'a fait rôtir sur une grille, et on a mis sa graisse aux roues des voitures.²

Le roi s'est marié à la princesse de l'Epée-verte, et sa sœur, au prince, son frère. Et moi, ils ne m'ont pas invité aux noces. C'est pourquoi je n'ai jamais voulu y retourner.

12. ANTOINE ET JOSÉPHINE.³

Une fois, c'est un vieux et sa vieille, et leurs enfants, Antoinette et Joséphine. Etant très pauvres, le vieux, un jour, dit à sa femme: "Nous ne pouvons plus nourrir nos enfants; il faut les écartier⁴ au milieu d'un grand bois." La vieille répond: "Tu n'y penses pas; écartier nos enfants! Il n'y a pas moyen de me résoudre à ça."—"Tant qu'à⁵ les voir crever de faim ici, dit le vieux, j'aime mieux les écartier dans les bois. Qui sait? peut-être pourront-ils se réchapper d'eux-mêmes." Et il s'en va écartier ses enfants dans les bois.

Après avoir passé sept ans dans la forêt, Antoine dit à sa petite sœur: "Il ne faut pas rester ici plus longtemps; les loups hurlent à cœur de⁶ jour. A la fin, nous nous ferions dévorer. Fais bien attention! Je vais monter dans le plus grand arbre; et du côté où je verrai une lumière, je jetterai ma calotte. Mais, fais bien attention."

Une fois monté dans l'arbre, il aperçoit une petite lumière, bien loin. De ce côté il jette sa calotte. Et puis, tous deux partent dans cette direction, s'en allant à peu près,⁷ dans la forêt. Tout à coup ils aperçoivent une clarté, et ils arrivent près d'une petite maison où trois géants sont à jouer aux cartes. Une grande morve pendait au nez d'un des géants, qui ne prenait pas le temps de se moucher. Antoine dit à sa sœur: "Ah! qu'il me donne mal au cœur! Je vais le moucher."—"Il ne faut pas faire ça. Tu sais que ce sont des géants, et qu'ils vont nous dévorer." Prenant son arc et une flèche, le petit garçon vise à travers un petit trou dans le mur de la cabane; et le géant est mouché. Voilà les géants pris,⁸ se battant ensemble. L'un dit: "Qui m'a mouché? Oui, c'est toi!"—"Non, ce n'est pas

¹ Pour *écarteler*.

² Patry dit: "aux roues des *wagines*," pour *wagons*.

³ Raconté par Mme Prudent Sioui (Marie Picard), à Lorette, Québec, en août, 1914. Mme Sioui dit avoir appris ce conte de son beau-père, Clément Sioui.

⁴ Ici, employé comme verbe actif, dans le sens de *se perdre*.

⁵ Pour *quant à*.

⁶ I.e., *tout le long du jour*.

⁷ I.e., aussi bien qu'ils le peuvent, presque au hasard.

⁸ I.e., en querelle.

moi.” — “Oui, c’est toi!” Et tout ça pour savoir qui l’a mouché. Ils se raccordent ensuite, et recommencent à jouer aux cartes.

La chandelle qui les éclaire est toute pleine de chapeaux, comme ils ne prennent pas la peine de la moucher; et ils ne voient presque plus. Antoine dit: “Je mouche la chandelle.” — “*Va donc pas!*”¹ Tu as vu comme ils se sont battus ensemble tout à l’heure. Ils vont nous dévorer, c’est certain.” — “J’aime autant me faire dévorer que de crever de faim.” Il prend son arc, et d’une flèche mouche la chandelle. Voilà la chandelle tuée. Les géants se disent: “Il faut *toujou ben* voir qui nous joue des tours comme ça, qui nous mouche et mouche la chandelle.” Les enfants, dehors, ne sont pas gros,² surtout quand ils voient les trois géants approcher.

Après avoir fait entrer Antoine et Joséphine, un géant demande au petit garçon: “Est-ce toi qui m’a mouché?” — “Oui, répond l’enfant; vous me donniez mal au cœur. Vous étiez trop occupé à jouer aux cartes, et je vous ai mouché.” — “Est-ce aussi toi qui a mouché la chandelle?” — “Oui! je vous voyais si occupé à jouer aux cartes que j’ai mouché la chandelle. Vous ne voyiez plus clair.” Les géants se mettent à lui dire: “Tu es bien habile! Ecoute-nous bien: là-bas, dans le château, il y a une princesse gardée³ par une petite chienne noire qui a une lune blanche dans le front. Pour tuer la petite chienne, il faudrait l’atteindre dans la petite lune blanche. Autrement, c’est impossible.” Le petit garçon répond: “Il y a sept ans que je vis dans les bois, à tuer les oiseaux à la volée, de mon arc et de mes flèches. Je ne manque jamais mon coup.”

Les géants ont grand soin des deux enfants et les traitent de leur mieux, pensant les manger après qu’Antoine aurait tué la petite chienne. Leur désir est d’épouser la princesse, vu que le roi a dit: “Celui qui la délivrera l’épousera.”

Ils se rendent donc avec le petit garçon au château où la princesse est “gardée.” Il n’y avait pas d’escalier pour y entrer. Les géants disent à Antoine: “Nous allons monter l’un sur l’autre pour te faire une échelle, et tu vas grimper sur nous.” Antoine prend sa flèche, grimpe, entre au château, attrape la petite chienne dans sa lune blanche et la tue net. Il avance plus loin et aperçoit la princesse endormie. La princesse a un mouchoir, une tabatière et une bague. Prenant le mouchoir, Antoine embrasse la princesse, et met le mouchoir dans sa poche; prend la tabatière, embrasse la princesse, et met la tabatière dans sa poche; prend la bague, embrasse la princesse, et met la bague dans sa poche. Ensuite, il redescend sur les géants et leur dit: “Creusons un trou, là où est le soupirail, pour entrer dans le château.”

¹ Pour garde *t’en bien!*

² Sont petits, de frayeur.

³ I.e., la prisonnière d’une fée qui la garde endormie.

Avec le sabre qu'un géant lui donne, il creuse un trou. "Moi, je suis le plus petit, ajoute-t-il, je vas y entrer le premier, pour l'agrandir. Toi, le moins grand des trois, tu entreras après moi; ensuite, toi; et toi, le plus grand, le dernier." De fait, Antoine passe le premier, agrandit un peu le trou. Le moins grand des géants s'y fourre, et sitôt sa tête passée en dedans, Antoine la coupe d'un coup de sabre, tire le corps à lui et le jette dans la cave. Ayant encore agrandi le trou pour le deuxième géant, il lui coupe aussi la tête et tire le reste à lui. Et de même de l'autre géant.

Or, le roi avait fait battre un ban que celui qui délivrerait la princesse et prendrait sa bague l'aurait en mariage. Il prépare une grande fête, à laquelle tous les princes et princesses de son royaume sont invités. Mais la princesse dit au roi: "Mon père, vous en oubliez un. Vous n'avez pas fait inviter Antoine." On envoie donc chercher le petit garçon, que la princesse fait asseoir près d'elle. Le roi est de mauvaise humeur. Il y a tant de beaux princes, et sa fille n'en fait pas de cas, regardant seulement Antoine. Chacun à table fait son discours. Quand le tour vient au petit garçon, le roi dit: "Parole de roi! il faut que tu parles, toi aussi!" Antoine ne sait pas quoi dire. "Qu'as-tu fait, demande le roi, quand tu as délivré la princesse?" — "Quand je suis arrivé, la princesse dormait. Son mouchoir était sur la table. J'ai pris le mouchoir, l'ai mis dans ma poche. Et j'ai fait autre chose; mais je ne le dirai pas." Il avait honte de dire qu'il l'avait embrassée! "Elle avait une tabatière; je l'ai mise dans ma poche; et j'ai fait autre chose, que je ne dirai pas. Elle avait une bague, que j'ai mise dans ma poche; et j'ai fait autre chose, que je ne dirai pas." Les princes ont hâte d'essayer la bague; la princesse est si belle que c'est à qui l'aurait.¹ Tous essaient la bague, mais elle ne fait qu'au petit garçon. *Ça fait que,*² parole de roi! il faut bien que la princesse l'épouse.

Mais moi, ils ne m'ont pas invité aux noces.

13. LE CONTE DE PARLE.³

Une fois, c'était une veuve et ses trois garçons, Georges, Charles, et Jean. Le *soubriquet*⁴ de Jean était "Parle."

Un bon jour, la guerre éclate contre le roi de leur pays. Charles et Georges disent à leur mère: "*Mouman*, nous allons à la guerre. Parle va rester ici pour vous aider et avoir soin des animaux." Ti-Jean—

¹ I.e., que tous souhaitent l'épouser.

² Locution conjonctive souvent employée par plusieurs conteurs.

³ Recueilli à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, en juillet, 1915, de Narcisse Thiboutot, qui dit avoir appris ce conte, il y a une dizaine d'années, de feu Charles Francœur, son oncle.

⁴ Pour *sobriquet*.

ou Parle—dit: “Moi *tou*,¹ j’y vas.” Mais ses frères disent à leur mère: “*Mouman*, il n’est pas *ben fin*,² lui, gardez-le ici.” Ils partent; mais Parle, qui va vite, les rattrape le lendemain. Le voyant venir, ses frères disent: “Va-t’en, Parle! Tu viens pour nous faire honte. Va-t’en! on n’a pas besoin de toi.” — “Ne craignez pas, mes frères, je ne vous ferai pas honte.” Georges et Charles arrivent chez le roi et s’engagent. Parle s’engage ensuite. Le roi leur demande: “Etes-vous tous trois parents?” — “Non, sire mon roi, répondent les deux premiers; nous ne connaissons pas ce jeune homme qui nous a rattrapés en chemin; nous ne l’avions jamais vu.” A Parle il demande: “Vous, monsieur, connaissez-vous ces jeunes hommes-là?” — “Non, non! je ne les connais point.” — “Qu’es-tu capable de faire?” — “Je suis prêt à faire n’importe quoi.” — “Bien! tu vas t’occuper de faire rôti la viande à la broche, pour mon armée.” C’était là un ouvrage dur, que ses frères avaient suggéré au roi de lui donner, pour se débarrasser de lui. Il mourrait bientôt; alors ils n’auraient plus à craindre qu’il les déclare.³ Mais Parle était un homme fin *extraordinaire*.⁴ Si on lui demandait à⁵ faire une chose, il était toujours prêt et vif.

En visitant ses troupes, un jour, le roi dit à Georges et Charles: “Mais, ce jeune homme-là qui est venu avec vous est intelligent *effrayant*.”⁶ Jaloux de leur frère, ils répondent: “Sire le roi, votre Parle, que vous dites si fin, savez-vous ce qu’il a dit?” — “Non, non, mes soldats, je ne le sais pas.” — “Bien! il s’est vanté d’être capable d’aller chercher les bottes du géant, qui marchent sept lieues le pas, et qui sont enchaînées sous son lit avec une chaîne de fer aux mailles de trois pouces *de gros*.” Le roi reprend: “Ah, par exemple! s’il a dit ça, il va le faire. Des bottes de sept lieues seraient bien commodes à la guerre.” S’en allant trouver Parle, il dit: “*Cou’don!* mon Parle, tu t’es vanté d’être capable d’aller chercher les bottes du géant, qui font sept lieues au pas?” — “Non, sire mon roi, je ne m’en suis pas vanté. Mais s’il le faut, je vais y aller, *d’abord que*⁷ vous me donnerez ce que je vais vous demander.” — “Que demandes-tu, mon Parle?” — “Je demande un habillement couleur d’invisible, avec une lime qui coupe un pouce du coup.” — “Oui, mon Parle, tu vas les avoir. S’il ne te faut que ça, tu vas aller chercher les bottes.” *Ça fait que* le roi envoie quelqu’un au marché chercher un habillement couleur d’invisible et une lime qui coupe un pouce du coup. Quand on les lui donne, Parle se met l’habit, prend le chemin et arrive chez le géant, pendant qu’il soupe avec sa femme et sa fille. Rentrant sans être vu, il passe dans la chambre, et se fourre sous le lit, où les bottes sont enchaînées. Après la veillée, le géant et sa bonne-femme se couchent

¹ Pour et tout, aussi.

² I.e., pas intelligent, plutôt idiot.

³ I.e., qu’il se déclarât leur frère.

⁴ Dans un sens adverbial.

⁵ De. ⁶ Dans un sens adverbial.

⁷ I.e., pourvu que vous me donniez.

et dorment. Quand ils commencent à ronfler, Parle se dit: "Voilà le temps pour couper la chaîne." Il prend sa lime et *groung!* en donne un coup. Faisant un saut, le géant dit: "*Aye!* ma bonne-femme, il y a quelqu'un *sour le lite.*"¹ — "*Dôrs*² donc, mon pauvre fou! Tu vois bien que tu rêves; personne ne viendrait ici, *sour le lite.*" Il répète: "*Certain,*³ il y a quelqu'un *sour le lite*; j'y vas voir." Sans perdre de temps, la vieille lui pousse une claque sur la gueule: "Tu vas dormir, toi, mon *mor'né!*"⁴ Voilà le géant qui *s'endôrt* de nouveau. Voyant ça, Parle donne un deuxième coup de lime, *groung!* Le géant fait un saut *que*⁵ la *couchette*⁶ en craque. "Ma bonne-femme, il y a *certain* quelqu'un *sour le lite.*" — "Tu ne *dôrs* pas? Arrête donc, *m'a*⁷ te montrer ça!" — "*Veux ci, veux ça!* il y a *certain certain* quelqu'un *sour le lite.*" A la fin, la vieille réussit à l'endormir de nouveau.

Pendant ce temps-là, Parle, sous le lit, se met une botte à chaque pied, donne le troisième coup de lime, et la chaîne casse. Il prend la porte⁸ vite, et court chez le roi. Le voyant venir avec les bottes de sept lieues, ses frères se disent: "*Mais, mais!*"⁹ il ne s'est pas fait tuer par le géant! Comment s'y est-il pris?" Parle arrive et remet les bottes au roi, qui lui demande: "Voyons, mon Parle, comment *ç'a* été à ton voyage?" — "*Ç'a ben* été, sire mon roi! Et j'ai pris bien moins de temps à revenir qu'à m'y rendre. Mais je n'aimerais pas à retourner chez le géant."

Le lendemain, pendant que le roi visite encore ses troupes, Georges et Charles lui disent: "Monsieur le roi, Parle s'est vanté d'être capable d'aller chercher la lune du géant, qui éclaire *notre besoin.*"¹⁰ — "Ah! s'il s'en est vanté, répond le roi, je vas lui envoyer chercher, comme les bottes du géant." S'en allant trouver Parle, il lui dit: "Tu t'es vanté de pouvoir aller chercher la lune du géant, qui éclaire *notre besoin?*" — "Monsieur le roi, je ne m'en suis pas vanté. Mais s'il le faut, je vas y aller, *d'abord que* vous me donnerez ce que je vas vous demander." — "Que te faut-il?" — "Je ne demande pas grand'chose: un petit sac de sel de cinq livres." Le roi lui donne un sac de sel.

Parle met son habillement invisible, part et arrive chez le géant,

¹ Pour *sous le lit*.

² Prononcé très fermé, comme *daure*; ici, cette prononciation est exceptionnelle.

³ Adverbial.

⁴ Pour *mort-né*; prononcé ici rapidement. Les paysans ne le comprennent que comme mot simple.

⁵ *Tel que*.

⁶ Chez les paysans du Canada, *couchette* signifie "lit," et n'est pas seulement un diminutif de *lit*.

⁷ I.e., *je m'en vais*.

⁸ I.e., *sort à la hâte*.

⁹ Exclamation exprimant la surprise.

¹⁰ Sens obscur.

qui est *après*¹ faire de la bouillie dans un grand chaudron pendu dans une cheminée du temps passé. Sans être vu, il grimpe dans la cheminée, et verse son sac de sel dans la bouillie. Quand la bouillie est cuite, le bonhomme géant *hâle*² la bouillie, la met sur la table, et commence à manger avec sa fille: "Mais, la mère! tu as bien salé la bouillie, à soir!"³ — "Pauvre vieux fou! je ne l'ai pas salée plus que de coutume. Je n'y ai pas mis de sel." — "Cette bouillie est salée *effrayant*; elle n'est pas mangeable." Il dit à sa fille: "Va chercher de l'eau." Elle répond: "Oui, mais il fait *ben que*⁴ trop noir pour aller chercher de l'eau à la fontaine." Son père dit: "Prends la lune, qui est dans sa boîte, et mets-la sur *son bas côté*."⁵ Prenant la lune, la fille la place sur *son bas côté*, et s'en va chercher de l'eau à la fontaine. Parle aussitôt saisit la lune, la met dans son gilet, prend le chemin et s'en va chez le roi, la lui remettre. Le voyant arriver avec la lune, ses frères se disent: "Mais! comment ça se fait? Il ne s'est pas fait prendre!"

Pendant que le roi visite ses troupes, le lendemain, Georges et Charles lui demandent: "Sire le roi, Parle est-il revenu?" — "Oui," répond le roi. "Mais! sire le roi, il s'est vanté d'autres choses encore." — "De quoi s'est-il vanté?" — "Il s'est vanté de pouvoir aller chercher le violon du géant, qui fait danser sept lieues à la ronde, rien qu'à y penser." — "Ah bien! répond le roi, s'il s'en est vanté, il va aller le chercher *certain*." Les frères pensent: "Parle va bien se faire prendre, *de ce coup-là*; car le géant va finir par s'en méfier." Allant trouver Parle, le roi dit: "Mon Parle, tu t'es vanté de pouvoir aller chercher le violon du géant, qui fait danser sept lieues à la ronde, rien qu'à y penser?" — "Monsieur le roi, *j'en ai pas parlé*."⁶ Mais, s'il faut y aller, j'irai, *d'abord que* vous me donnerez ce que je vas vous demander." — "Que te faut-il?" — "Un habillement couleur d'invisible et une lime qui coupe un pouce du coup." — "Tu vas les avoir, mon Parle!" Lui donnant l'habillement et la lime, il l'envoie chercher le violon du géant.

Parle arrive chez le géant pendant le souper. Rentrant vite, il se cache sous le lit où est enchaîné le violon. Après la veillée, le géant se couche avec sa vieille, et s'endort. Parle prend sa lime, et *groung!* en donne un coup sur la chaîne du violon. Le géant fait un saut *que* la maison en branle: "Ma bonne-femme, il y en a un, *dessour le lite, certain!*" — "Vas-tu dormir, mon vieux fou? C'est encore ta folie

¹ Pour *qui est à faire* ou *après à faire*.

² Pour *tire*; *hâler* est un terme marin qui a envahi d'autres domaines.

³ Pour *ce soir*.

⁴ Pour *bien trop*.

⁵ M. G. Lanctôt nous fait remarquer que, dans LaPrairie, *bas côté* est le nom donné à un appentis à la maison principale et servant de cuisine. Thiboutot, s'il avait connu le sens de ce mot, aurait dit: "Mets-la sur le *bas côté*."

⁶ I.e., je n'en ai pas parlé

qui te reprend.” — “Ecoute! avec ‘ma folie,’ mes bottes sont parties, l’autre jour; et quand j’ai trouvé la bouillie salée, la lune a été volée. Je suis toujours fou, moi! Mais, tout mon *butin*¹ disparaît, par exemple!” La vieille vient à bout de le rendormir. Parle pousse un deuxième coup de lime, *groung!* D’un élan, le vieux dit: “Ma bonne-femme, il y a quelqu’un *sour le lite, certain!*” La vieille lui *sapre*² son poing sur un œil. Le géant *mène un raveau*³ et veut se lever: “C’est pour prendre mon violon qu’on *zigonne*⁴ comme ça.” — “Endors-toi, vieux fou!” répond sa femme. Quand le géant s’est rendormi, Parle pousse un troisième coup de lime, prend le violon et s’en va sortir. Le géant le *pogne*: “Ah! il dit, arrête, mon ver de terre! Ça fait assez longtemps que tu fais ton *fantasse*,⁵ en *charriant* mes bottes et en salant la bouillie pour voler la lune, le même soir. Tu es venu chercher le violon? Je *cré ben* que tu ne l’apporteras pas!” — “Ah! le géant, que veux-tu faire de moi?” — “Ce que je veux faire de toi? Je vas te manger.” — “Me manger, moi?” — “Ah! il dit, arrête, arrête! Te manger tout seul? Non; je n’aurais pas autant de plaisir. Il faut que j’invite de mes amis pour le fricot.” — “Inviter de tes amis? Il va bien falloir que tu m’engraisses pour ça; je ne suis pas assez gros.” — “Je suis bien prêt à t’engraisser.” — “Pour m’engraisser, mets-moi huit jours dans la cave, et donne-moi une chopine d’eau et une chopine de pois par jour.” — “Ça ne me coûtera toujours pas cher pour t’engraisser.” Le mettant à la cave, il l’attache *com’t’faut*, et le fait soigner par sa fille, une chopine de pois et une chopine d’eau par jour.

Le géant dit, la sixième journée: “Il faut que j’aie invité de mes amis. *On*⁶ est pas pour le manger tous *seu*,⁷ malgré qu’il ait encore diminué et maigri.” En partant, il dit à sa fille: “Chauffe le four, et, la huitième journée, fais-le rôtir.”

Le temps venu, la fille du géant fend du bois et chauffe le four. Ayant connaissance de ça, Parle, dans la cave, dit à la fille: “Viens donc me détacher, que⁸ je t’aide à fendre du bois et à chauffer le four; tu as bien de la misère.” Aussitôt détaché, il fend du bois et chauffe le four. Quand le four est bien chaud, il dit à la femme et la fille: “Venez donc voir au four.” Comme elles arrivent à *la course* et regardent ensemble dans le four, il les pousse dedans, la mère d’abord et la fille ensuite. En fermant la porte sur elles, il dit: “Regardez bien s’il est assez chaud.” Rentrant dans la maison vite, il prend le violon qui fait danser sept lieues à la ronde, met le feu à la maison, et s’en retourne chez le roi, huit jours après en être parti.

¹ I.e., mes biens.

² I.e., assène.

³ I.e., faire du bruit, un vacarme.

⁴ I.e., faire grincer quelque chose, particulièrement un violon.

⁵ Pour *fantasque*, impudent.

⁶ Pour *nous*.

⁷ Pour *seuls*.

⁸ Pour *que*.

Le voyant arriver quand ils le pensent mort, ses frères se disent : "Il a dû se faire prendre, cette fois-ci. Mais, que pourrions-nous faire pour nous en débarrasser ? Disons qu'il s'est vanté de pouvoir aller chercher le géant. Cette fois-ci, il a dû jouer un mauvais tour au géant, qui ne manquera pas de le manger, s'il le revoit."

Le roi rencontre Georges et Charles, et leur dit : "*Quand on pense!*¹ Parle est revenu hier soir avec le violon." — "C'est impossible que Parle soit revenu!" — "Ça n'empêche pas qu'il est revenu." — "Monsieur le roi, ce n'est pas tout. Il a dit qu'il était capable d'aller chercher le géant, d'après ce qu'on entend dire." — "S'il s'en est vanté, il va aller le chercher." Le roi part, s'en va trouver Parle et dit : "*Cou'don*, mon Parle! tu t'es vanté de pouvoir aller chercher le géant?" — "Non, monsieur le roi, je ne m'en suis pas vanté; mais s'il faut y aller, j'y suis prêt, *d'abord* que vous me donnerez ce que je vas vous demander." — "Qu'est-ce qu'il te faut?" — "Je demande un charriot *en fer* à toute épreuve, qui se barre, et quinze hommes de troupe. Je veux aussi qu'on m'habille comme le plus beau des rois, et que mon charriot de fer soit traîné par quatre chevaux. Avec ça, je pourrai ramener le géant."

Peu de temps après, *grèyé* de tout ce qu'il a demandé au roi, Parle, vêtu en roi, se met en chemin avec quinze hommes de troupe et son charriot. Vers le soir du même jour, il rencontre le géant, qui crie : "Bonsoir, monsieur le roi?" — "Bonsoir, bonsoir!" — "Mais, monsieur le roi, *vous*² que vous allez avec ce charriot *en fer*?" — "Mon pauvre géant, je m'en vas chercher Parle, qui m'a joué toutes sortes de tours." Le géant dit : "Je ne crois pas qu'il vous en ait joué de pires qu'à moi." — "Que vous a-t-il donc fait, le géant?" — "Ce qu'il m'a fait ? Il a volé mes bottes, il a volé la lune, il a volé mon violon; et il a fait brûler ma femme et ma fille dans ma maison. Pour *achever* le *restant*, il s'est fait engraisser au pois et à l'eau pendant huit jours. Mais attendez! Moi aussi je le cherche; et si je le rencontre, je ne l'engraissierai *pu*,³ *certain!*" — "Mais, le géant, vous m'avez l'air bien fort pour courir seul après ce Parle, qui passe pour être sans pareil." — "Ne craignez pas, monsieur le roi, il n'est pas aussi fort que vous dites. Je l'ai pris dans ma porte, l'autre jour, et il était comme un *écopeau*⁴ dans ma main. Je n'aurais pas besoin de charriot, moi, pour le ramener." Le roi répond : "Je ne suis pas certain de pouvoir le tenir dans ce charriot de fer." — "Écoutez! dit le géant, si vous ne l'êtes pas, moi, je vas vous rendre certain. Rouvrez votre charriot, et je vas me coucher dedans, pendant que vous le ceinturerez avec une chaîne; et je verrai *ben* à quoi il est bon." Ça prenait bien quatre hommes pour ouvrir le *couvert*⁵ du charriot. Quand c'est fait,

¹ Dans le sens de *n'est-ce pas étonnant!*

² I.e., *plus*.

⁴ I.e., copeau.

² I.e., où *ce que*, où est-ce que.

⁵ Couvercle.

le géant *embarque* dedans, se couche, et laisse le temps aux soldats de le fermer et de le ceinturer. Quand on lui demande: "Forcez donc, le géant! pour voir si ça peut tenir Parle," il force, force, et dit: "J'y ai mis toute ma force. Il n'y a pas de danger que Parle brise cette cage; il n'est pas si fort que moi." — "Oui, mais si je te disais que c'est encore Parle qui t'a attrapé, pourrais-tu forcer encore plus?" — "*C'est-i* vrai que Parle m'a encore attrapé?" — "Oui, c'est vrai." Là, il force tant qu'on lui entend craquer tous les os.

Parle et ses soldats ramènent le géant au roi. En arrivant: "Tiens! monsieur le roi, dit Parle, le fameux géant est dans mon charriot; faites-en ce qu'il vous plaira. *Tant qu'à* moi, c'est la dernière fois que je vas chercher quelque chose pour vous. Je sais bien que ce sont mes frères qui vous ont mis dans la tête de m'envoyer chercher le géant, pour tâcher de me faire périr, parce qu'ils ont honte de moi." — "Comment, Parle, ceux qui sont arrivés ici en même temps que toi sont tes frères? Ils me disaient toujours que tu te vantais de pouvoir faire ci et faire ça." — "Oui, monsieur le roi, ce sont mes frères."

Voyant ça, le roi fait venir les frères Charles et Georges. "Connaissez-vous bien Parle?" leur demande-t-il. "Non, monsieur le roi, on ne le connaît pas." — "Toi, Parle, connais-tu ces deux-là?" — "Oui, monsieur le roi, je les connais; ce sont mes frères, qui, depuis longtemps, cherchent à me faire périr ici." Le roi les fait renfermer dans deux cages de bois, et ordonne qu'on les brûle à petit feu.

Quant à Parle, il s'est marié avec la plus jeune des princesses du roi et a hérité de tout le royaume.

Il est bien mieux que moi, aujourd'hui; il vit à rien faire et, moi, je suis obligé de travailler dur.

14. PARLAFINE OU PETIT-POUCET.¹

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était un vieux bûcheron, sa femme et leurs enfants, sept petits garçons. Le vieux dit à sa vieille: "Il n'y a pas d'ouvrage, et je ne suis plus capable d'aller couper du balai. Si tu voulais dire comme moi, j'écarterais les enfants en les menant tous les sept couper du balai."²

Parlafine,³ le plus petit des sept frères, était méfiant, et quand ses parents parlaient, il écoutait toujours. Un bon soir, le bûcheron et

¹ Raconté, en août, 1914, à Lorette, Québec, par Mme Prudent Sioui, qui l'avait appris de sa mère et de son grand-père. Mme Sioui admet qu'on lui a récemment lu des versions imprimées de ce conte, lesquelles sont un peu différentes de la sienne. Mais elle soutient qu'elle le recite tout comme elle l'a appris de ses parents. M. l'abbé Arthur Lapointe a entendu raconter ce conte à Kamouraska, quand il était enfant. La version qu'il a entendue était semblable, sauf pour ce qui est de l'épisode de la boîte.

² Fait de branches de cèdre.

³ Le conteur employait le nom de "Petit-Poucet" aussi souvent que celui de "Parlafine."

sa femme montent coucher leurs enfants, pour pouvoir jaser à leur aise. Mais Parlafine—ou Petit-Poucet—est si petit qu'il se cache sous la chaise de sa mère et écoute tout ce qu'ils se disent: "Demain matin, il faut se lever de bonne heure pour les écarter." — "Mais tu n'y penses pas! répond la vieille; écarter mes enfants! Je ne puis pas me résoudre à ça." — "Ils sont toujours finis;¹ nous ne pouvons plus les nourrir; et je ne suis pas capable de les voir mourir ici. Mieux vaut les écarter dans la forêt." La vieille femme finit donc par consentir.

Une fois la conversation finie, Parlafine s'en va se coucher. De bonne heure, le lendemain matin, il réveille ses petits frères: "Vite, levez-vous! Nous allons dans les bois. Aujourd'hui, *poupa* va nous écarter." Ils commencent tous à pleurer, en disant: "Qu'allons-nous faire dans les bois?" — "*Dites rien!*"² répond Parlafine; nous retrouverons bien le chemin. Je sais un tour, moi." Il s'en va en courant chez sa marraine et lui demande: "Avez-vous un écheveau de laine à me donner? Papa veut nous écarter dans les bois, aujourd'hui." Sa marraine prend deux gros écheveaux de laine et les lui donne.

Les sept enfants suivent leur père au bois. Le vieux leur dit: "Passez en avant, les enfants!" — "Non! répond Parlafine; nous ne savons pas où vous voulez nous mener. Passez, vous!" Parlafine marche le dernier de tous, déroulant sa laine aux arbres, sans que son père s'en aperçoive. Arrivés dans un bocage de cèdres, le père leur dit: "Restez ici et coupez du balai! Moi, je vais là-bas." Il s'en va plus loin, arrange une planche en *battoué*,³ et *pan, pan!* la planche bat tout le temps contre un arbre, comme un bûcheron. A la brûnante, Parlafine dit: "Papa ne bûche pas si longtemps que ça sans boire ni manger." S'en allant dans la direction d'où vient le bruit, il finit par trouver le *battoué* que son père a fait. Ses frères se mettent à pleurer et à dire: "Que faire dans ce grand bois? Les loups vont nous dévorer?" — "N'ayez pas peur! répond Parlafine, *on va ben s'en aller à la maison.*"⁴ J'ai un moyen." *Revirant de bord*, il reconnaît le sentier du matin par la laine qu'il y avait déroulée, et il ramène ses frères chez eux.

Après souper, la vieille dit à son mari: "Si mes enfants étaient ici, ils mangeraient *ben* le reste de la bouillie." Parlafine, qui écoute à la porte, répond: "Mais, j'en mangerais *ben*, *mouman!*" — "Comment? demande-t-elle à son vieux; tu ne les a pas écartés? Les *revoilà!*" — "Eh bien! demain, j'irai si loin qu'ils ne reviendront pas." La mère fait rentrer les enfants, leur donne à manger et les envoie se coucher. Parlafine, lui, reste en bas, et se cache encore sous la chaise de sa

¹ I.e., pour mourir.

² Pour ne dites rien.

³ Pour battoir.

⁴ Pour chez nous.

mère, pour écouter ce qu'on dirait: "Je vais les mener si loin, dit le bûcheron, qu'ils ne reviendront sûrement pas. Il faut s'en¹ débarrasser." Parlafine part et s'en va se coucher.

De bon matin, il réveille ses petits frères: "Vite, dépêchez-vous! aujourd'hui, on va nous écarter bien plus loin qu'hier." Se rendant encore chez sa marraine, il lui dit: "Marraine, avez-vous du pain à nous donner? Papa, aujourd'hui, va nous écarter dans un bois, et nous n'avons rien à manger." Sa marraine prend un pain et le lui donne. Il le cache dans son habit. "*Ura*,² mes enfants, partons! dit le père. Passez en avant!" Parlafine répond: "Non! nous ne savons pas où vous voulez nous mener. Vous faites mieux de passer en avant." Toujours le dernier, Parlafine, sans que son père s'en aperçoive, émiette le pain pour marquer le chemin. Cette fois, le père les conduit deux fois plus loin que la veille, leur trouve une talle de cèdres, et dit: "Restez ici à couper du balai; moi, je vais bûcher plus loin." Et, ayant fait un *battoué*, il s'en retourne de suite chez lui. Cette planche-là battait tout le temps comme le ferait un bûcheron.

Vers la brûnante, Parlafine dit à ses petits frères: "Papa ne bûche pas si longtemps sans boire ni manger." Il va voir du côté d'où vient le bruit, et aperçoit encore une planche battant sur un arbre. Son père n'y est pas. Il est parti.³ Voilà les enfants encore aux cris,⁴ et disant: "Cette fois-ci, nous allons *ben certain* y rester!" Parlafine reprend: "Non! j'ai encore un chemin." Mais quand il vient chercher son chemin, il ne trouve rien. Les oiseaux ont mangé tout le pain. Il n'y avait donc pas moyen de retrouver la maison. Découragés, ils se remettent tous à pleurer, à crier. "Ne vous découragez pas! dit Parlafine; je trouverai bien un moyen; laissez-moi faire." Il passe en avant et suit un petit sentier, marche toute la nuit, marche tout le lendemain. Vers le soir, les frères aperçoivent une clarté, et arrivent à une petite maison. C'est là que restait une de leurs tantes. Parlafine entre le premier: "Tiens! bonjour, ma tante; bonjour!" — "Mais, qui vous a donc emmenés si loin, dans les bois?" — "Papa nous a écartés, et nous avons marché par ici, pensant se rendre chez nous. Nous nous trouvons à venir vous voir ici." La tante dit: "*Pau'p'tits*"⁵ enfants! je suis bien contente de vous voir. Ça fait si longtemps que je n'étais pas allée chez vous! Mais, je suis mariée à un géant qui mange tous les enfants." — "Mais, ma tante, où voulez-vous que nous allions? Nous avons marché une nuit et un jour sans boire ni manger. Nous sommes écartés, et nous sommes venus ici." Leur tante les chauffe, déshabille, et dit: "Vite! mangez avant que le

¹ I.e., des enfants.

² I.e., allons !

³ Ce pléonasme semble exprimer le désappointement.

⁴ I.e., à pleurer.

⁵ Abréviation pour *pauvres petits*.

géant arrive.” Pour détourner son mari de dévorer les enfants, elle va chercher un gros mouton et la moitié d’un bœuf, qu’elle fait dégeler près du feu.

A l’heure où le géant arrive, elle dit aux enfants: “Vite, venez avec moi! Je vas vous cacher, et je tâcherai d’obtenir la grâce qu’il ne vous mange pas.” Elle les cache dans la cave, sous une cuve. Le géant arrive, se met à renifler et à sentir d’un côté et de l’autre, disant: “Ça sent la viande fraîche.” La femme répond: “Es-tu fou? C’est le bœuf et le mouton que je fais dégeler.” — “Ah! ce n’est pas ça!” Il sent de *tous bords et tous côtés*: “Ce n’est pas ça!” Et il cherche partout, dans la maison. La peur prend la vieille femme, et elle se dit: “Il va les trouver.” Elle lui demande: “Veux-tu m’accorder une grâce? Je vas te dire ce que j’ai dans la maison, si tu veux me promettre de ne pas le manger.” — “Dis-moi ce que c’est; je ne le mangerai pas.” Elle fait donc sortir les sept frères de dessous la cuve, et va les mener à son mari. “Bonsoir, mon oncle! disent les enfants; bonsoir, mon oncle!” Mais Parlafine est toujours le dernier. Son oncle lui dit: “Toi, tu es bien petit!” — “Je ne suis pas *ben* gros; c’est vrai, mon oncle.” — “Comment t’appelles-tu? Tu es si petit que j’aimerais bien à savoir ton nom.” — “Mon nom? ça me coûte de vous le dire, mon oncle. C’est Parlafine.” — “Parlafine, tu as l’air bien fin.”¹ — “Ah bien! mon oncle, je ne suis pas plus fin que les autres.” Le géant donne à souper aux enfants *com’i’faut*, et jase *une escousse*² avec eux. “Les enfants doivent être bien fatigués, dit-il à sa femme; fais leur un bon lit et couche-les.” En se couchant, les enfants s’endorment. Mais Parlafine, lui, reste éveillé.

Le géant avait sept filles. Il dit à sa femme: “Mets aux petits garçons des bonnets bruns pour la nuit, et aux petites filles, des bonnets blancs.”

Pendant la nuit, Parlafine entend le géant se lever et affiler son grand couteau, pendant que sa femme se lamente: “Tu m’as promis que tu ne les mangerais pas; et tu vas le faire! Qu’est-ce que ma sœur va dire?” — “Laisse-moi faire! Je te dis que je vas faire un *snack*.”³ Entendant le géant affiler son couteau, Parlafine se lève et échange les bonnets bruns de ses frères pour les bonnets blancs des sept filles. Le géant monte avec son grand couteau, sans lumière, pour ne pas réveiller les enfants; et il leur tâte la tête. Touchant aux bonnets bruns, il se dit: “Ce sont les garçons.” A l’autre lit, touchant aux bonnets blancs: “Ce sont mes filles.” Revenu au premier lit, il coupe la tête de ses filles, qu’il prend pour les garçons, et redescend se coucher. Parlafine se lève, réveille ses frères et dit:

¹ I.e., rusé.

² I.e., quelques moments.

³ Dérivé de l’anglais *snack*; ce mot, chez les Canadiens-français, signifie *bon repas* plutôt que *légère collation*.

"Vite, sauvons-nous!" Sortant par la fenêtre, ils dégringolent dans l'échelle et se sauvent, courant toute la nuit. Après avoir bien couru, ils arrivent à un gros rocher. Fatigués, ils se couchent parmi les cailloux et s'endorment. Mais Parlafine, lui, ne dort pas; il reste au guet.

Vers dix heures du matin, voyant que ses filles ne se lèvent pas, la femme du géant dit à son homme: "J'ai bien peur qu'au lieu des garçons, tu aies tué les filles. Parlafine a dû te jouer un tour." — "Ah non! répond le géant. Elles ont veillé tard; elles ont bien fatiguées." A midi, les filles ne sont pas encore levées. Leur père va voir. De fait, ses sept filles sont mortes et les garçons, partis. Voyant qu'il a tué ses propres filles, le géant entre en fureur, et dit à sa femme: "Vite, donne-moi mes bottes de sept lieues!" Il part après les enfants. Il arrive près du rocher où ils dorment; et, se sentant bien fatigué, il se couche et s'endort. Aussitôt qu'il est endormi et ronfle comme un bon,¹ Parlafine sort de sa cachette, lui enlève ses bottes, et dit à ses frères: "Sauvez-vous plus loin!"

Quant à lui, Parlafine, il met les bottes de sept lieues, s'en retourne chez sa tante, et lui dit: "Vite, ma tante, donnez-moi la bourse! Mon oncle, le géant, est pris dans un mauvais lieu et il lui faut de l'argent." Sa tante ne veut pas. "Tu as fait tuer mes sept filles; c'est encore un tour que tu veux me jouer." — "Vous voyez bien, ma tante, que ce n'est pas un tour: il m'a donné ses bottes pour aller plus vite." A la fin, pensant que c'est bien le cas, elle lui donne la bourse. De là, Parlafine s'en va rejoindre ses frères.

A son réveil, le géant est désappointé de voir ses bottes parties: "C'est encore Parlafine qui m'a joué un tour." Et il retourne chez lui. Sa femme lui demande: "Pourquoi as-tu envoyé chercher ta bourse?" — "Comment, il s'est fait donner ma bourse? C'était pourtant bien assez de me faire tuer mes filles sans venir chercher ma fortune!"

C'était une chose connue que le géant avait un violon qu'on entendait jouer à sept lieues à la ronde. Parlafine se dit: "Ah! il a voulu me manger; eh bien! ce n'est pas fini. Je vas lui jouer des tours. Son violon, je le vole." Se souvenant que le gros chien noir du géant se tient toujours à la porte de son maître, il s'achète une peau de chien noir complète, s'en recouvre, et, à la porte du géant, il commence à *siler*, *sile*, *sile*² encore. Causant avec sa femme, le géant s'impatiente à force d'entendre *siler* le chien, et dit: "Va donc le faire entrer, qu'il se couche!" Faisant rentrer le chien, la femme lui *fou*³ un coup de pied et l'envoie se coucher sous le lit où se trouve le violon.

¹ I.e., comme un juste, bruyamment.

² Cri étouffé ou aigu des chiens.

³ I.e., donne.

Parlafine met la main sur l'instrument, et *zing, zing!* on l'entend à sept lieues à la ronde. Il s'est fait prendre du coup. Le géant se lève et crie: "Par exemple! là je t'ai, Parlafine! Tu m'as fait tuer mes sept filles, volé mes bottes de sept lieues et ma bourse; mais je vas te croquer." — "Mais qu'allez-vous donc manger, mon oncle? Regardez-moi! Vous auriez *ben plus d'acquêt*¹ de m'engraisser; car, *ast'heure*, tâtez-moi; vous ne mangeriez que des os. Attachez-moi les pieds et les mains, et gardez-moi dans la cave. Là, il n'y aura toujours pas de danger que je m'échappe." Le géant trouve que *ç'a* bien du bon sens. Il attache donc les pieds et les mains de Parlafine, et l'enferme dans la cave.

Pendant que, tout le jour, le géant est à bûcher dans les bois, sa femme descend porter à manger à Parlafine, pour l'engraisser. N'ayant pas de bois de fendu pour le dîner, elle essaye de se fendre une bûche, mais n'y peut réussir. "Détachez-moi donc un pied et une main, dit Parlafine; j'aiderai, et je ne pourrai toujours pas m'échapper." Mais elle répond: "Tu nous as joué assez de tours; je ne suis pas pour te détacher." — "Rien qu'une main, demande-t-il; je ne pourrai toujours pas me sauver; et je vas vous fendre votre bois." Elle lui détache une main. Mais, au lieu de fendre la bûche, Parlafine lui coupe le cou. Sa tante est morte. Il se détache, chausse les bottes de sept lieues, prend le violon, et il est *beto*² rendu à l'autre bord de la rivière. On dit qu'un géant ne traverse jamais l'eau. Rendu là, Parlafine joue du violon, et le violon en fait du feu.³ Entendant jouer son violon de la forêt où il bûche, le géant se dit: "Parlafine m'a encore joué un tour." A la maison, il trouve sa femme morte et le violon parti. Il court à la rivière et dit: "Parlafine! passe-moi donc la rivière."—"Oui, beau fin! tu voudrais bien me croquer, mais tu n'es pas assez futé." — "Parlafine, tu n'es pas raisonnable. Tu m'as fait tuer mes sept filles, tu as coupé le cou de ma femme et tu m'as pris ma fortune, mes bottes et mon violon!" Parlafine répond: "Ah, tu as voulu nous croquer! Mais je n'ai pas encore fini."

Le géant avait, sur une de ses terres, un troupeau *affreux*⁴ de bêtes à cornes. Quand, le lendemain, le géant part comme d'ordinaire pour bûcher, Parlafine s'en va en voiture lui voler tout son troupeau. Le géant arrive: "Là, je t'ai, mon petit gueux! L'autre jour, je t'ai manqué; mais aujourd'hui, je te croque."

¶ Dans la voiture il y avait une grande boîte. Parlafine dit au géant: "Prenez-le donc, votre violon! Il est dans la boîte." Le géant se penche pour le prendre le violon; mais Parlafine lui *fou*⁵ une poussée, et il tombe la tête la première dans la boîte, qui se referme sur lui. Là,

¹ I.e., beaucoup plus de profit.

² I.e., bientôt.

³ I.e., joue terriblement fort.

⁴ I.e., extrêmement nombreux.

⁵ I.e., donne.

le géant est pris et y reste. Il a beau crier, *hurler*, se débattre. Mais *je t'en fou*,¹ ça ne sert à rien! A la fin, le géant est mort.

Parlafine s'en va chercher son vieux père, sa vieille mère et ses frères, et les emmène sur le bien du géant, où ils ont passé le reste de leurs jours.

Mais moi, ils n'ont pas voulu me garder. Ils m'ont envoyé ici vous le raconter.

15. PETIT-JEAN-PETIT-BOIS.²

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était une veuve, dont le seul enfant — un petit garçon — s'appelait Petit-Jean-petit-bois. "Tiens, *mouman*! dit-il, un jour, j'ai sept ans; je vas aller dans les bois pour essayer de tordre un merisier. Si j'en suis capable, ce sera signe que je peux gagner ma vie." Il s'en va donc dans les bois, *essèye* de tordre un merisier, mais n'y réussit pas. Arrivant chez lui, il dit: "*Mouman*, vous allez encore me garder sept ans. *T'êt-ben*³ qu'au bout de ce temps, je serai capable de gagner ma vie."

Après sept ans, il repart encore pour les bois, et pour essayer ses forces, il tord un merisier comme une hart. A sa mère il dit: "*Ast-heure*, ma mère, je dois être capable de gagner ma vie. Je pars et je vas m'engager chez le roi."

Rendu chez le roi, il dit: "Sire le roi, vous n'auriez pas besoin d'un engagé?" — "Oui, si tu veux aller battre au fléau⁴ dans ma grange, je suis prêt à t'engager." Une fois engagé, Petit-Jean-petit-bois s'en va à la grange, et cherche le fléau, mais ne le trouve point. Il revient et demande: "*Où c-que*⁵ vous avez mis le fléau, sire le roi?" Le roi répond: "Sur les entrails." — "Mais, sire le roi, ce n'est pas un fléau, c'est une hart! Je vas aller m'en chercher, un fléau." Et dans la forêt, il s'en fait un gros comme une tonne, et le *maintien*⁶ en proportion. *Ça fait* qu'il dit au roi: "Donnez-moi donc du cuir pour faire mon fléau." — "Comment-*ce* qu'il t'en faut? Il y a un *quatre-côtés*⁷ au grenier, prends-le." Et il emploie tout le *quatre-côtés* de cuir.

Une fois le fléau complet, Petit-Jean-petit-bois s'en va à la grange, et se met à battre. Au premier coup de fléau, voilà la grange qui *tumbe à terre*.⁸ Quand le roi voit sa grange à terre: "Dis-moi donc! ce n'est pas qu'un petit homme, ce Petit-Jean-petit-bois-là!" Et il dit à sa femme: "Tiens! ma femme, il faut s'en défaire. Je vais l'envoyer au moulin du diable, pour qu'il s'y fasse détruire."

¹ I.e., *je vous en assure*!

² Récité à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, en juillet, 1915, par Achille Fournier, qui dit l'avoir appris, il y a près de quarante ans, d'Edouard Lizotte, anciennement de Saint-Roch-des-Aulnaies, et aujourd'hui résidant au Madawaska, N.-B.

³ Pour *peut-être bien*.

⁴ Prononcé *flo*.

⁵ I.e., où est-ce que.

⁶ I.e., manche.

⁷ Une grande peau tout entière.

⁸ Pour *s'écroule*.

Le roi, le lendemain, fait charger une charrette de poches de grain; et quand elle est pleine jusqu'aux *échelles* et aux *haridelles*,¹ il dit à Petit-Jean: "Va chercher deux chevaux, attelle-les à la charrette, et va porter ce grain au moulin." — "Sire le roi, je n'ai pas besoin d'atteler vos mouches." Et malgré qu'un cheval en eût eu plus que sa charge, il s'attelle lui-même dans les *menoires*,² part et arrive au moulin pendant que le diable est *après*³ moudre. Prenant une poche de grain chaque main, Petit-Jean-petit-bois les envoie *revoler* dans le moulin, et demande: "As-tu le temps de moudre mon grain?" En répondant "Oui!" le diable se met à engrener⁴ son grain pendant que les *moulanges*⁵ font *tiketiketiketak*, *tiketiketiketak*... Puis, prenant une poignée de grain, le diable la jette dans les yeux de Petit-Jean-petit-bois, qui dit: Tu ne comptes toujours pas m'envoyer de la farine dans les yeux? Tu n'as plus que deux fois à le faire avant que je te *foute* la plus fine volée que tu aies jamais eue." Et le diable continue à engrener son grain, *tiketiketiketak*, *tiketiketiketak*... Prenant une poignée de farine, il la jette dans les yeux de Petit-Jean, qui crie: "Mon animal! tu n'as plus qu'une fois à le faire. Je vas te montrer à me *boucher les yeux* avec de la farine." Le moulin marche, marche encore, *tiketiketiketak*, *tiketiketiketak*... Tout à coup le diable prend une poignée de farine et la jette encore dans les yeux de Petit-Jean-petit-bois, qui, prenant des grosses tenailles, accroche le diable par les narines, derrière sa charrette. "Petit-Jean! crie le diable en se lamentant, lâche-moi! Je n'aurai jamais droit sur toi." Le lui ayant bien fait promettre, Petit-Jean le relâche, prend sa *moulée de grain*,⁶ et s'en retourne au château. Le voyant arriver, le roi dit à sa femme: "Il n'y a pas moyen de s'en débarrasser; il va tous nous détruire, ce gars-là. Je vas l'envoyer à la guerre, pour qu'il se fasse tuer." A son engagé, il dit: "*Ast'heure*, va me chercher le coffre-fort gardé par les soldats." Petit-Jean-petit-bois part et arrive dans l'armée. Les gens de guerre tirent des balles et des boulets sur lui. En se frottant les jambes comme pour chasser des mouches, il dit: "*Ce que*⁷ c'est que ça? Des maringouins qui me piquent?" Prenant le coffre-fort, il le met sur son dos et retourne au château. Le roi dit: "Je n'en ai jamais⁸ vu d'aussi fort que ça sur la terre. Il va bien tous nous détruire."

¹ Les côtés élevés d'une charrette.

² I.e., timons.

³ Pour à moudre.

⁴ "Verse son grain dans la trémie du moulin" (Dict. Bescherelle).

⁵ I.e., les meules.

⁶ Farine grossière.

⁷ Abréviation pour *qu'est-ce que c'est*.

⁸ Fournier dit: "*J'en ai jamais vu*..."

"Petit-Jean-petit-bois, dit le roi, si tu veux aller chercher le trésor qui est enterré au fond de ce puits, je te le donne." Petit-Jean creuse quarante pieds dans sa journée. Le lendemain matin, avec vingt paires de chevaux, les serviteurs du roi charrient des roches et les jettent sur la tête de Petit-Jean, qui se met à crier: "Sire le roi! si vous ne comptez pas d'arrêter vos poules de me jeter du sable dans les yeux, je vas monter et leur tordre le cou." Mais les cailloux continuent à tomber. Sortant du puits, il tue toutes les poules du roi — quatre cents, en tout. Le roi dit à sa femme: "Au moulin du diable, il y a une *moulange* de quatre mille livres; on va la lui jeter sur la tête. C'est le seul moyen de le détruire.

Pendant que Petit-Jean-petit-bois travaille dans le puits, on arrive avec la grosse *moulange* et la jette en bas. La *moulange* lui passe autour du cou, comme un collier. "Sire le roi, dit-il en sortant du puits, ne comptez-vous pas arrêter? Vous m'avez fait jeter un chapeau sans calotte, qui m'est entré jusqu'au cou." Prenant la *moulange*, il la jette à terre: "De chapeaux comme ça, je n'en ai pas besoin!" Le roi lui dit: "Petit-Jean-petit-bois, si tu veux ne point nous faire de mal, je vas te donner la moitié de mon château et de mon royaume. Je vois bien qu'il n'y en a pas de plus fort que toi sur la terre." — "Sire le roi, je n'en veux point!"

S'en allant de chez le roi, Petit-Jean-petit-bois prend le coffre-fort sur son dos et s'en va trouver sa mère. "Tiens! *mouman*, je vous remercie de m'avoir gardé quatorze ans. Je suis capable de gagner ma vie *com'i'faut* et de vous faire vivre."

Ça fait qu'il est resté avec sa mère, qu'il a toujours bien fait vivre.

Je suis passé là l'automne dernier, et Petit-Jean-petit-bois, que j'ai vu, m'a paru bien portant.

16. LA PETITE CAPUCHE-BLEUE.¹

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'est un nommé Petit-Jean. Pendant qu'il se promène dans les bois, *ce qu'il trouve?* Une homme qui fesse à coups de poings *après* les arbres. "Dites-moi donc ce que vous faites? Vous allez *ben* tout vous briser les *jointes!*"² L'autre répond: "Bonjour, Petit-Jean! moi, je suis Brise-bois." Petit-Jean dit: "Faisons donc route ensemble, tous les deux." Ils partent donc ensemble, marchent, marchent, et arrivent à une montagne. *Ce qu'ils voient?* Un homme fessant à coups de poings *après* la montagne. "Comment t'appelles-tu?" Il répond: "Je m'appelle Brise-montagnes, moi." — "Faisons donc tous les trois route ensemble!"

¹ Recueilli à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, en juillet, 1915. Achille Fournier, le conteur, dit avoir appris ce conte de feu Jérémie Ouellet, du même endroit, il y a à peu près quinze ans. Fournier paraît l'avoir entendu plusieurs fois au cours des veillées, où il apprenait les contes de Ouellet, et Ouellet, les siens.

² Jointures.

Dans la forêt, ils trouvent une cabane où *ce qu'il y a personne*.¹ Brise-bois dit: "Moi, je reste ici pour faire la soupe." Pendant que les deux autres vont à la chasse, il met la soupe au feu. Comme il va pour allumer le feu, la² petite Capuche-bleue arrive et souffle le feu. "*Cou'don!* toi, tu n'as plus que deux fois à venir souffler mon feu. Tu vas voir! *m'a te sacrer* une volée."³ Allume⁴ son feu, mais la petite Capuche-bleue le souffle encore. Brise-bois répète: "A midi, ils viennent dîner, et la soupe ne sera pas prête. Si tu reviens encore une fois souffler mon feu, *ça va jouer*,⁵ parce que tu ne me parais pas bien grosse!" Allume le feu; souffle le feu.⁶ Voilà qu'ils se *pognent*. La petite Capuche-bleue jette Brise-bois dans une tonne de mélasse,⁷ à la cave, le roule ensuite dans la plume, et s'en va.

A midi, Petit-Jean et Brise-montagnes arrivent. Ils ne trouvent point de soupe. "Mais comment, la soupe n'est pas prête?" — "Non!" — "Il s'est passé quelque chose; tu t'es battu avec quelqu'un?" Brise-montagnes dit: "Je vas rester demain pour la soupe. Je la ferai bien, moi."

Brise-montagnes reste, le lendemain, pendant que les autres s'en vont à la chasse. Allume le feu. La petite Capuche-bleue arrive, souffle le feu. "Ne viens pas souffler mon feu! Si tu recommences, c'est à moi que tu auras affaire!" Allume le feu; souffle encore. "Tiens! il dit, tu n'as plus qu'une fois à le faire." Il allume le feu, et elle le tue encore. Ils se *pognent* ensemble, et la petite Capuche-bleue *sapre*⁸ Brise-montagnes à la cave, dans une tonne de mélasse, le roule dans la plume, et s'en va.

Quand Petit-Jean et Brise-bois reviennent, à midi, pas de soupe de faite. "Mais! dit Petit-Jean, vous n'êtes pas seulement capables de faire de la soupe, bande de hérissons que vous êtes! Demain, c'est moi qui reste. Je la ferai bien."

Petit-Jean, le lendemain matin, allume le feu. La petite Capuche-bleue *ressoud* et l'éteint. "Ah! il dit, ah! ah! tu n'as plus que deux fois, toi, à éteindre mon feu. Tu vas voir que, cette fois, tu n'as pas affaire à Brise-bois ou à Brise-montagnes." La deuxième fois qu'il allume le feu, elle le tue encore. "Je le rallume pour la dernière fois. Si tu reviens, tu ne trouveras pas ça drôle!" Le feu éteint pour la troisième fois, ils se *pognent*. Petit-Jean, avec son sabre, fend la petite Capuche-bleue en quatre, et en jette les morceaux sous le lit. Et il *chauffe son feu* si fort que les pois sautent par-dessus le chaudron. "Ah! je ferai bien cuire la soupe, moi!" A midi, les deux autres

¹ Où il n'y a personne.

² Ici le conteur dit "une petite capuche bleue;" mais, dans la suite, il dit "la petite capuche bleue."

³ Je vais te donner une volée.

⁴ Il allume.

⁵ I.e., tu vas avoir mauvais parti.

⁶ Abréviations: il allume le feu, elle l'éteint.

⁷ Ici prononcé *menace*.

⁸ *Jette*.

arrivent: la soupe boucane sur la table, et les pois sont tous écalés. "C'est comme ça qu'on fait la soupe, il dit; ah! je sais ce qui vous est arrivé. La petite Capuche-bleue vous a *sapré* la volée. Mais, allez voir sous le lit; je l'ai fendue en quatre *quartiers*." Ils vont voir sous le lit, mais, pas de Capuche; elle est partie!

Suivant les traces de sang, ils arrivent à un souterrain où elle est descendue. Dans le souterrain, c'est un autre pays. Pour y descendre, il y a un panier. Petit-Jean dit à Brise-bois: "Descends-y, toi!" Brise-bois répond: "Oui! mais si la peur me prend, je *hâlerai* sur la corde, et vous me remontez." A peine rendu à la moitié du chemin, la peur le prend et il *hâle* sur la corde, et se fait remonter. Brise-montagnes dit: "M'a y descendre, moi; mais si je donne un coup sur la corde, c'est que la peur me prend." Il descend, mais il n'est pas rendu loin qu'il *hâle* sur la corde et se fait remonter. *Toujours* que voilà Petit-Jean *embarqué* dans le panier avec son sabre. Dans le souterrain, c'est le pays où des géants gardent trois princesses prisonnières, dans leur château. A Petit-Jean les princesses disent: "La petite Capuche-bleue est revenue hier toute ensanglantée." — "Ah! c'est elle que je cherche, pour me battre *avec*. Hier je l'ai fendue en quatre, et elle est partie." — "C'est dans cette chambre-ci qu'est la petite Capuche-bleue." Ouvrant la porte, Petit-Jean *tumbe* face à face avec elle. La bataille reprend et il la met toute en charpie.

Petit-Jean dit aux princesses: "Je suis venu pour vous chercher." — "Mais, nous sommes 'gardées' par trois géants." — "Je vas me coucher sous leur lit, et quand ils dormiront, je sortirai et les tuerai." Les géants arrivent, et *ff, ff*, disent: "Belles princesses! ça sent *ben* la viande fraîche." — "Taisez-vous donc, bande de fous! vous savez bien qu'il n'y a pas de viande fraîche ici." A peine les géants couchés et endormis, Petit-Jean prend son sabre et les tue tous les trois. *Ast'-heure*, il y a le violon des géants et leur soleil qui éclaire la nuit.¹ Petit-Jean prend le violon, prend le soleil, et emmène les princesses à l'entrée du souterrain. Là, il fait *embarquer* une des princesses dans le panier, *hâle* sur la corde, et voilà Brise-montagnes et Brise-bois qui tirent le panier. Un coup la princesse rendue au haut, Brise-bois et Brise-montagnes se battent *à qui l'auraient*. Elle dit: "Ne vous battez donc pas pour moi; mes deux sœurs sont cent fois plus belles que moi." Voyant ça, ils rejettent le panier dans le souterrain. Petit-Jean y met la moins belle des deux princesses, *hâle* sur la corde; et la voilà qui monte. Brise-bois et Brise-montagnes se battent encore; c'est à qui l'aurait, celle-là. "Ne battez-vous donc pas pour moi! Ma sœur, en bas, est bien plus belle que moi." Ils se dépêchent donc et rejettent le panier en bas. Petit-Jean y met la princesse, *hâle* sur

¹ Dans les contes de Parlafine et de Petit-Jean-petit-bois, il est dit qu'on entend le violon des géants sept lieues à la ronde.

la corde; et le panier remonte. Brise-bois et Brise-montagnes se battent plus que jamais. Mais c'est Brise-montagnes qui a le dessus et gagne la plus belle princesse. Quant à Petit-Jean, ils le laissent en bas. "Lui, ils se disent, il est bien plus fort que nous autres; il nous les ôterait."

Petit-Jean retourne au château des géants et demande au gros aigle¹ qui s'y trouve: "Veux-tu me porter en haut du souterrain?" L'aigle répond: "Il te faut neuf quartiers² de bœuf. Chaque fois que j'ouvrirai la *gueule*, tu y mettras un quartier." Toujours que Petit-Jean *embarque* sur l'aigle. Pendant que l'oiseau vole, à chaque fois qu'il ouvre la *gueule*, il reçoit un quartier de bœuf. Arrivé au bord du souterrain, Petit-Jean n'a que le temps d'y mettre les mains, et l'oiseau redescend.

C'est au château du roi que s'étaient rendus Brise-montagnes et Brise-bois. Et, le soir, le roi y faisait des noces de ses filles, qui se mariaient à Brise-montagnes et Brise-bois, qui les avaient délivrées des géants. Petit-Jean dit: "Sire le roi, faites condamner toutes les portes et les chassiss,³ pour que personne ne sorte d'ici, à soir."⁴ Voilà la peur qui prend Brise-bois et Brise-montagnes. "Sire le roi! voulez-vous savoir qui a délivré vos belles princesses? Celui-là qui a le violon et le soleil des géants serait-il plus croyable que ceux qui n'ont rien?" — "Oui, foi de roi! il serait plus croyable." Petit-Jean dit: "Moi, j'ai le soleil des géants et j'ai le violon des géants." — "Eh, mon *dou!*⁵ que j'ai mal au ventre, sire le roi disent Brise-bois et Brise-montagnes; laissez-nous donc sortir dehors!" — "Non, non! personne n'ira dehors, à soir." Et en disant: "*M'a régler leur affaire,*"⁶ Petit-Jean *tumbe sur* eux avec son sabre, et les met en charpie. Le roi déclare: "Mon Petit-Jean, *ast'heure* tu as gagné une de mes princesses. Choisis celle que tu veux en mariage." — "C'est la plus belle!" Et il ajoute: "Sire le roi, j'ai le violon des géants pour vous faire danser." Prenant le violon, il se met à jouer, et je vous garantis que *ça sonne!*

Le mariage s'est fait; et, depuis, Petit-Jean a toujours vécu heureux avec sa princesse. Et moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici vous le raconter.

17. LES DEUX MAGICIENS.⁷

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était un roi, qui avait un seul enfant. Il lui dit, un jour: "Mon petit garçon, je vas te faire instruire." — "*Ben, poupa*, répond l'enfant, je voudrais être instruit *sur*

¹ Le conteur disait *le grot aigle*.

² Ici prononcé *quarquie*.

³ Pour *fenêtres*.

⁴ Ce soir.

⁵ Mon Dieu!

⁶ I.e., je vais leur donner ce qu'ils méritent.

⁷ Conte récité à Sainte-Anne, Kamouraska, en juillet, 1915, par Achille Fournier, qui l'a appris, il y a près de 25 ans, d'une vieille dame Louis Dionne, âgée de 80 ans, également de Sainte-Anne.

le bien et *sur* le mal. Dans la ville, il y a un vieux magicien; il pourrait bien m'instruire." L'enfant s'en va chez le magicien: "Bonjour, vieux magicien!" — "Bonjour! mon petit garçon!" — "Je viens vous trouver pour me faire instruire *sur* le bien et *sur* le mal." Le magicien l'instruit donc *sur* tout ce qu'il sait.

Longtemps après, le jeune homme s'en retourne chez son père, et dit: "*Ast'heure*, je suis instruit *sur* le bien et *sur* le mal." — "Oui! que sais-tu, mon garçon?" — "Demain, je vas me changer en beau cheval blond, et vous irez me vendre à la ville pour cent et une pistoles,¹ et vous vous réserverez la bride et la selle." Le père s'en va à la ville, et le vend comme il est entendu. Aussitôt vendu, débridé et dessellé, voilà le cheval brun qui s'échappe, prend la course et disparaît. L'acheteur court après; mais bientôt il aperçoit un beau prince — Son cheval brun s'était changé en prince. "Mais, monsieur le prince, n'avez-vous pas vu passer un beau cheval brun par ici?" — "Oui, et le tonnerre l'emportait."²

Le lendemain matin, le prince dit à son père: "Aujourd'hui, je serai un beau cheval noir. Vous irez encore me vendre à la ville pour cent et une pistoles. Et vous vous réserverez la bride et la selle." Ayant appris tout ça, le vieux magicien se dit: "*M'a*³ l'acheter, moi." Prenant sa bride et sa selle, il s'en va à la ville, et, les rencontrant, demande: "Est-il à vendre, votre cheval?" — "Oui, pour cent et une pistoles." — "Tiens! prenez l'argent; il est à moi." — "Mais, dit le vieux, je me réserve la bride et la selle." Comme il prend sa bride et sa selle, le vieux magicien les remplace *avec* les siennes. "*Ast'heure*, mon ami, dit-il, je vas te mettre à l'étable et te faire pâtir." A ses servantes il dit: "Je pars aujourd'hui. Je ne veux pas que vous donniez à manger ni à boire à mon cheval."

Quand le magicien est parti, les servantes s'en vont à l'écurie, et voient le cheval se frotter *sur* la *barrure* pour montrer qu'il a faim et soif. Elles disent: "Ce pauvre cheval a faim et soif. Sortons-le de l'étable et allons le faire boire." Elles l'emmènent à la rivière. Mais, ayant encore la bride et la selle, il ne veut pas boire, et se frotte pour tâcher de les ôter. Les servantes disent: "Pauvre cheval! ôtons sa bride et sa selle, pour qu'il puisse boire." Aussitôt dessellé et débridé, il leur échappe, et *se file en quatre* dans la rivière.

Le vieux magicien arrive le même soir. "Avez-vous fait boire le cheval?" Elles répondent: "*Quand on pense!*"⁴ Nous sommes allées le faire boire à la rivière, mais avec sa bride et sa selle il ne voulait pas boire. Aussitôt que nous les lui avons ôtées, il nous a échappé, et

¹ La pistole est l'équivalent de dix francs. Il y a longtemps que ce terme est tombé en désuétude, au Canada.

² I.e., il allait à toute vitesse.

³ I.e., je m'en vas.

⁴ I.e., est-ce assez extraordinaire! est-il possible!

s'est filé en quatre dans la rivière." Le magicien engage cinq cents pêcheurs et cinq cents seines pour pêcher les carpes dans la rivière. Pour ne pas être attrapé, le prince, devenu carpe, se change en beau diamant jaune sur le bord de la rivière. Passant par là, une princesse trouve le beau diamant, le prend, le met dans son estomac,¹ et s'en va. Plus loin, le diamant se change en prince et sort de son estomac, en disant: "Oui, je me suis changé en diamant jaune pour *pas qu'il me seînit* dans la rivière. Je vas me mettre dans une pomme, et quand le vieux magicien passera chez vous, vous prendrez la pomme et la lancerez contre le mur. Tous les pépins vont *revoler*² dans la place. Vous mettrez le pied sur celui qui tombera à *ras*³ vous.

Le lendemain, le magicien arrive chez la princesse et dit: "Princesse avez-vous trouvé un beau diamant jaune sur la grève, hier? Je voudrais l'avoir." En répondant: "Oui, je vas vous le donner," elle prend la pomme, et la jette *après* le mur. Comme les pépins *revolent* dans la place, le magicien se change en coq et se met à les manger. La princesse lève aussitôt le pied, et voilà le pépin qui se change en renard. Et erac! le renard dévore le coq. Le magicien est détruit.

Redevenu prince, le renard dit: "*As't'heure*, princesse, nous allons nous marier ensemble." *Un coup*⁴ marié, il s'en retourne au château de son père, qui dit: "Mon garçon, tu t'es marié à ton voyage?" Il répond: "Oui, à celle qui m'a protégé contre le vieux magicien et m'a sauvé la vie."

Et moi, ils m'ont renvoyé ici pour vous le raconter.

18. TI-JEAN COMMERÇANT.⁵

Une fois, c'était des pauvres gens vivant dans les bois, et dont le seul enfant s'appelait Ti-Jean. Ti-Jean, un jour, dit à ses vieux parents: "Je m'en vas dans les paroisses⁶ chercher de l'ouvrage. Peut-être pourrai-je enfin gagner ma vie."

Dans son chemin, il rencontre une vieille magicienne, qui lui dit: "Ti-Jean, mon petit jeune homme, où vas-tu donc?" — "Je m'en vas à la découverte, répond Ti-Jean; chez nous, nous sommes tellement pauvres qu'il ne nous reste à manger que des racines et tout ce qui nous tombe sous la dent. Je m'en vas donc chercher de l'ouvrage. En m'engageant peut-être pourrai-je améliorer mon sort." La vieille magicienne reprend: "Tiens! Ti-Jean, je vas te donner un gourdin⁷ très utile. [Pour t'en servir,] tu n'auras qu'à dire: 'Joue, mon gourdin!'

¹ I.e., dans son corsage.

² I.e., s'éparpiller.

³ I.e., tout près de.

⁴ I.e., une fois.

⁵ Conte récité par Prudent Sioui, et recueilli à Lorette, le 20 août, 1914. Sioui dit avoir appris ce conte de son père.

⁶ Paroisse est l'équivalent de commune, en France.

⁷ Sioui, par erreur, disait *bourdin*.

Mais ne le fais jouer que de bonne foi.”¹ Sitôt “Merci, grand’mère!” dit, la vieille ajoute: “Là-bas, dans le bois que tu vas traverser, tu verras une manière de château. Méfie-toi! car il y a là trois Gascons voleurs.” Ti-Jean, en s’en allant, se met à penser: “Trois Gascons, trois voleurs. . . Ça ne sera pas facile pour moi de passer là tout seul.” Après avoir pensé quelques instants,² il se dit: “Je revire et prends un autre chemin.” Ti-Jean revire donc, prend un autre chemin et rencontre encore la magicienne, qui lui demande: “Mais d’où viens-tu?” A quoi il répond: “J’ai reviré sitôt que vous m’avez quitté; je ne suis pas allé plus loin.” La vieille lui dit: “Retourne-t-en chez tes parents, Ti-Jean! Vous avez un petit cochon; eh bien! prends-le, et, avec ton gourdin, va commercer!” Là-dessus le jeune homme s’en retourne. Le lendemain, il prend le petit cochon et dit [à ses parents]: “Je m’en vas commercer.” Son père s’écrie: “Es-tu fou! Nous n’avons que ça pour l’automne.” — “Je ne suis pas fou; il n’y a pas un commerçant de pauvre,” répond-il. Sur quoi il part emportant le petit cochon dans un sac, sous son bras. Le petit cochon erie et crie. Devant le château des trois voleurs, dans le bois, Ti-Jean passe avec le petit cochon grognant sous son bras. Se promenant sur la *galerie*, un des Gascons le voit et l’appelle: “Ti-Jean, monte donc au château!” Là, il lui demande: “Qu’as-tu donc dans ton sac?” — “C’est seulement qu’un petit cochon.” — “Qu’en veux-tu faire?” — “Je suis parti de chez nous pour commercer et l’échanger.” — “L’échanger? demande le voleur; veux-tu le vendre?” Ti-Jean répond: “C’est la même chose, le vendre ou l’échanger, puisque je suis parti pour commercer.” — “Quel en est le prix?” — “Vingt-cinq piastres.”³ Le voleur reprend: “Vingt-cinq piastres! Mais on en peut avoir quatre pour ce prix.” A quoi Ti-Jean répond: “Il est à prendre ou à laisser! Permettez-moi de passer mon chemin droit.” — “C’est bien! dit le Gascon, tu auras tes vingt-cinq piastres. Mais va d’abord porter le petit cochon là-bas.” Ayant ainsi fait, Ti-Jean revient chercher l’argent. Mais le Gascon est parti, et deux autres se trouvent maintenant là. Ti-Jean réclame ses vingt-cinq piastres; mais ils éclatent de rire, en disant: “Nous ne te devons rien, n’ayant rien acheté de toi.” Ti-Jean, en colère, s’écrie: “Vous allez me payer!” Un des deux répond: “Te payer! mais descends donc l’escalier au plus vite et t’en retourne!” — “Je le ferai quand vous m’aurez payé; pas avant.” Là-dessus les Gascons s’avancent pour le repousser. “Joue, mon gourdin!” s’écrie-t-il. A l’instant, le gourdin s’abat sur la tête et les bras des Gascons. Plus Ti-Jean répète: “Joue, mon gourdin!”

¹ Le conteur ici ajouta: “C’est-à-dire, il ne faudra le faire jouer qu’à propos.”

² Le conteur usa ici de l’expression populaire *une escousse*, au lieu de *quelques instants*.

³ *Piastre* est l’équivalent de *dollar*.

plus le gourdin s'agite et frappe. Tous meurtris, les voleurs à la fin demandent grâce et promettent de solder leur dette. "C'est là mon désir," répond l'autre. "Mais arrête donc ton gourdin, réclament-ils; nous allons te payer." Et ils lui remettent vingt-cinq piastres. Sur ce, fier de son exploit, Ti-Jean s'en va, laissant les Gascons malades de tant de coups.

Le rencontrant de nouveau, la vieille magicienne lui dit: "Quand tu passeras là demain, vêts-toi en médecin et porte un sac. Les deux Gascons que tu as battus sont bien malades, et l'autre est sur la *galerie* du château, guettant l'arrivée d'un médecin."

Le lendemain, déguisé en médecin, Ti-Jean part. Le Gascon le voyant venir monte dire à ses frères malades: "Voilà un médecin; vais-je le faire entrer?" Et ils répondent: "Oui, et de suite." Leur frère court donc vite: "Docteur, docteur, entrez vite! mes deux frères sont bien malades!" Ti-Jean monte au château, arrive chez les voleurs, où il entre sans être reconnu. "Où sont vos malades?" demande-t-il. Et on l'accompagne à leur chambre. Tous deux le questionnent: "Sommes-nous en danger de mourir?" Il répond: "Si demain vous n'êtes pas mieux, il vous faut voir le curé." Alors il quitte ses patients, et, suivi de leur frère, il sort. Rendus à la porte, le médecin dit au Gascon: "C'est vous qui hier avez acheté un petit cochon de moi. Eh bien! il me faut mon argent; sinon, c'est la mort. Joue, mon gourdin!" Et le gourdin joue et joue. Le voleur se lamente et dit: "C'était bien assez d'avoir presque tué mes deux frères." Ti-Jean répète: "Donne-moi mon argent, ou c'est la mort. Joue mon gourdin!" — "Arrête ton gourdin; erie le Gascon; c'est entendu! voilà tes vingt-cinq piastres." Ti-Jean part content.

En s'en allant, le petit jeune homme rencontre la vieille magicienne, qui lui dit: "Demain, déguise-toi en prêtre, et retourne chez les Gascons pour les confesser, car ils sont en danger de mort. Là, redemande le paiement de ton petit cochon." Rendu chez ses parents, il leur remet l'argent en disant: "Le commerce va très bien."

Le lendemain, il passe devant le château, déguisé en prêtre. Apercevant le curé, un des Gascons de sa fenêtre lui fait du doigt signe d'entrer. Le curé entre, et le Gascon se lamente: "Je suis bien malade et en danger de mort, ainsi que mes deux frères. Nous voulons nous confesser." — "Très bien, très bien! répond le curé; je vas vous confesser." Il entre, prend l'un des malades à part, et entend sa confession. L'aveu des péchés fini, le curé demande: "Mon cher frère, n'avez-vous pas par hasard volé un petit cochon?" — "Comment, c'est encore vous?" Ti-Jean dit: "Oui, c'est encore moi. Il me faut mon argent, ou mon petit cochon. Sinon, c'est la mort." Et il ajoute: "Joue, mon gourdin!" Le Gascon le supplie: "Rappelle ton gourdin! Je vas te les donner, tes vingt-cinq piastres; car j'en mour-

rais cette fois-ci." Alors le curé va confesser l'autre voleur. La confession finie, il demande: "N'avez-vous pas volé un petit cochon à un jeune homme qui passait?" — "Comment, répond l'autre, est-il encore question du petit cochon?" Ti-Jean répond: "Oui! mon argent ou la mort; et au plus vite!" Le Gascon répond: "Les voilà tes vingt-cinq piastres; et va-t-en!" Le troisième voleur crie de la chambre suivante: "Je n'ai besoin ni du curé, ni du médecin, ni de Ti-Jean; qu'il s'en aille!" Ti-Jean en sortant leur souhaite un bon souper et un bon soir, ajoutant qu'il est très satisfait de son commerce avec eux. Et il revient chez ses vieux parents où il continue à vivre en paix.¹

Dans une autre aventure, Ti-Jean trafique un âne. Voici comment. Il part de chez ses parents emmenant une vache pour l'échanger ou en faire commerce. Rendu chez un marchand, il arrête et attache la vache. On lui demande: "Où vas-tu avec la vache?" — "Je viens pour la vendre ou la changer." Le marchand lui dit: "L'âne que j'ai dans mon écurie te serait bien plus utile; tu pourrais l'atteler ou l'échanger." Ti-Jean répond: "C'est entendu: c'est de l'échange que je veux faire." Et il échange sa vache pour l'âne.

Le long du chemin il rencontre la vieille magicienne, qui lui dit: "Va là-bas chez le voleur; et demande-lui en échange l'âne *crottant* l'or et l'argent qu'il possède." Ti-Jean s'en va tout droit chez le voleur qui, le voyant venir, lui crie: "Aye, l'ami! c'est mon âne que tu as là?" — "Deviens-tu fou? dit Ti-Jean; j'arrive de là-bas." — "Dis ce qu'il te plaira, c'est mon âne;" reprend le voleur, en saisissant l'animal par la bride et l'entraînant dans son écurie. Ti-Jean proteste: "Il me faut mon âne ou cinquante piastres." A quoi l'autre répond: "File, petit voleur! ou je te fais arrêter." — "Un voleur vous ressemble, riposte Ti-Jean; vite! cinquante piastres, ou mon âne." N'obtenant rien, Ti-Jean crie: "Joue, mon gourdin!" Voilà le bâton parti à jouer par la tête et les bras du voleur. Un coup n'attend pas l'autre. Et plus Ti-Jean crie: "Joue, mon gourdin!" plus le gourdin frappe. Bien souffrant, le voleur enfin se rend: "Arrête ton bâton, et va chercher ton âne au plus vite!" Ti-Jean rappelle donc son gourdin et s'en va à l'écurie; mais, au lieu de son âne, il s'empare de celui du voleur, après l'avoir bien essayé. Sitôt qu'il le fesse, l'âne *crotte* l'or et l'argent. Satisfait, Ti-Jean prend l'âne et s'en va. Le long du chemin, il arrête chez un commerçant, qui reconnaît l'animal. Pendant qu'il s'y amuse, un domestique l'échange pour un autre. Ti-Jean bientôt détache l'âne et continue sa route.

Arrivé chez ses vieux parents, il leur déclare: "Mon commerce est fini; je suis maintenant riche." Il dit à sa mère: "L'or et l'argent,

¹ Ici finit cet épisode. P. Sioui n'était pas certain de l'ordre dans lequel se présentaient cet épisode et le suivant.

c'est comme de l'eau. Mettez un grand tablier blanc, et venez avec moi à l'écurie." S'empressant de mettre un grand tablier blanc, elle suit son fils à l'écurie. Ti-Jean lui dit de se tenir en arrière de l'âne, son tablier grand étendu, et il *foute*¹ une tape à l'animal, en disant: "*Crotte*, mon âne!" Rien! Il redouble. Rien encore. Plus il fesse et plus l'âne se tasse. La colère enfin l'emporte, et il frappe d'un bâton. L'âne à la fin envoie une foire épouvantable dans le tablier blanc de la vieille. Ti-Jean n'en revient pas. Il dit: "C'est un tour qu'on m'a joué. On m'a changé mon âne. Le mien *crottait* l'or et l'argent."

Le lendemain matin, il retourne avec son âne chez le commerçant, et lui demande: "N'avez-vous rien à échanger?" Le propriétaire lui répond: "Non; je n'ai rien à échanger, aujourd'hui." Ti-Jean reprend: "Si vous n'avez rien à échanger, aujourd'hui, vous allez *déchanger* ce que vous avez changé hier, et sans retard." Le propriétaire lui répond: "Va-t'en, petit grossier, ou je te fais *prendre*." "Avant de m'en aller, dit Ti-Jean, ça va toujours jouer!"² Vite, joue, mon gourdin! Il me faut mon âne." Et le bâton claqué sur la tête du voleur. Plus Ti-Jean dit: "Joue, mon gourdin!" plus le gourdin claqué. Se sentant bien *maganné*,³ l'autre crie: "Va chercher ton âne, et sauve-toi au plus vite."

Ayant recouvré son bien, Ti-Jean s'en retourne vivre avec ses vieux parents. L'âne *crottait* à souhait l'or et l'argent; et ils vécurent tous comme des bienheureux.

19. L'ÂNE, LA SERVIETTE ET LE BÂTON.⁴

Il est bon de vous dire que c'était une vieille et un vieux pauvres, pauvres, pauvres. La vieille était maligne et envoyait toujours son bonhomme quêter partout; mais lui, n'aimant pas ça, ne voulait pas y aller.

Un jour, le vieux part en pleurant et marche le long du chemin, marche. Il fait la rencontre d'une fée, qui lui demande: "Mais qu'avez-vous à pleurer?" Il répond: "*Parlez m'en pas!*"⁵ Ma vieille est maligne, et elle me bat pour m'envoyer quêter. Je suis bien découragé." — "Tiens! venez dans mon écurie," dit-elle. Là, elle lui donne un petit âne, en disant: "Vous prendrez un petit bâton, et

¹ Pour donner.

² Jouer, i.e., *lutter*, faire des siennes.

³ *Maganné* est une locution populaire, signifiant "maltraité, souffrant."

⁴ Raconté par Paul Patry, de Saint-Victor, Beauce, en août, 1914. Patry apprit ce conte de Magloire Couture, de Saint-Benoît (Beauce), maintenant âgé de 79 ans. M. l'abbé Arthur Lapointe a, quand il était enfant, entendu le même conte, avec des épisodes disposés dans le même ordre, de sa grand'mère Christine Ouellet, vivant dans le comté de Kamouraska.

⁵ I.e., *ne m'en parlez pas!*

lui claquerez *sur* la queue en disant '*Crotte*, mon âne!' et il vous *crotera* de l'or et de l'argent." Le bonhomme prend le petit âne et part. Mais comme il y a loin, il arrête en chemin à une maison, pour la nuit. Avant de se coucher, il dit: "Mettez mon petit âne dedans;¹ mais n'allez pas lui fesser *sur* la queue en disant '*Crotte*, mon âne!' car il *crotte* l'or et l'argent." Et on répond: "Ah non! ne craignez pas!" Mais il est à peine couché qu'on s'en va à l'étable, claque *sur* la queue de l'âne en disant: "*Crotte*, mon âne!" *Brrrrr*, voilà qu'il *crotte* l'or et l'argent. Dans l'étable, il y a bien un autre âne; on en fait l'échange sans que le vieux s'en aperçoive.

Le lendemain, le vieux arrive chez lui: "Ma pauvre bonne-femme! nous ne pâtirons plus." — "Pourquoi?" demande-t-elle. "Mon petit âne *crotte* l'or et l'argent." De bonne heure le lendemain, il dit à sa vieille: "Viens à la grange avec moi." Rendus là: "Etends ton tablier!" Et prenant un bâton, il fesse *sur* l'âne en disant: "*Crotte*, mon âne!" Mon âne envoie(t) une foire qui emplît le tablier. La bonne femme est sans connaissance.² Prend le bâton, *fout* une volée à son mari, et dit: "Tiens! mon vieux, pour m'avoir joué un tour." Et lui, il s'en va en *braillant*.³

Le long du chemin, il rencontre encore sa vieille fée: "Mais qu'avez-vous donc, père, vous *braillez*?" — "*Parlez m'en pas!* Ma femme m'a encore battu parce que l'âne n'a pas *crotté* l'or et l'argent." La fée dit: "Tiens, pauvre bonhomme! voilà une petite serviette. Vous n'aurez qu'à l'étendre et dire 'Je souhaite une table bien *grèyée* pour boire et manger, et que rien n'y manque.'" Mettant la petite serviette dans sa poche, le bonhomme part, couche encore à la même maison, après avoir dit: "J'ai une belle petite serviette dans ma poche; *touchez-y* pas!"⁴ Il suffit de dire 'Je souhaite une table bien *grèyée* pour boire et manger, et que rien n'y manque; et tout y est." Les gens répondent: "*Craignez pas!* Nous n'y toucherons pas." Le bonhomme couché, ils vont prendre la serviette, la mettent sur la table, et disent: "Je souhaite une table bien *grèyée* de tout ce qu'il faut pour boire et manger, *rien de mieux!*" Et je vous dis qu'ils prennent un souper! Cachent la serviette, et en mettent une autre à la place.

Rendu chez lui, le lendemain, le vieux met la table et dit: "Je souhaite de quoi boire et manger!" Rien ne vient. Fâchée, la vieille dit: "Tu es encore à m'amuser avec ça." Elle prend le tisonnier, lui *fout* une volée, et l'envoie quêter. Il part encore en *braillant*, et rencontre la vieille fée, qui lui demande: "Qu'avez-vous encore à

¹ I.e., dans l'écurie; "mettre les animaux dedans" a toujours ici le sens de "mettre dans l'écurie..."

² I.e., est sans connaissance de fureur.

³ I.e., pleurant tout haut.

⁴ I.e., n'y touchez pas.

brailler, pauvre bonhomme?" — "*Parlez m'en pas! Je n'ai rien pu avoir à manger de la serviette, et ma femme m'a encore battu épouvantable.*"¹ La fée dit: "Vous devez coucher quelque part, sur le chemin, où on vous joue des tours?" — "Oui, je couche à une maison, sur le chemin." — "Tiens! *Ast'heure*, voilà² un gros bâton. Quand tu diras 'Guerre, mon rond bâton!' il fessera partout, jusqu'à ce que tu dises 'Arrête, mon bâton!' "

Le vieux couche encore au même endroit, met son bâton derrière la porte, et dit: "Ne touchez pas à mon bâton, car en disant 'Guerre, mon bâton rond!' il fesse partout." Durant la nuit, quelqu'un se lève et dit: "Il faut voir si c'est vrai; ça serait *ben* bon pour la guerre." Ils prennent donc le bâton, disant: "Fesse, bâton rond!" Et le bâton rond se met à jouer à leur tête et partout, les jetant à terre à force de fesser. Rien ne peut l'arrêter. Allant réveiller le bonhomme, ils disent: "Arrête le bâton, il achève de nous tuer." "*Ast'heure*, j'arrêterai mon bâton quand vous me donnerez mon âne et ma serviette." Le petit âne *crottant* l'or, et la serviette à boire et à manger, je vous dis qu'ils les lui redonnent!

En arrivant chez sa bonne-femme, il dit: "Tu vas voir, *de ce coup-là*,³ je les aisi!" Il souhaite une belle table, et tout ce qu'il faut pour boire et manger. Et d'un crac, voilà le repas *grèyé* sur la serviette. Ah! la bonne-femme est *ben* contente. Elle dit: "*Ast'heure*, allons à notre petit âne!" — "Tu vas voir!" dit le vieux. "Ah! tu vas encore me jouer un tour?" Elle met un vieux tablier, pensant: "C'est assez bon, pour le faire encore salir." Le vieux fesse en disant: "*Crotte*, mon âne!" Et *brrr*, le tablier de la vieille en défonce. Elle dit: "Si tu m'avais dit ça, j'aurais mis un tablier neuf." — "Je te l'avais dit!" répond le bonhomme.

Avec l'âne et la serviette, je pense qu'ils ont toujours bien vécu. Mais, je ne le sais pas, comme je n'y suis pas allé les voir, depuis.

CONTES PSEUDO-MERVEILLEUX.

20. MARTINEAU-PAIN-SEC.⁴

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était le nommé Martineau-pain-sec, un paresseux. Son père lui dit: "Martineau, ça fait assez longtemps que je te fais vivre à rien faire; pars et va-t'en travailler!" — "Vous allez toujours me donner quelque chose *avant de partir*."⁵ Son père lui donne un pain de sucre,⁶ un pain blanc et une bouteille de lait. Et Martineau part.

¹ Ici dans un sens adverbial.

² *Voilà* est souvent usité dans le sens de *voici*.

³ I.e., *cette fois-ci, pour le coup*.

⁴ Raconté par Paul Patry, en septembre, 1914, à Saint-Victor, Beauce.

⁵ I.e., *avant que je parte*.

⁶ I.e., *un morceau carré de sucre d'érable*

C'est l'été, au temps des foin, et il fait chaud *sans bon sens*.¹ Martineau sue, et ça lui coûte de marcher. Rentrant dans une prairie, il va s'asseoir près de la clôture, où il mange son pain, son sucre, et boit son lait. Les mouches se mettent après lui, c'est *effrayant!*—Le sucre attire les mouches. Martineau dit: "Laissez-moi tranquille, les mouches! Je vas vous donner à manger *beto*."²

Quand Martineau a fini de manger, il s'en va à une cabane près de là, prend des planches et en fait une manière de table. Emiettant du pain et du sucre, il y met du lait, et invite les mouches à venir manger. *Pensez s'il y en a des mouches, c'est épouvantable!* Il en tue mille d'un coup et cinq cents du revers.

Rendu dans la ville, il se fait faire un écriteau: "Martineau-pain-sec en a tué mille d'un coup et cinq cents du revers." De là il s'en va se coucher sur le ventre dans une *veilloche*³ de foin.

Le roi, *s'adonnant* à passer, lit "A tué mille d'un coup et cinq cents du revers." Il dit à son cocher: "Va donc le reveiller."—"Oui, je vas⁴ me faire tuer!"—"Va le réveiller poliment." Il va donc le réveiller: "Monsieur Martineau!"—"Que me voulez-vous?"—"Monsieur le roi a affaire à vous." S'approchant du roi, il dit: "Monsieur le roi, que me voulez-vous?"—"Est-ce vrai, monsieur Martineau, que vous en tuez mille d'un coup et cinq cents du revers?" Il répond: "Oui!"—"Voulez-vous vous engager?"—"Oui."—"Il y a des bêtes féroces dans ma forêt; je voudrais les faire détruire." Aussitôt qu'arrivés au château, le roi dit: "Dans ma forêt, il y a trois géants; mes hommes ne peuvent y aller sans se faire tuer. Martineau, es-tu capable de me les détruire?"—"Ces petites jeunesses-là! répond Martineau, c'est assez de leur donner une tape sur la gueule pour les jeter à terre."

Le roi lui fait donner de quoi manger pour une journée, et lui dit: "Prends ce sentier, dans la forêt." Mon Martineau marche, marche, marche. Arrivé au pied d'une grosse épinette blanche où les géants ont leur marmite, il arrête et se dit: "Je ne sais pas comment sont ces animaux-là." Mettant trois ou quatre gros cailloux dans sa chemise, il pense: "Il faut toujours bien voir ce que c'est." Et il monte dans l'épinette, où il se cache. Au bout d'une *escousse*, un des géants arrive, emportant sur son dos un gros merisier de vingt pouces,⁵ avec les branches et les racines. Il le jette à bas, et *zing!* l'épinette en branle. Martineau se dit: "Ce sont des durs animaux!" Aussitôt, un autre vient avec une demi-tonne d'eau sur chaque bras. Et le troisième arrive avec une grande chaudière à potasse et une grosse

¹ I.e., *extrêmement*.

² I.e., *bientôt*.

³ I.e., *veillotte*.

⁴ *Je vais* est exprimé par P. Patry, et la plupart des paysans canadiens par *m'a me faire tuer*, pour "je m'en vas"...

⁵ De vingt pouces de diamètre.

marmite, qu'il jette à terre avec un train, *ping, pang!* "Ce sont des durs animaux!" pense Martineau. Un géant jette une demi-tonne d'eau dans la marmite, et y brasse la bouillie avec une grande *mi-kwène*.¹ La bouillie faite, les géants s'asseoient autour de la marmite et, ayant tout mangé, ils se font un lit de sapin et de feuilles, s'y couchent sur le dos et dorment. Le plus jeune et moins grand des trois, couché au bord, se met à ronfler. Martineau se glisse au bout d'une branche, lui lance un caillou sur la gueule, et *pan!* lui casse une dent. Se réveillant, le géant dit à son voisin: "*Cou'don!*"² je ne t'ai rien fait, moi, et tu m'as frappé et cassé une dent." — "Non!" répond l'autre. Ils se raccordent et s'endorment. Avec une roche encore plus grosse dans sa main, Martineau se place au-dessus d'un autre géant, *bang!* sur sa gueule jette la roche, et lui casse deux dents. Le géant se réveille fâché, et dit: "Vous allez voir, vous autres!" Après s'être battu, il se raccorde et dit à son ami: "Ne me touche pas ou je te tuerai." Aussitôt les géants endormis, Martineau arrive dans l'arbre au-dessus du plus grand des géants, lui jette un gros caillou sur la gueule, *bang!* lui casse quatre dents. Le géant se lève et voilà la chicane prise. Arrachant les arbres, ils se battent ensemble, tellement qu'à la fin, épuisés, ils ne peuvent presque plus se grouiller. Martineau-pain-sec descend de l'arbre, prend son couteau et leur coupe la gorge à tous les trois.

Le voyant revenir à son château, le roi lui dit: "Qu'est-ce que tu as fait, Martineau?" Il répond: "Des petites jeunesses de même, ça ne me prend pas grand temps! Je les ai tués tous les trois." — "Je ne peux pas le croire," dit le roi. "Oui, oui, venez les voir." Suivant Martineau dans le bois, le roi aperçoit les trois géants morts, et dit: "Mon Martineau, tu es bon!"

Dans un coin de la forêt, il y avait une licorne³ si féroce que personne n'en pouvait approcher sans se faire détruire. "Martineau! dit le roi, j'ai dans ma forêt une licorne qui tue tout le monde. Pourrais-tu m'en débarrasser, toi?" — "J'irai bien! mais il me faut des provisions, car je pourrais bien m'écarter." — "Tu vas en avoir." Et lui donnant un sac de provisions, le roi le mène au petit sentier, disant: "Suis ce sentier, et tu vas *ressoudre*"⁴ près de la vieille mesure d'église, où la licorne se tient."

Martineau-pain-sec part, marche, marche, se disant: "Si je la vois, cette maudite bête, je vais toujours *ben* me sauver." Et il marche. Tout à coup voilà la licorne qui se lève, près d'un rocher, Mon Martineau, surpris, continue, incapable d'arrêter. La licorne part derrière lui. *Ce qu'il marche!* Arrivé à la vieille mesure d'église, il en fait le tour en courant, y entre, et se cache derrière la porte. La

¹ I.e., *cuiller*; mot algonkin: *emükwân*, en cree (Lemoine).

² I.e., *écoute donc!*

³ P. Patry disait *licorne*.

⁴ I.e., *arriver*.

licorne à sa suite s'y lance tout droit avec tant d'élan qu'il a le temps d'en sortir vite et de fermer la porte. Voilà la licorne renfermée dans la vieille église. Les yeux gros comme mes poings, elle frappe les murs de sa tête, pendant que Martineau monte sur le mur et la regarde. *C'est ça qu'elle joue!* En se disant: "Elle ne sortira toujours pas!" Martineau s'en va chez le roi, qui dit: "Toi?" — "Oui, moi! Je l'ai prise par la queue et jetée dans la vieille mesure d'église, d'où elle ne sortira plus." — "Je ne te crois pas." — "Vous allez voir, monsieur le roi." Ne le croyant pas, le roi s'en va voir. Pour commencer, Martineau dit: "Je vas ouvrir la porte." — "*Ne va pas!*" reprend le roi. "Je vas la prendre par la queue." — "Pas du tout, si tu allais la manquer!" Bien content de ne pas avoir à le faire, Martineau ajoute: "Il faut *toujou ben* la regarder." Tous deux, ils montent sur le mur et regardent la licorne qui, les yeux gros comme mes poings, se frappe la tête au mur. Le roi dit: "Martineau, viens-t'en!" Ils s'en vont, laissant renfermée la licorne, qui finit par mourir. Le roi est content de son Martineau et l'aime.

Un bon jour, voilà la guerre qui se déclare contre le roi, dont on veut enlever la puissance. "Monsieur Martineau, déclare le roi, voilà la guerre qui vient. Je suis bien découragé." Et il lui dit *plate*: "Tu vas venir te battre." — "Monsieur le roi, me donnez-vous le cheval le plus vigoureux que vous avez?" — "Oui." Le roi lui donne son meilleur cheval. Martineau était comme moi; il n'allait pas souvent à cheval. Comme sa bête saute dix pieds *sur* un sens, dix pieds *sur* l'autre, Martineau a peur de tomber à bas. Il descend, et, demandant une grosse courroie, il se fait *amarrer*¹ les pieds autour de son cheval. Le voilà parti, et *ça mène!* Martineau veut arrêter, se *démarrer* et descendre dans l'armée. Mais, *pas moyen!* Son cheval saute et galope sans ralentir. Passant près² d'une vieille croix plantée au bord du chemin, il la *pogne*, essayant de s'y accrocher, mais la croix vient avec lui. Il la tient par le bout et, là où on se bat, il frappe et *bûche* avec la croix à tour de bras. A la fin, son cheval *revire*. Martineau avait tout tué, et gagné la victoire. Au roi, il dit: "Je n'ai pas besoin de fusil, moi, pour tous les détruire!" Le capitaine battu fait dire que, lui, il ne faisait jamais la guerre avec des vieilles croix de bois, que c'était le *boute* de la guerre, et qu'il ne reviendrait plus.

Après ça, Martineau-pain-sec est resté chez le roi, où il a toujours bien vécu.

¹ I.e., *attacher*; expression d'origine marine.

² Le conteur disait: "*à ras* une vieille croix."

21. LE CONTE DE POIS-VERTS.¹

Une fois, c'est un nommé Pois-verts, l'homme de confiance du curé. Pendant un certain temps, Pois-verts est bon serviteur. Mais, un jour, il commence à jouer des tours à son maître. Après l'avoir enduré une couple d'années, le curé se fâche et lui dit: "Pois-verts! ramasse tes guénilles et va-t'en! Je n'ai plus besoin de toi." Remerciant le curé, Pois-verts répond: "Je ne demande pas mieux: je suis tanné de vous servir." Pois-verts part et s'achète une petite propriété près de celle de son ancien maître.

Ce drôle-là était très intelligent. Un bon matin, il *tire un plan*.² Prend deux gros morceaux de fer, les fait bien rougir au feu, met son chaudron à soupe tout prêt, *se grêye*³ un fouet, et envoie chercher le curé. Quand le curé est tout près d'arriver, Pois-verts prend les morceaux de fer rouge et les jette dans sa soupe. Aussitôt, il met son chaudron entre ses jambes, et, avec son petit fouet, il claque *sur* le chaudron, disant: "Bouille, ma soupe!" Le curé entre, aperçoit son ancien serviteur fouettant le chaudron, et la soupe bouillant de plus belle. "Pois-verts, quel secret as-tu pour ainsi faire ton ordinaire?" Pois-verts répond: "Ce secret est dans mon fouet." Tout en parlant, il fouette tranquillement son chaudron, et la soupe continue à bouillir. Enchanté d'apprendre le secret du fouet, et de voir bouillir la soupe, le curé dit: "A moi qui ai des servantes pas trop vives, ce fouet irait ⁴ bien. Toi qui es tout seul, Pois-verts, tu n'en as pas besoin?" — "Un bon article, monsieur le curé, on en a toujours besoin. Mais pour vous rendre service, je suis prêt à vous le vendre. Mon fouet vaut cent piastres." — "Il n'est pas cher, reprend le curé, voilà cent piastres. Donne-moi le fouet." Pois-verts prend l'argent et remet le fouet. Le papier⁵ une fois signé, le curé ne tient pas un bien long discours, mais s'en retourne, arrive au presbytère et dit à ses servantes: "Je n'ai besoin que d'une servante. Les deux autres, je les mets à la porte." Les servantes deviennent pensives. A celle qu'il garde, le curé dit: "Va chercher la théière, mets-y le thé dans de l'eau froide." — "Qu'est-ce que le curé a envie de faire?" se demande-t-elle, en obéissant à son maître. Le curé arrive: "La théière est prête?" — "Oui, monsieur le curé, tout est *ben* prêt." Monsieur le curé va *q'ri*⁶ le fouet, prend la théière, la met sur la table, et commence à la fouetter, disant: "Bouille, théière!" Rien ne *bouille*. Claque encore. Rien! Découragé, il dit: "Je vois que je ne m'y prends pas bien. Pois-verts était assis à terre, le chaudron entre ses jambes. Je vas faire comme

¹ Récité par Prudent Sioui, de Lorette, en août, 1914. Sioui avait appris ce conte de son père, Clément Sioui.

² I.e., *il conçoit un plan*, une idée lui vient.

³ I.e., *se prépare*.

⁵ I.e., *contrat*.

⁴ I.e., *serait utile*.

⁶ I.e., *querir*.

lui." S'asseyant à terre, il met la théière entre ses jambes, et la fouette de son mieux. Après avoir d'abord fouetté tranquillement, il se met à fesser à grands coups. Il n'est pas plus avancé. La servante dit: "Monsieur le curé, où avez-vous eu ce fouet-là?" — "Je viens de l'acheter de Pois-verts." — "Monsieur le curé, c'est encore un tour qu'il vous a joué, comme au temps où il restait ici." Fâché, le curé jette le fouet au feu: "Demain, Pois-verts aura de mes nouvelles!"

Pois-verts, le lendemain, fait venir sa vieille mère, lui demandant de passer la journée chez lui. Ayant rempli une vessie de sang, il l'accroche au cou de sa mère, et commence à se promener dans sa maison, regardant d'une fenêtre à l'autre. Il s'attendait à voir bientôt le curé arriver en fureur. Tout à coup, il l'aperçoit approcher de la maison. Faisant un grand vacarme, Pois-verts se met à renverser la table et les chaises, et à tout casser. Comme le curé entre, il saisit sa vieille mère et lève son canif en criant: "Vieille *garse*! il y a assez longtemps que le monde vous connaît. C'est fini!" Pour le calmer, le curé dit: "Pois-verts, que fais-tu, que fais-tu?" Mais Pois-verts répond: "C'est mon affaire; je ne veux pas d'*écornifleux*¹ dans ma maison." Et de son couteau il perce la vessie pleine de sang, pendant au cou de sa mère. Le sang coule, et la vieille tombe, mourante. Cela change les sangs² du curé, qui commence à *chanter* des bêtises³ à Pois-verts, et à le menacer: "Ton temps est fini! je vas te remettre aux mains de la justice, et tu monteras sur l'échafaud." — "Je viens de vous dire que je ne veux pas voir d'*écornifleux* ici," répond Pois-verts en prenant son sifflet. "Monsieur le curé, ma mère est morte, mais elle va revenir."⁴ Retroussant la robe de la vieille femme, il siffle: "*Tourlututu!* reviendras-tu?" Et la vieille commence à grouiller. "*Tourlututu!* reviendras-tu?" Pois-verts dit au curé: "La troisième fois, je ne manque jamais mon coup. *Tourlututu!* reviendras-tu, ou ne reviendras-tu pas?" Il n'a pas sitôt prononcé '*tourlututu*' que la vieille est debout. Etonné de voir un sifflet si merveilleux, le curé demande: "Pois-verts, où as-tu pris ce sifflet?" — "Une vieille magicienne me l'a donné. Avec ce sifflet, je puis faire tout ce que je veux." — "Ah! *vela*⁵ l'affaire qu'il me faut pour mes paroissiens, Pois-verts." — "Un bon article fait l'affaire de tout le monde." — "Veux-tu me le vendre, Pois-verts?" — "Pour vous rendre service, je vas vous le vendre, monsieur le curé." — "Comment veux-tu pour ton sifflet, Pois-verts?" — "Deux cents piastres, monsieur le curé." — "Il n'est pas cher, Pois-verts; je le prends, et je vas commencer par ma servante." — "Sachez bien l'appliquer, monsieur le curé.

¹ Pour *écornifleur*.

² I.e., *change l'humeur*.

³ I.e., à quereller, *dire des injures*.

⁴ I.e., *revenir à la vie*.

⁵ Pour *voilà*.

Vous avez vu comment je m'y suis pris pour ma vieille mère." — "*Crains pas,*¹ Pois-verts!" Le curé part, arrive au presbytère pas trop de bonne humeur, et commence à brasser le pupitre, la table et la vaisselle. "Monsieur le curé! dit la servante, vous n'êtes pas à votre place, dans mon armoire." — "Comment, je ne suis pas à ma place? Ah! je vas t'en faire une place!" Monsieur le curé prend le couteau à pain, et tranche le cou de sa servante. La servante est morte, et le curé est fier d'essayer son sifflet. Il l'applique de la même manière que Pois-verts: "*Tourlututu!* reviendras-tu?" La servante ne grouille pas. "*Tourlututu,* reviendras-tu?" Rien! "C'est curieux! pense le curé; la première fois que Pois-verts l'a appliqué, la vieille avait grouillé; et la deuxième fois, elle s'était presque levée. Ici, c'est la troisième fois, et elle ne grouille pas. Pourtant je l'ai bien appliqué comme Pois-verts. *Tourlututu!* reviendras-tu ou ne reviendras-tu pas?" Mais la servante est morte et elle y reste. Le curé devient pensif. "Depuis longtemps Pois-verts me joue des tours. Cette fois-ci, c'est le dernier! Je vas *prendre* un jugement² contre lui, et le faire disparaître.

Le curé *prend* donc un jugement, et Pois-verts est condamné à être mis dans un sac et jeté à la mer. Pois-verts est satisfait. Le soir, les deux serviteurs du curé viennent le chercher, le mettent dans un sac à sel, et partent pour la mer. "Non, je ne veux pas y aller; non, je ne veux pas y aller!" crie Pois-verts tout le long du chemin. Passant devant une auberge, les serviteurs entrent prendre un coup,³ et laissent le sac dehors, sur la *galerie*. "Je ne veux pas y aller, je ne veux pas y aller!" crie toujours Pois-verts, pour se désennuyer. Pendant que les serviteurs boivent, un pauvre passe et, curieux, écoute Pois-verts crier dans le sac: "Je ne veux pas y aller!" Approchant, le pauvre touche au sac, et demande: "Où ne veux-tu pas aller?" — "On m'emmène coucher avec la princesse; mais jamais ils ne m'y feront consentir." — "Veux-tu me donner ta place?" Pois-verts accepte avec plaisir: "Détache le sac, et prends ma place!" Pois-verts sort et le pauvre s'y fourre. A peine Pois-verts en fuite, les serviteurs arrivent, prennent la poche,⁴ et pendant qu'ils marchent, le pauvre crie comme Pois-verts: "Je ne veux pas y aller, je ne veux pas y aller!" — "Veux, *veux pas!*⁵ répondent les serviteurs, c'est au large que tu vas aller." Tenant le sac à chaque bout, ils comptent un, deux, trois, et vlan! lâchent le sac, qui tombe au large.

Le lendemain matin, le curé demande à ses serviteurs: "L'avez-vous jeté au large?" Ils répondent: "Soyez tranquille, monsieur le curé; Pois-verts vous a joué assez de tours; il ne reviendra jamais!" — "En-

¹ Pour *ne crains pas, sois tranquille!*

² I.e., *faire prononcer un jugement* contre lui, en cour de justice.

³ I.e., *boire*.

⁴ I.e., *sac*.

⁵ Pour *ne veux pas*.

fin, j'en serai bien débarrassé!" pense le curé, en se promenant comme d'habitude sur la *galerie*.

Après dîner, il voit venir un troupeau de bêtes à cornes. Plus le troupeau approche, plus celui qui les mène ressemble à Pois-verts. Appelant un de ses serviteurs, le curé lui dit: "Voilà un beau troupeau de bêtes à cornes. Mais, regarde donc en arrière; ça m'a l'air de Pois-verts." — "Ça ne se peut pas, répond l'autre; hier *au* soir, nous l'avons *fouté*¹ à l'eau." — "Regarde *com'i faut*,² serviteur; ça m'a l'air de Pois-verts!"

De fait, Pois-verts, le bâton à la main, menait le troupeau, et de temps en temps criait: "*Ourche, ourche!*" Sur le bout des pieds pour mieux voir, le curé dit: "C'est Pois-verts!" — "Bonsoir, monsieur le curé; monsieur le curé, bonsoir!" fait Pois-verts en passant devant le presbytère. "Comment, Pois-verts, mais c'est *ben* toi?" — "Oui, monsieur le curé, c'est *ben* moi." — "Mais d'où viens-tu avec toutes ces bêtes à cornes?" — "Ah! monsieur le curé, ne m'en parlez pas! Si vos serviteurs m'avaient seulement jeté dix pieds plus loin, je vous ramènerais les deux plus beaux chevaux noirs qu'on aie jamais vus dans la province. Mais ils m'ont jeté au milieu de ce troupeau de bêtes à cornes, que j'ai ramené avec moi." Le curé tombe encore dans le panneau, et croit Pois-verts. "Si j'y allais moi-même, Pois-verts? Toi qui connais la distance...?" — "Je vous garantis, monsieur le curé, que je ne manquerais pas mon coup! Si un de vos serviteurs m'aide, ce soir, je vous jetterai en plein milieu des beaux chevaux." Accepté! Pois-verts continue et mène le troupeau sur sa ferme. Quand il revient, le soir, il aide le curé à entrer dans le sac, et s'en va avec un serviteur le porter au bord de la mer. "*Foutons*³ monsieur le curé au large," dit Pois-verts; et vlan! monsieur le curé s'en va rejoindre le pauvre au fond de la mer, où il est resté.

Avec tous ses tours, Pois-verts devint un gros commerçant.

LÉGENDES ET CONTES CHRÉTIENS.

22. LARRIVÉE ET SON SAC.⁴

Un jour, Notre-Seigneur arrive au bord d'une rivière, où se trouvent deux pêcheurs. "Bonjour, Larrivée!" dit-il à l'un d'eux. Larrivée demande: "Qui t'a dit mon nom?" — "Je te connais depuis longtemps," répond Notre-Seigneur, en ajoutant: "Larrivée, tu vas me traverser de l'autre côté de la rivière." Mais celui-ci refuse net, disant: "Je n'ai pas de barque." — "Tu vas me traverser sur ton dos!"

¹ I.e., *jeté*.

² Pour *comme il faut*, ou *attentivement*.

³ I.e., *jetons*.

⁴ Conte raconté à Lorette, en août, 1914, par Prudent Sioui, qui le désignait comme "une histoire vraie." Sioui l'avait appris de son père, Clément Sioui, lequel l'avait peut-être, à son tour, appris d'une de ses sœurs, une bonne conteuse.

Se pensant bon nageur, Larrivée se dit : "S'il veut se noyer, je le jetterai en bas." Il part à la nage, avec Notre-Seigneur sur son dos. Au milieu de la rivière, Larrivée enfonce et a de l'eau jusqu'à la bouche. "Si tu fais ton plaisant,¹ dit-il, je te jette à l'eau." Mais Notre-Seigneur lui répond : "Continue, Larrivée!" Et aussitôt il commence à revenir sur l'eau. Une fois à terre de l'autre côté, Notre-Seigneur dit : "Tu vas retourner chercher mon associé,² de l'autre côté." — "Associé? mais qui va me payer?" — "Au retour de ton voyage, je te paierai." Larrivée retourne donc chercher saint Pierre, l'associé de Notre-Seigneur. Une fois réunis ensemble sur l'autre rive, il s'agit du paiement. Notre-Seigneur dit : "Que préfères-tu? le ciel après la mort, ou bien, le sac³ que voici. Dans ce sac, tout ce que tu souhaiteras y rentrera." Larrivée se met à penser : "Le ciel après la mort, ou bien ce sac. Notre-Seigneur! je préfère le sac." — "Tu fais mal Larrivée, tu refuses le ciel? tu ne verras jamais Dieu." — "Je préfère le sac, Notre-Seigneur, parce que je veux jouir un peu sur la terre." Et il ajoute : "Je veux essayer le sac." — "Essaie-le." Larrivée souhaite un déjeuner de première classe⁴ dans son sac, pour tous les trois. Aussitôt souhaité, rien ne manque au déjeuner.

Après le repas, Notre-Seigneur et saint Pierre partent de leur côté. Resté quelques minutes pensif, Larrivée s'en va rejoindre sa femme. En arrivant à son logis, il s'écrie. "Il n'y a plus de pauvreté pour nous." — "Tu es encore le même," répond sa femme. "Non, non! j'ai un secret. *Ast'heure*, nous sommes indépendants; et je vas t'en donner la preuve. Mets la table!" Sa dame met la table. Larrivée prend son sac et souhaite un souper de première classe pour lui-même et pour sa femme. Le souper arrive et rien ne manque.

Après souper, Larrivée dit pour la troisième fois : "Je vas essayer mon sac. Je souhaite qu'il y ait un demi-minot d'argent." Et le demi-minot s'y trouve complet. Sur quoi il dit à sa femme : "Notre-Seigneur ne m'a pas trompé."

Larrivée avait entendu dire qu'un château du voisinage était "gardé,"⁵ et que personne n'y pouvait rester. Il prend son sac, s'en va chez le roi, et lui demande la permission de passer la nuit dans le château "gardé," où personne ne pouvait rester. Content, le roi la lui donne, et le fait accompagner d'un domestique. Larrivée et le domestique du roi arrivent au château, et Larrivée dit : "Quand tu verras quelque chose, dis-le moi."

Au courant de la veillée, un bruit vient de la cheminée; aussitôt un autre bruit plus effrayant. Au troisième bruit, trois hommes noirs sortent de la cheminée. En entrant dans la chambre où se trou-

¹ Pour *drôle*.

² Sioui disait *poche*.

⁵ *Hanté*.

² Pour *compagnon*.

⁴ De *première qualité*.

vent Larrivée et le domestique, ils se disent: "On va toujours bien jouer de la pelotte!" Et saisissant le domestique, ils se le lancent d'un mur à l'autre. A la fin, le domestique est mort. Ils viennent donc pour saisir Larrivée et lui en faire autant. "Tenez-vous tranquille! leur dit-il; moi, je ne suis pas habitué à ce jeu-là." Les trois hommes noirs se mettent à sourire, et répondent: "Si tu n'y es pas habitué, tu vas t'y habituer." — "C'est mieux pour vous autres de vous tenir tranquilles." Mais ils viennent pour saisir Larrivée, qui les souhaite tous les trois dans son sac. Aussitôt souhaité, aussitôt fait. Ils sont tous les trois dans le sac. Larrivée attache le sac, et le jette dans un coin en disant: "Je vas au moins passer le reste de la nuit tranquille."

Le lendemain, de bonne heure le matin, le roi se hâte d'envoyer quelqu'un s'informer de ce qu'est devenu Larrivée. Mais Larrivée n'est plus là. Parti au petit jour avec son sac contenant les trois hommes noirs sur son dos, il arrive chez un forgeron et lui demande: "Combien veux-tu pour fesser¹ une heure de temps sur ce sac?" Le forgeron refuse l'ouvrage. Mais Larrivée lui dit: "Tu vas faire ce que je te dis; tu y es obligé." Le forgeron consent, vu que Larrivée lui promet un demi-minot d'argent. Quand le forgeron eût claqué une heure, Larrivée ouvre le sac, et les trois individus disparaissent. Souhaitant aussitôt un demi-minot d'argent pour le forgeron, Larrivée paye sa dette, disant: "Mesure-le, si tu crois que le demi-minot d'argent n'y est pas." — "Je suis satisfait," répond l'autre. De là, Larrivée s'en va trouver sa femme.

Un jour, Larrivée arrive à son logis, et, fort avancé sur l'âge, il se pense sur le point de mourir. Il tombe malade durant la nuit, et dit à sa femme: "Si je viens à mourir, n'oublie pas de mettre mon sac sous ma tête." Il ajoute: "C'est un sac béni de Dieu; tout ce que j'y souhaite y entre. Pour l'avoir, j'ai refusé le ciel." C'était là le testament de Larrivée. Sa femme lui promet de le faire; et aussitôt, Larrivée lâche le dernier soupir. Mais sa femme garde le sac. Arrivé de l'autre côté,² il frappe à la porte du ciel, *pan, pan, pan!* Saint Pierre demande: "Qui est là?" — "C'est Larrivée." — "Tu peux t'en aller, répond saint Pierre; ta place n'est pas ici; tu as refusé le ciel pour un sac. Ta place n'est pas ici." Larrivée, pensif, demande: "De quel côté voulez-vous que j'aille?" — "En enfer!" Larrivée s'en va donc à l'enfer, frappe à la porte, *pan, pan, pan!* "Qui es-tu?" demande le diable. "Je suis Larrivée." — "Larrivée? As-tu encore ton sac?"³ — "Oui!" répond Larrivée. "Va-t'en! crie le diable; je ne veux pas te voir ici."

¹ I.e., *frapper* du marteau.

² I.e., *dans l'autre monde.*

³ Ici il devient évident que dans l'esprit du narrateur, les trois hommes noirs n'étaient autres que le diable ou ses émissaires.

Fier de *revirer de bord*, Larrivée retourne au ciel et frappe à la porte, *pan, pan, pan!* Saint Pierre demande: "Qui est là?" Larrivée!"—"Je t'ai dit tout à l'heure que ta place était en enfer, vu que tu as refusé le ciel. Tu fais aussi bien de t'en retourner; tu n'entreras pas ici. Ta place est en enfer."

Larrivée dit: "J'ai reçu un paiement de Notre-Seigneur, mais de vous, aucun paiement. Une grâce pour vous avoir fait traverser la rivière: celle de me permettre de revoir ma femme." Saint Pierre le lui permet.

Larrivée arrive à sa maison, entre, et dit à sa femme: "Malheureuse! tu m'as trompé. Tu as gardé mon sac, malgré ta promesse de me le mettre sous la tête. J'ai *ben râsé*¹ d'aller en enfer tout *dret*.² Vite! donne-moi mon sac pour quelques minutes." Aussitôt qu'il tient le sac, Larrivée disparaît. Arrivé au ciel, il frappe à la porte. "Qui est là?" demande saint Pierre. "C'est Larrivée."—"Je t'ai dit que ta place n'est pas ici, mais en enfer."—"Je suis allé à l'enfer, et on ne veut pas de moi. Je viens ici; vous ne voulez pas de moi. Où voulez-vous donc que j'aille?" Pas de réponse. "Encore une grâce, saint Pierre! demande Larrivée; entrebaillez donc la porte, que je puisse voir la beauté du ciel." En souriant, saint Pierre entrebaille la porte. Larrivée aussitôt jette son sac dans le ciel et se souhaite dedans. Sitôt souhaité, sitôt fait. Se mettant à rire, saint Pierre prend le sac, l'attache et le jette en arrière de la porte du ciel.

Si vous allez au ciel, jetez un coup d'œil derrière la porte, et vous y verrez Larrivée dans son sac.

23. PIPETTE.³

Une fois, c'était Pipette. Un gars paresseux s'il y en avait un, il vivait sans travailler, chez son père. Son père lui dit, un jour: "Pipette, tu es capable de travailler, va-t'en!"—"Vous allez toujours *ben* me donner quelque chose avant que je parte." Le bonhomme, qui est en moyens, lui donne ses droits—assez d'argent.

Voilà mon Pipette parti. Rendu à une auberge, il entre et se met à fêter. Notre-Seigneur, dans ce temps-là, s'adonnait à rouler sur la terre avec le bon saint Jacques, tous les deux. Rencontrant Pipette dans l'auberge, ils se traitent et fêtent. D'une auberge à l'autre, à force de fêter avec ses amis, Pipette arrive au bout de son argent. *De manière que*, il part et marche, marche. Avec les quelques sous qui lui restent, il entre dans une maison s'acheter un pain. Prenant la route, il entre dans un bois et marche le long du sentier. Comme il coupe son pain en deux pour le manger, il rencontre le bon saint

¹ I.e., *venu bien près*.

² I.e., *tout droit*.

³ Récité à Saint-Victor, Beauce, en août, 1914, par Paul Patry, qui disait avoir appris ce conte de son oncle, François Coulombe.

Jacques. "Bonjour, Pipette! tu manges, là?" — "Oui! As-tu faim, saint Jacques?" — "Oui, j'ai faim." Avec son *couteau de poche*,¹ Pipette coupe un morceau de pain et lui donne, disant: "Mange!"

Un peu plus loin, ils rencontrent Notre-Seigneur. "Bonjour, Pipette!" — "*Sacré!*"² il dit, bonjour!" — "Tu es *après* manger?" — "Oui! as-tu faim?" Notre-Seigneur répond: "Oui." Pipette coupe un morceau de son pain et le donne à Notre-Seigneur. Et ils se séparent.

Pipette marche, marche. Dans le bois, plus loin, il rencontre Notre-Seigneur et le bon saint Jacques, cette fois tous les deux ensemble. "Ah, disent-ils, bonjour, mon pauvre Pipette, bonjour! Je suis certain qu'il ne te reste rien?" — "Non, il ne me reste rien. Je suis pauvre comme un rat d'église." Le bon saint Jacques dit: "Pipette, tu es *d'un bon cœur*;³ tu as toujours été généreux. Je voudrais te faire un petit don." — "Qu'est-ce que c'est?" — "Voici une petite baguette; tout ce que tu souhaiteras, elle te le donnera." En disant: "Merci bien!" Pipette met la baguette dans sa poche. Le voyant faire, Notre-Seigneur lui dit: "Que veux-tu que je te donne?" — "Je le sais-*ti*,⁴ moi!" Le bon saint, en arrière, le pousse: "Pipette, demande-lui donc le paradis à la fin de tes jours, c'est Notre-Seigneur!" — "Laisse-moi donc tranquille! Je le gagnerai comme les autres, quand je le pourrai." Le bon saint Jacques répète: "Demande donc le paradis à Notre-Seigneur." Notre-Seigneur prend encore la parole: "Que vais-je te donner?" — "*Cou'don!*"⁵ donnez-moi un jeu de cartes qui me fera gagner quand je voudrai." Notre-Seigneur le lui donne.

Avec sa baguette, Pipette se bâtit une belle maison, et y vit bien des années, bien des années.

Un bon jour, le bon Dieu dit: "Nous avons oublié Pipette." A la Mort il ordonne: "Va *q'ri*"⁶ Pipette!" La Mort, en arrivant, dit: "Bonjour, Pipette!" — "Bonjour! qui es-tu?" — "Je suis la Mort." — "Pourquoi viens-tu ici?" — "Je viens te *q'ri*, Pipette. Il y a très longtemps que tu es sur la terre." — "Pourquoi ne m'as-tu pas averti? Je n'ai pas la barbe faite." Il ajoute: "Pendant que je vas me *grèyer*, va dans l'arbre devant la porte m'emplir ce panier de cenelles, pour qu'on les mange en chemin." La Mort monte dans l'arbre de cenelles, et Pipette, prenant sa baguette, souhaite: "Que la Mort reste collée dans le cenellier tant qu'elle ne renoncera pas à m'emporter." Voyant

¹ I.e., *un canif*.

² Juron exprimant ici la surprise ou le plaisir.

³ I.e., *tu as bon cœur*.

⁴ Pour *sais-t-il*; i.e., *le sais-je*. *Ti* comprenant la consonne *t* suivie du pronom impersonnel *il* est devenu une particule interrogative très usitée ici.

⁵ *Ecoutez donc!*

⁶ I.e., *chercher*; dérivé de *querir*.

qu'elle ne peut plus se *démancer*, la Mort dit: "*Largue*¹-moi donc, Pipette, et je te laisserai aller." — "C'est bien!" dit Pipette, en laissant descendre la Mort, qui file au plus vite. La Mort dit au bon Dieu: "S'il faut aller le *q'ri*, vous irez, vous! Il m'a collé dans son cenellier; je n'irai plus."

Après ça, Pipette vécut encore bien longtemps. Le bon Dieu dit, un jour: "Sais-tu bien qu'on a oublié Pipette?" — "Je ne veux plus y aller," répond la Mort. "Puisque la Mort ne veut plus y aller, dit le bon Dieu, il faut envoyer le diable le *q'ri*." Le diable part et arrive chez Pipette. "Bonjour, Pipette!" — "Bonjour, *toi*!" — "Je suis le diable, et je viens te *q'ri*." — "Tu viens me *q'ri*? Mais il fallait donc me le dire, je ne suis pas changé, *ni foute ni rien*. Assis-toi dans cette chaise," dit Pipette en poussant sa belle grande bergère. Le diable s'*assit* durant que Pipette va chercher du beau bois sec qu'il corde dans la cheminée, sur le feu. Assis devant ce gros feu, qui le brûle, le diable se *reboute*.² "Lâche-moi, Pipette, tu me brûles!" Mais l'autre pousse la chaise plus près du feu, pousse encore. Il fait si chaud que les orteils du diable en rougissent. "Pipette, *largue-moi, largue-moi*!" — "Je te *larguerai* quand tu m'auras promis que jamais je n'irai dans ton enfer." Le diable le lui promet et se sauve.

Toujours que voilà mon Pipette vieux *extraordinaire*.³ Un jour, il fait demander tous ses gens autour de lui, et leur ayant donné tous ses biens, il se fait enterrer en vie. Une fois enterré, il est mort. Mort, il s'en va à la porte du paradis: "Saint Pierre, ouvrez-moi la porte?" — "Qui est là?" — "Pipette." Le bon Dieu dit: "La Mort n'a pas pu t'emmener. Je ne veux pas te laisser entrer au paradis. Va-t'en en enfer. Je te donne au diable, et vas-y." Pipette part et s'en va à l'enfer. "Ouvre-moi la porte," demande-t-il au diable. "Va-t'en, Pipette, je ne veux pas te voir dans mon enfer; tu m'as trop fait brûler." S'en retournant au paradis, Pipette dit: "*Cou'don!* il faut toujours que je couche quelque part, et le diable ne veut pas de moi. Saint Pierre, ouvrez-moi la porte." — "Tu sais bien que le bon Dieu ne veut pas." — "Laissez-moi donc me cacher derrière la porte; il faut bien que j'aille quelque part." Saint Pierre laisse entrer Pipette, qui s'accroupit derrière la porte, et ne grouille pas. A la fin, Pipette sort ses cartes, et à un autre à *ras*⁴ lui, qui est assis sur un petit *billotte*,⁵ il dit: "Veux-tu jouer aux cartes avec moi?" — "Comment, jouer aux cartes?" — "Oui, jouons place pour place." Ils jouent trois parties, et Pipette gagne. Le voilà assis sur le petit *billotte*. Un autre, tout près, est assis sur une chaise: "Veux-tu jouer aux cartes?" demande Pipette. "Comment, jouer aux cartes?" — "Oui,

¹ Terme d'origine marine, signifiant *lâche-moi*.

² I.e., *s'arc-boute*.

⁴ I.e., *près de*.

³ Sens adverbial.

⁵ Pour *billot*, *bâche*.

jouons place pour place.” Jouent trois parties. Pipette gagne encore et se trouve assis sur une chaise. Après ça, Pipette passe son temps à jouer aux cartes. A celui qui est assis près du bon Dieu, Pipette demande: “Veux-tu jouer aux cartes avec moi?” — “Comment, jouer aux cartes?” — “Oui, jouons place pour place.” Jouent donc place pour place; et Pipette gagne encore. Le voilà assis près du bon Dieu. “Bon Dieu! bon Dieu! veux-tu jouer aux cartes avec moi?” “*Cou’don*, Pipette! tu es *ben là*, restes-y!”

Et ils me l’ont envoyé raconter.

24. CACHOLET.¹

Il est bon de vous dire qu’une fois, c’était un bûcheron et sa femme. L’homme était dur pour sa femme, et ne trouvait jamais qu’elle faisait assez. Quand il allait bûcher, le matin, il lui donnait une tâche, lui ordonnant de filer tant² d’écheveaux. Si elle ne pouvait le faire, il l’envoyait se coucher sans souper, ou bien, lui *foutait*³ la volée.

Un bon matin, le bûcheron se lève pas trop de bonne humeur, et dit à sa femme: “Si tu ne files pas toute cette laine dans trois jours, ta vie sera *au bout*.”⁴ Et il lui donne plus de laine que trois *criétures*⁵ n’en auraient pu filer dans un mois. “Tu vois toujours bien que je ne suis pas capable de filer ça dans trois jours.” Mais il répète: “Je te donne trois jours et pas plus.” L’homme n’était pas sorti que sa femme se met à pleurer: “Je suis bien certaine de mourir, car je ne suis pas capable de filer ça dans trois jours.” Tout à coup, on frappe à la porte. “Entrez!” — “Bonjour! madame.” — “Bonjour! monsieur! Asseyez-vous!” — “Vous avez l’air bien triste, madame?” — “Oui, je le suis, mon cher monsieur. On pourrait l’être à moins. Regardez la laine dont cette chambre est remplie; eh *ben!* si je ne l’ai pas toute filée dans trois jours, mon mari va m’ôter la vie.” — “Vous êtes *ben* en peine pour rien, dit le visiteur; voulez-vous m’en donner à filer, à moi? Je vas vous aider. Je ne vous demanderai pas un sou, pourvu que vous deviniez mon nom.” Pensant qu’il était un homme de la place,⁶ sans plus penser, elle consent, et lui donne la laine, se disant: “Je n’aurai qu’à m’en informer pour le savoir.” Mais elle reste pensive. A peine est-il parti, elle s’aperçoit que l’étranger n’est pas un homme ordinaire, son pied gauche étant fait comme celui d’un cheval. “Mon *dou!*⁷ je *cré ben*⁸ que c’était le diable. Comment

¹ Raconté par Mme Prudent Sioui, de Lorette, en août, 1914.

² I.e., *un tel nombre*.

³ I.e., *donnait*.

⁴ I.e., *finie*.

⁵ I.e., *femmes; créatures* n’est pas pris ici dans un sens péjoratif.

⁶ I.e., *de l’endroit*.

⁷ I.e., *mon Dieu! Dou* est “Dieu,” en breton.

⁸ I.e., *crois bien*.

deviner son nom?" Elle ne se trompait pas. C'était le diable déguisé en homme qui était ainsi venu chez elle.

Quand son mari revient, le soir, il remarque qu'elle a un air *ben* piteux; mais il n'en fait pas grand cas, *si fait*¹ qu'il lui avait mené le diable² avant de partir. Le lendemain matin, il trouve étrange de la voir si triste, elle qui avait toujours la même façon envers lui. "Qu'as-tu? lui demande-t-il. "Rien!" répond-elle.

C'était le lendemain que le diable revenait. Le bûcheron dit à sa femme: "Tu vas *toujou ben*³ me dire pourquoi tu es si triste." Elle répond: "Tu sais, la tâche que tu m'as imposée? Tu m'as donné autant de laine à filer dans trois jours que trois *criétures* seraient capables de le faire dans un mois. Eh *ben!* quand tu es parti, l'autre matin, un homme a frappé à la porte. Je lui ai dit d'entrer. Il m'a demandé ce que j'avais à être si triste, à pleurer. Lui montrant la laine qui j'avais à filer, je lui ai dit mon découragement. Il m'a répondu: 'Voulez-vous m'en donner; je vas vous aider; et vous allez voir comme je prendrai peu de temps à le faire. Je ne vous demanderai pas un sou si vous devinez mon nom. Je l'avais pris pour un homme de la place;⁴ mais je suis à présent sûre que c'était le diable; il avait un pied de cheval. Comment deviner son nom? Je suis bien certaine qu'il va m'emporter."

Malgré qu'il fût bien dur pour elle, son mari est un peu touché de la voir si en peine, et de l'entendre pleurer *effrayant*.⁵ "Ne sois pas si en peine! Son nom, on le devinera bien! C'est lui que j'entends filer dans les bois; j'écouterai aujourd'hui, et te dirai son nom ce soir."

L'homme s'en va bûcher au bois, comme d'habitude, et s'*assit* sur une bûche pour se reposer. Tout à coup, il entend *virer*⁶ un *rouette*;⁷ et le *rouette* file à en faire du feu; et quelqu'un chante:

"Si tu savais que je m'appelle Cachelet,
Tu ne serais pas si en peine que tu es."

Le bûcheron avait tout entendu, et, le soir, il dit à sa femme: "Ne sois pas en peine. Son nom, je l'ai! Demain matin, *mé qu'il*⁸ vienne, tu lui demanderas: 'Ne t'appelles-tu pas Cachelet, par hasard?'"

Comme de fait,⁹ le bûcheron est à peine parti que le diable arrive: "Tiens! la voilà, la laine. Ton mari ne te tuera pas. Mais il faut que tu devines mon nom." La femme fait semblant de ne le pas savoir. "Mon cher monsieur! votre nom, c'est *malisé*¹⁰ à deviner, vu que personne dans le canton ne vous connaît." — "Oui! mais vous savez votre promesse. Si vous ne pouvez deviner mon nom, vous m'appar-

¹ I.e., *vu*.

³ I.e., *toujours bien*.

⁶ I.e., *affreusement*.

⁷ I.e., *rouet*.

⁹ I.e., *en effet, de fait*.

² I.e., *lui avait fait querelle*.

⁴ I.e., *du village*.

⁶ I.e., *tourner*.

⁸ Pour *quand il*.

¹⁰ I.e., *mal aisé, pas facile*.

tenez, et je vous emmène avec moi.” La femme pense, et puis dit: “Est-ce que vous ne vous appelez pas Cacholet, par hasard?” Se trouvant déjoué, le diable part en une telle fureur qu’en sortant, il arrache la porte et l’emporte avec lui.

25. LE DIABLE ET LA BOUGIE.¹

Une fois, c’était un homme, sa femme et leur petit garçon. L’homme tous les jours allait à la pêche, mais il n’attrapait jamais un poisson.

“C’est comme rien² d’aller à la pêche,” lui dit, un jour, sa femme; “tu ne prends jamais rien. Tu ferais mieux d’essayer à travailler, ailleurs de³ nous laisser crever de faim.” Mais sa réponse est: “Pêcher, c’est mon métier! Je ne suis pas capable de travailler, et ne le ferai point.” Le lendemain matin, il part comme d’ordinaire pour la pêche, malgré les reproches de sa femme. Comme il pêche, un homme tout à coup se présente à lui sur la rive. “Que fais-tu donc là, mon ami?” — “Je suis à pêcher. Je ne prends jamais rien; c’est *ben* curieux!” — “Veux-tu prendre du poisson?” lui demande l’individu. “Mais c’est mon gagne-pain; comme de raison que je veux en prendre!” — “Eh bien! si tu veux me donner ce qui viendra au-devant de toi, ta barque va se remplir de poisson.” Le pêcheur se dit: “C’est toujours pas grand’chose; ce qui va venir au-devant de moi, c’est mon petit chien noir.” A l’autre il crie: “C’est bien! Vous aurez ce qui viendra au-devant de moi.” De fait, dans le *temps de rien*,⁴ il attrape tant de poisson que sa barque en est remplie.

Mais au lieu de son petit chien noir, c’est son petit garçon qui vient au-devant de lui. La peur prend l’enfant à la vue de l’étranger, le diable en personne. Comme il lui fallait traverser un bois, l’enfant trace un grand rond dans le sable, y fait des petites croix tout autour, et se met au milieu.

Voyant qu’il a promis son enfant au diable, le pêcheur est fort découragé et ne sait que faire. Mais sa femme lui dit: “Laisse-moi donc!”⁵ Il faut lui jouer un tour. Quand doit-il venir?” — “Demain.”

Le lendemain, le diable arrive: “Tu vois la chandelle que j’ai allumée? lui demande la femme; veux-tu me laisser mon enfant jusqu’à ce qu’elle s’éteigne toute seule?”⁶ Le diable répond: “Mais *beau dommage!*”⁷ et il pense en lui-même: “Ça ne fait pas grand’différence. Dans le *temps de rien* cette chandelle sera finie.” A peine la chandelle à moitié brûlée, la femme la souffle. A présent que la chandelle est

¹ Raconté à Lorette, en août, 1914, par Mme Prudent Sioui, qui dit l’avoir appris de son beau-père, Clément Sioui.

² I.e., inutile.

⁴ I.e., un moment.

⁶ I.e., d’elle-même.

³ Pour au lieu de.

⁵ Pour Allons donc!

⁷ I.e., certainement.

tuée,¹ votre petit garçon est à moi!" — "Mais non! répond-elle; la chandelle n'est pas morte toute seule. Je l'ai soufflée."

Déjoué, le diable fut contraint de s'en aller, à sa courte honte. L'enfant avait été délivré.

26. LE REVENANT.²

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était un seigneur qui avait un engagé. L'homme engagé lui dit: "Je commence à me tanner d'être engagé, moi. J'ai bien cent louis de gagnés depuis que je travaille ici. Si vous voulez me prêter un autre cent louis, je m'achèterai une terre et finirai mes jours chez moi." Le seigneur répond: "Oui!" et lui prête cent louis, sans billet ni écrit.

Un bon jour, cet homme meurt, laissant ses biens à sa veuve. Le seigneur va la trouver et dit: "Madame, je viens chercher les cent louis que j'ai prêtés à votre mari." — "Avez-vous un billet?" demande la femme. Il répond: "Non!" — "Sans billet, vous n'aurez pas un sou de moi." Le seigneur dit: "C'est bien de valeur,³ madame, de perdre la somme de cent louis parce qu'il ne m'a pas donné de billet." Mais la femme ne veut rien entendre. C'est pourquoi ce seigneur, tous les jours de sa vie, *maudit*⁴ son engagé *dans* le feu éternel.

Il fallait donc que le mort revienne sur la terre gagner la somme de cent louis. Se rendant chez un seigneur étranger, il lui demande: "N'avez-vous pas besoin d'un homme engagé?" — "Oui, j'en ai besoin d'un."

C'était bien curieux, mais l'engagé faisait chaque jour l'ouvrage de sept hommes, et ne mangeait pas comme un.

Les servantes, un soir, vont regarder par la serrure, dans sa chambre. Elles le voient se déshabiller et se coucher sur des grilles de fer où le feu l'entoure. A leur maître elles s'en vont dire: "Seigneur, il vous coûte cher cet homme-là. Il a des lumières à cœur de nuit dans sa chambre, et il se couche sur des grilles de fer, où le feu l'entoure." — "Ce soir, répond le seigneur, je vas voir ce que ça veut dire." Il regarde donc aussi par la serrure, aperçoit l'homme qui se déshabille, met son *butin*⁵ sur le lit et se couche sur le feu de la cheminée, où les flammes l'entourent.

Le lendemain, il lui demande: "Monsieur, qu'est-ce que ça veut dire? Je vous ai vu, hier soir, ôter votre *butin*, et vous coucher sur la

¹ I.e., éteinte.

² Raconté par Achille Fournier, à Saint-Anne, Kamouraska, en juillet, 1915. Fournier dit avoir entendu son oncle, Pierre Fournier, souvent raconter ce conte, il y a près de cinquante ans.

³ I.e., regrettable.

⁴ I.e., souhaite son engagé dans le feu éternel en le maudissant.

⁵ Ses habits.

grille, dans la cheminée, où les flammes vous entouraient ?” L’homme répond : “Monsieur, je suis maudit tous les jours par un tel seigneur (qui me souhaite) dans le feu éternel. Je suis mort sans lui remettre la somme de cent louis qu’il m’avait prêtée; et tant que ma dette ne sera pas payée, je brûlerai dans le feu éternel.” — “Eh bien! monsieur, vous avez déjà cinquante louis de gagnés depuis que vous travaillez ici. Je vas aller trouver ce seigneur et lui demander de vous donner les autres cinquante louis.”

Le seigneur s’en va donc chez l’autre : “Bonjour, seigneur!” — “Bonjour, seigneur!” — Les seigneurs se connaissaient tous dans ce temps-là; ils avaient des insignes.¹ “Seigneur, n’y a-t-il pas un homme qui vous doit la somme de cent louis?” — “Oui, le maudit! Tous les jours je le maudis *dans* le feu éternel.” — “Ne parlez donc pas comme ça. Je vas vous remettre cinquante louis pour lui. Lui donnez-vous les autres?” — “Non! le maudit, je souhaite qu’il brûle dans le feu éternel.” — “Eh bien, moi je vous paye les cent louis.” Il lui compte cet argent et le lui remet. “Lui souhaitez-vous une bonne place dans le ciel, *ast’heure* qu’il vous a payé?” — “Non, je lui souhaite une place dans le feu éternel le restant de ses jours.” L’autre dit : “Méchant que vous êtes! Je m’en vas.” A l’autre qui vient le reconduire, il répète : “Voyons! avant que je parte, je voudrais que vous lui souhaitiez une bonne place dans le ciel, *ast’heure* qu’il vous a payé sa dette.” — “Non! je souhaite qu’il brûle dans les flammes du feu éternel.” Comme il dit ça, la terre s’ouvre et le voilà qui tombe dans le feu éternel, où on l’entend gémir.

Revenu chez lui, l’autre seigneur dit au revenant : “J’ai payé votre dette, mais il n’a pas voulu vous souhaiter une place dans le ciel; il vous maudissait *dans* le feu éternel. Bien! c’est lui qui y brûle aujourd’hui. Le bon Dieu l’a enfoncé dans les abîmes. Jamais il n’en sortira.” Le revenant dit : “Vous, seigneur, je vous souhaite une bonne place dans le ciel, *à ras* moi, *mé que*² vous mourriez.” Il part tout à coup en petite lumière qui s’en va au ciel.

Plus tard, quand le tour vint au seigneur de mourir, il eut une bonne place au ciel, à côté de celui dont il avait payé la dette.

On dit toujours qu’un bienfait n’est jamais perdu. Ils m’ont renvoyé ici pour vous le dire.

CONTES ROMANESQUES.

27. LES SŒURS JALOUSES.³

Il est bon de vous dire qu’une fois c’était un homme, sa femme et leurs trois filles. Leur vieille mesure se trouvait tout près du

¹ Probablement *des blasons*.

² *Quand vous mourrez*.

³ Récité par Mme Prudent Sioui, de Lorette, en août, 1914. Mme Sioui avait appris ce conte de son beau-père, Clément Sioui.

château, et un serviteur du roi venait souvent, en cachette,¹ écouter ce que les filles se disaient. Un soir, elles se mettent à parler ainsi: "Nos parents sont vieux et incapables de travailler. Mais, que pouvons-nous faire pour eux, nous, trois filles? Ce n'est pas aisé de leur donner tout le nécessaire. Si nous pouvions trouver à nous marier!" Ayant entendu ça, le serviteur s'en va dire au prince que les filles voulaient se marier. "Demain soir, répond le prince, j'irai avec toi écouter ce qu'elles disent." Le soir venu, pendant que le prince caché près de la porte écoute tout, la plus âgée des filles dit: "*Tant qu'à* me marier, moi, j'aimerais bien devenir la femme d'un boulanger; je ne manquerais toujours pas de pain!" La seconde sœur dit, à son tour: "Moi, *tant qu'à* me marier, il faudrait que ce fût à un boucher; *ça fait que*² je ne manquerais jamais de viande." La plus jeune des sœurs, une beauté rare qui s'en fait accroire un peu, dit: "Pas moi! j'aimerais mieux me marier au prince; *ça fait que* je ne manquerais jamais de rien." Se tenant près de la fenêtre, le prince entend tout et, le lendemain, envoie un serviteur ordonner aux trois filles de venir au château, qu'on voulait les voir sans faute. Le serviteur arrive chez les parents des filles et dit: "Le prince fait demander à vos trois filles de venir immédiatement." Surpris de l'invitation du prince, les vieux parents pensent: "Qu'est-ce que le prince peut bien nous vouloir, nous, pauvres gens que nous sommes?" Appelant leurs filles, ils leur demandent: "Qu'est-ce que ça veut donc dire, ça, ce matin? Le prince vous fait demander. Avez-vous fait quelque coup,³ ou quelque chose?" Leur réponse est: "Mais vous savez, papa, que nous n'avons rien fait, n'ayant pas *grouillé de*⁴ la maison. Il faut bien aller voir ce qu'il veut."

Les filles *se grèyent* donc immédiatement et partent pour le château avec le domestique. Une fois arrivées au château, le prince entre seul avec elles dans une chambre, et dit: "Je vous ai fait demander toutes les trois pour que vous me racontiez ce que vous disiez hier soir." — "Nous n'avons rien dit!" — "Parole de prince! il faut que vous me racontiez ce que vous avez dit, hier soir, ou vous allez être punies sévèrement." L'aînée des filles avoue: "Moi, je n'ai pas dit grand'chose; seulement que *tant qu'à* me marier, j'aimerais mieux avoir pour mari un boulanger; *ça fait que* je ne manquerais jamais de pain." — "Eh bien! c'est réglé, dit le prince; vous allez vous marier au boulanger de mon château." Parlant à la seconde, il demande: "Vous, qu'avez-vous dit, hier soir?" — "Moi? pas grand'chose; seulement que *tant qu'à* me marier, j'aimerais mieux que ce fût à un boucher; *ça fait que* je ne manquerais jamais de bœuf." Le prince déclare: "Vous allez vous marier à mon boucher, dans mon château." Mais le

¹ La raconteuse disait: à la cachette.

² Pour ainsi.

³ I.e., *fredaine*.

⁴ I.e., *sorti de*.

pire, c'est pour la troisième; il faut le dire au prince lui-même! Il lui demande: "Vous, racontez-moi ce que vous avez dit hier soir!" — "Moi, je n'ai rien dit." — "Parole de prince! si vous refusez de me le dire, vous serez punie sévèrement." Comme de raison, c'est *ben coûteux*¹ pour elle de le dire au prince lui-même. Mais il faut plutôt le dire qu'être punie. "Moi, je n'ai pas dit grand'chose; seulement que j'aimerais mieux me marier au prince; qu'ainsi je ne manquerais jamais de rien." — "Comme cela, vous allez vous marier à moi." Les trois sœurs se marient donc, l'une, au boulanger, l'autre, au boucher, et l'autre, au prince. Elles vivent ensemble, au château.

Au bout d'un an et un jour, le prince reçoit un commandement,² et il lui faut faire un long voyage. A ses belles-sœurs et servantes il dit d'avoir soin de sa princesse. Et il part.

Pendant son absence, la princesse *achète*³ un petit garçon, le plus bel enfant qui se soit jamais vu dans le monde. A la vue d'une telle merveille, les belles-sœurs, pas très jolies elles-mêmes, deviennent jalouses. Elles s'entendent avec la vieille garde-malade pour faire disparaître l'enfant, avant le retour du prince. S'en emparant donc, elles l'enveloppent dans des langes, une serviette blanche, le mettent dans une corbeille d'or, et vont le déposer sur la grève.

Le prince avait hâte d'arriver et de voir son enfant, on n'en parle pas!⁴ Mais sa belle-sœur, la boulangère, lui dit: "J'ai une chose à vous apprendre, mais ça me coûte de vous la dire: vous allez vous fâcher?" — "Oui! mais où est mon enfant? Je veux le voir." — "Votre enfant, il faut l'avouer, je l'ai fait mourir: c'était un singe!" En fureur de voir que sa princesse avait *acheté* un singe, il la fait enfermer dans un cachot, où la lumière du jour n'entre point. Elle a beau vouloir parler, prier, se plaindre; il ne veut rien entendre.

Au milieu d'un bois éloigné, un vieux et sa vieille vivaient seuls dans une petite maison, sans enfant. Tous les matins, le vieux, dans sa barge, parcourait le bord de la mer à la recherche de débris. Un bon jour, il aperçoit au loin reluire un objet. Etonné, il s'approche et examine. C'est une corbeille d'or. Prenant la corbeille, il y voit le plus bel enfant qui soit au monde. Il arrive à sa maison, et d'une fierté⁵ sans pareille, dit à sa vieille: "Tiens! en voilà un enfant. Tu l'as désiré si longtemps que le bon Dieu nous l'a envoyé pour qu'il ait soin de toi et de moi sur nos vieux jours." Apercevant un si bel enfant, si bien vêtu, et dans une corbeille d'or, la vieille pense que le bon Dieu lui-même l'a envoyé du ciel.

A l'âge de dix ans, l'enfant, un jour, était sur la grève avec le vieux qu'il prenait pour son père. Le prince, se promenant en bateau avec

¹ I.e., *pénible, difficile*.

³ I.e., *met au monde*.

⁵ I.e., *joie*.

² *Ordre d'un supérieur*.

⁴ I.e., *va sans dire!*

ses domestiques, remarque ce bel enfant et approche de la rive pour le mieux voir. "Mais où donc avez-vous pris ce bel enfant?" demande-t-il au vieux. "C'est le bon Dieu qui nous l'a donné. Il vient du ciel. Ma vieille et moi n'avions jamais eu d'enfant, malgré nos prières, et nous n'avions personne pour prendre soin de nous sur nos vieux jours. Un jour, j'ai trouvé cet enfant sur la grève, dans une corbeille d'or. Venez donc à ma maison voir la corbeille." Le prince se rend à la maison et examine la corbeille d'or et la serviette. Au rebord de la serviette est la marque du prince. Demandant au vieux la permission d'examiner l'enfant, il aperçoit un médaillon à son cou, dans lequel les noms de son père et sa mère sont écrits. Ce médaillon venait de sa mère qui, en le perdant, le lui avait mis au cou pour que Dieu le préserve. A ça, le prince ayant reconnu son enfant, s'en va tout droit à son château, fait venir la vieille garde-malade seule, et lui dit: "Déclarez où vous avez mis mon enfant, ou je vous fait écarteler par quatre chevaux!" Elle dit et répète que c'était un singe; mais ça ne sert de rien. Le prince insiste: "Que ça soit un singe ou un monstre, je veux savoir où vous avez mis mon enfant." A la fin, elle avoue qu'il était le plus bel enfant qui se soit jamais vu. "Mais vos belles-sœurs jalouses l'ont fait jeter sur la grève, en disant que c'était un singe, pour que vous ôtiez la vie à la princesse." Faisant venir ses belles-sœurs, le prince leur demande: "Où avez-vous mis mon enfant?" A cette question elles entrent dans une telle fureur qu'elles veulent tout briser. On aurait dit le diable en personne. Le prince déclare: "Dites-moi ce que vous avez fait de mon enfant, ou vous allez être punies sévèrement." Elles répètent que c'était un déshonneur pour un prince d'avoir un singe pour enfant, et qu'elles l'avaient jeté sur la grève.

Quand le prince alla chercher sa femme dans le cachot noir, il la trouva presque morte. Car, pendant tout ce temps, ses sœurs lui faisaient subir des grandes souffrances pour la faire mourir, pensant après sa mort devenir princesses à sa place. Elle serait morte sans un petit chien qui lui sauvait la vie en lui apportant, tous les matins, par le soupirail, un morceau de pain.

Comme les belles-sœurs du prince persistaient à dire que son enfant était un singe, il les fit emprisonner avec la garde-malade. Qui sait? elles feraient peut-être mourir la princesse pendant qu'il irait chercher son enfant. Il part dans un grand bateau, avec ses serviteurs.

Voyant approcher un bateau reluisant d'or et d'argent, le vieux reste tout pâmé de surprise. Le prince l'aperçoit avec l'enfant, ramassant du bois sur la grève. Il dit: "Venez chez vous avec l'enfant. Je veux vous voir." Rendu à la maison, il dit au vieux et sa vieille: "C'est mon enfant que je suis venu chercher." — "Non! c'est l'enfant que Dieu m'a envoyé du ciel, s'écrie la vieille; il m'appartient. Je

l'avais si longtemps désiré! vous n'êtes pas pour nous enlever l'enfant qui aura soin de nous sur nos vieux jours." Touché de leurs larmes et de leur affection pour son enfant, le prince leur dit: "Vous n'aurez jamais de misère; je vous emmène avec moi." — "C'est impossible de quitter la maison paternelle. Avec notre enfant, ici, c'est le bonheur." — "Parole de prince! il vous faut me remettre mon enfant et me suivre tous les deux." Il ajoute: "N'oubliez pas d'apporter les langes et la corbeille d'or. Quant au reste, laissez-le; c'est inutile! Au château, je vous donnerai tout, à souhait."

Apportant la corbeille, les langes et la serviette, sur lesquels le nom de la princesse était marqué, le vieux, sa femme et son enfant montent sur le bateau, et bientôt arrivent au château, où on les conduit à leur chambre. Quant au prince, il fait venir sa princesse qui, voyant l'enfant, s'écrie: "Ah! mon enfant, je l'ai reconnu!" Et elle perd connaissance. Il n'y avait plus de doute pour le prince. La vieille garde-malade reconnaît l'enfant en l'apercevant. "C'est-*i* bien mon enfant, celui que vous avez jeté sur la grève?" demande le prince. Elle reste immobile, incapable de parler. "C'est-*i* bien mon enfant?" répète le prince. "Ce n'est pas lui. Votre enfant n'était pas une beauté: un singe!"

Le prince ordonne qu'on emmène les prisonnières, ses belles-sœurs. A son ordre, un domestique va chercher la corbeille d'or et les langes. Mais le vieux refuse de les lui remettre. "Qui sait? pense-t-il; il va peut-être les voler!" Et il les porte lui-même. A la vue de la corbeille, les belles-sœurs restent immobiles, pas même capables de remuer un doigt. Le prince s'aperçoit bien qu'elles sont des menteuses et des méchantes. Quand elles sont un peu remises, on leur montre la corbeille d'or, la serviette et les langes où se trouvent les marques du prince et de la princesse. L'enfant vient de lui-même. Au cou de l'enfant pend le médaillon qu'y a mis sa mère pour que le bon Dieu le préserve, et l'empêche de se noyer. Là, le prince demande au vieux: "A quel quantième l'avez-vous trouvé?" — "Le vingt d'août, en me ramassant du bois sur la grève, j'ai aperçu quelque chose luisant au soleil, comme un diamant. Je me suis approché, dans ma barque, et j'ai trouvé ce bel enfant dans la corbeille d'or. Moi et ma vieille, nous avions tant demandé au bon Dieu de nous envoyer un enfant pour avoir soin de nous sur nos vieux jours, que, pour ma vieille, il est un cadeau du bon Dieu lui-même. Nous en avons eu soin, c'est notre enfant. Tout ce qui est possible, nous l'avons fait pour lui."

Le prince *tumbe* en fureur. Un si bel enfant, et ses belles-sœurs l'avaient dit un monstre! "Allez les écarteler au plus vite, devant mon château!" ordonne-t-il à ses domestiques. Elles sont bien vite écartelées, deux chevaux aux bras et deux aux jambes.

Le prince, la princesse et leur enfant, le vieux et sa vieille entrèrent au château où ils demeurèrent ensemble, dans le bonheur. Et moi, ils m'ont renvoyée ici avec pas un sou.

28. JEAN-PARLE.¹

Une fois, c'était une veuve qui avait trois filles, Charlotte, Javotte, et la plus jeune, Finette. Elles gagnaient leur vie en filant de la laine pour les *habitants*.

Un homme bien mis, un jour, arrive chez elles et s'introduit sous le nom de Jean-Parle. "Madame, je cherche une servante." La veuve répond: "Cher monsieur, *on* ne vous connaît pas; mes filles n'ont jamais *sorti*; je ne puis pas. . ." — "Vous n'avez rien à craindre, Madame; je suis le seigneur du pays voisin." — "Quand même vous êtes seigneur, *on* ne connaît pas les gens du pays voisin." — "Si vous craignez, vous pouvez vous informer du curé ou de l'évêque de la place,² qui me connaissent bien." Prenant la parole, Charlotte dit: "Maman, il ne peut toujours pas me manger. Je vas y aller pour un mois." La fille *embarque* donc en voiture et s'en va avec Jean-Parle. Arrivant chez lui, Jean-Parle dit à Charlotte: "Tu vas être la maîtresse de ce palais."

Quelques jours après, il lui remet toutes les clefs de sa maison: "Voici les clefs; tu peux tout visiter. Mais je te fais bien défense d'entrer dans la chambre dont voici la clef. Si tu y vas, il t'arrivera malheur." — "Ne craignez pas, monsieur." En partant, Jean-Parle dit: "Je pars pour huit jours. Je t'ai donné une servante pour t'aider à faire le ménage. Souviens-toi, je te fais défense d'aller dans cette chambre."

Charlotte, ayant visité toutes les chambres, se demande bientôt: "Que peut-il bien y avoir dans cette chambre, et pourquoi m'a-t-il défendu d'y aller?" A la servante elle dit: "Aujourd'hui, nous y allons voir." Prenant la clef, elle *débarre* la porte, l'ouvre et aperçoit une trappe, une bûche et une hache, toutes graissées³ de sang. Ouvre la trappe, et *ce qu'elle voit*? Des corps de femmes, la tête tranchée, dans la cave. "Mon Dieu! pour le coup, je vais y aller moi aussi. Voilà bien pourquoi il m'a tant défendu d'entrer ici!" Fermant la porte, elle tire la clef de la serrure, et la trouve toute rouge de sang. Frotte la clef pour l'éclaircir et la remettre à sa nature, mais ça ne veut pas revenir. Elle en reste toute triste.

Après quelques jours, Jean-Parle arrive: "Bonjour, ma servante." — "Bonjour, monsieur." — "Vous êtes-vous ennuyée?" — "Certai-

¹ Récité par Narcisse Thiboutot, en juillet, 1915, à Sainte-Anne de la Poca-tière, Kamouraska. Il apprit ce conte de feu Charles Franceur, il y a à peu près six ans.

² I.e., de l'endroit.

³ I.e., souillées.

nement, monsieur Jean-Parle.” — “Mais, vous n’avez donc pas visité le château et fait le tour des chambres, qui sont toutes remplies de meubles nouveaux?”¹ Elle répond: “Oui, j’ai visité tout le château, tous les appartements.” — “Tu as visité tous les appartements?” — “Oui.” — “Va me chercher les clefs pour que je voie.” S’en allant chercher le trousseau de clefs, elle en détache celle qui est tachée de sang, et remet les autres à son maître. “La clef de la porte défendue, où est-elle?”² — “Je l’ai oubliée; elle est en haut.” Elle va la chercher et la lui donne. “Ah! il dit, ma malheureuse, tu y es allée! Eh bien, tu vas y retourner pour rester.” Elle se jette à ses genoux et dit: “Je ne veux pas, Jean-Parle.” — “Veux, *veux pas!* Tu as ouvert cette porte; et, *ast’heure* que tu sais ce qu’il y a là, tu vas y aller.” La poussant dans la chambre défendue, il lui met la tête sur le billot et la lui tranche d’un coup de hache.

Quelque temps après, Jean-Parle retourne chez la veuve, habillé en prêtre, dit à la veuve: “Je ne pourrais pas avoir une servante, *icite*?” — “Monsieur, de servante, *icite*, vous n’en aurez point.” Et elle ajoute: “La plus âgée de mes filles, Charlotte, est partie comme ça, et on n’en a pas encore eu de nouvelles.” — “Mais, Madame, vous me parlez bien sévèrement, à moi qui suis³ prêtre. Il n’y a pourtant pas de danger que je la mange, votre fille.” La veuve répond: “Vous, vous êtes prêtre; l’autre était seigneur d’un pays.” Prenant la parole, Finette dit: “Maman, laisse donc Javotte s’engager.⁴ C’est un curé, il ne la mangera toujours pas!” La mère répond: “Mais, Finette, nous resterons seules à faire tout l’ouvrage. Tu sais bien, tout le filage qu’il y a à faire.” — “Ça ne fait rien, maman; nous ferons ce que nous pourrons et le reste attendra.” Le prêtre dit à Javotte: “*Embarquez* avec moi, et au bout d’un mois, je vous ramènerai voir votre mère.” Et ils s’en vont ensemble.

En arrivant chez lui, Jean dit à Javotte: “Tu vas être la maîtresse du château. Si tu veux, tu seras heureuse avec moi. Mais, si tu ne veux pas, tu seras aussi mal.” — “Je vas tâcher de vouloir, monsieur.” — “Voici toutes les clefs du château, et celle-ci est la clef de la porte que voilà. Avec cette clef je te donne la boule d’or. Mais je te défends d’ouvrir cette porte.” — “S’il n’y a rien que ça à faire pour vous plaire, ne craignez pas; c’est bien aisé!”

Un bon matin, Jean-Parle dit: “Je pars pour un mois. Je vas te donner une servante pour t’aider. Visite tout le château si tu veux; mais je te défends bien d’ouvrir cette porte.” — “Ne craignez pas, monsieur Jean-Parle.”

¹ Ici le conteur dit *nouveaux* plutôt qu’*anciens*, parce que, dans son esprit, l’opposition se faisait évidemment entre *nouveaux* et *vieux* (sans valeur).

² Thiboutot disait: *où ce qu’elle est ?*

³ Thiboutot disait: *à moi qui est prêtre.*

⁴ Ici dans le sens particulier de *devenir servante*, ou devenir une *engagée*, comme les servantes sont ici désignées.

Quand ça fait une quinzaine de jours qu'il est parti, Javotte dit à sa servante: "Pour quelle raison n'irions-nous pas voir cette chambre-là? Allons-y!" Prend la clef, *débarre* la porte, l'ouvre et aperçoit la robe de sa sœur pendue à l'*accrachat*.¹ "Mon Dieu! Elle a été tuée *icite*. C'est bien pour le coup que je vas aller à la même place. Rouvrant la trappe, elle voit sa sœur, la tête coupée, sur un amas de cadavres. Ferme la trappe, sort de la chambre et *barre* la porte. Quand elle tire la clef de la serrure, elle la voit toute rouillée. "Pour le coup, ma servante, nous sommes déclarées. Regarde la clef: elle est rouillée." La servante répond: "Allons la frotter; ça va peut-être partir." Frotte, frotte la clef toute la journée. Plus elles frottent et plus la clef rouille. Javotte s'en va voir sa pomme d'or; la pomme d'or est toute tachée de sang. "Ma servante, je pense bien que la fin de nos jours est proche. *Mé qu'il*² arrive et demande la clef et la pomme d'or, tout va se déclarer!"

Au bout du mois, Jean-Parle arrive, demande à sa servante si elle a visité le château. "Oui, monsieur Jean-Parle; j'ai tout visité." — "Tu n'es pas allée dans la chambre défendue?" — "Non, c'est la seule place où je ne suis pas allée." — "Va me chercher les clefs et la pomme d'or que je t'ai données." Elle apporte le trousseau de clefs. "La clef de la porte de cette chambre et la pomme d'or?" — "Vous n'en avez toujours pas besoin à³ soir." — "Va la chercher tout de suite." Elle va chercher la clef et la pomme d'or, et les lui donne. "Tu voulais savoir où était ta sœur? Tu vas aller la rejoindre. Je te donne un quart d'heure pour demander à Dieu pardon de tes fautes." Le quart d'heure fini, Jean-Parle l'emmène à la chambre défendue, lui place la tête sur le billot, et la lui tranche d'un coup de hache.

Quelque temps passe, et Jean-Parle, ayant volé les *habillements* de l'évêque de la place, se déguise en évêque et s'en va encore chez la veuve. "Madame, pouvez-vous m'enseigner le chemin pour aller à Rome?" Elle répond: "Monseigneur, vous qui êtes évêque devez connaître le chemin de Rome bien mieux que moi. Je ne suis qu'une pauvre veuve sans instruction." — "Oui, mais sans être instruite, vous pouvez toujours bien m'enseigner le chemin le plus court pour aller à Rome. C'est un voyage *pressé* que j'ai à faire." — "Eh bien! prenez la première route à droite; suivez-la jusqu'au premier chemin de travers, où vous passerez tout *dret*. Rendu à la deuxième route, vous trouverez le grand chemin qui conduit à Paris. Et là, vous prendrez information." — "Oui, madame, c'est bien dit. Mais envoyez⁴ votre fille quelques minutes me montrer la deuxième route." — "Ma fille n'est pas *pour embarquer* avec vous. L'autre fois, un curé est venu engager Javotte, ma fille, et depuis nous n'en avons ni⁵ vent ni

¹ I.e., *crochet*.

² I.e., *sitôt que ou quand il arrivera*.

³ Pour *ce soir*.

nouvelles.” — “Oui, mais si vous n’en recevez pas de nouvelles, pensez-vous que je suis pour vous voler votre fille ?” En disant : “Maman, je vas lui montrer le chemin, un *boute*,” Finette *embarque* et va le reconduire. Voilà monseigneur qui roule fort,¹ sans vouloir arrêter et laisser *débarquer* Finette. “Je ne suis pas un évêque, dit-il; mon nom est Jean-Parle, et c’est moi qui suis venu chercher tes deux sœurs, Charlotte et Javotte. Tu t’appelles Finette? On va voir si tu es aussi fine que ton nom.” En arrivant au château: “Tiens, ma petite Finette, si tu es fine, tu seras *ben icite*.” Il lui remet les clefs du château et lui donne des servantes au besoin.

Quelque temps après, il dit: “*Cou’don!* ma petite Finette, tu es bien fine,² mais j’aurais un voyage à faire, qui durera quinze jours.” — “Oui, monsieur Jean-Parle, vous pouvez faire votre voyage. Avec mes servantes tout ici se fera comme de coutume.” En partant il lui dit: “Pendant ces quinze jours, tu visiteras toutes les chambres du château, une par une, mais je ne veux pas que tu mettes les pieds dans cette chambre-ci, ni toi, ni les servantes. Et garde bien les clefs.” — “Ah, monsieur Jean-Parle, s’il n’y a que ça à faire, vous pouvez partir sans crainte.” — “Prends garde à toi, Finette! Si tu veux être bien ici, tu fais mieux de ne pas y aller voir.”

Une dizaine de jours passent, et Finette a visité toutes les chambres du château. La seule qui reste, c’est la chambre que Jean-Parle a défendu d’ouvrir. Un bon matin, Finette prend la clef, la plus brillante de toutes, la regarde bien, *débarre* la porte défendue et aperçoit les robes de ses sœurs, accrochées au mur. “Comment! c’est ici que mes sœurs ont été tuées?” Ouvrant la trappe, elle voit ses deux sœurs mortes. “Il faut bien qu’il soit sorcier, ce Jean-Parle!” se dit-elle. Elle ferme la trappe, sort et arrache la clef de la serrure. La clef est toute rouillée! Finette pense: “Arrête un peu, toi! Si tu es sorcier, tu vas voir qui est le plus fin.” Prenant la clef, elle s’en va la saucer dans le sang où baignent ses sœurs, et la met à la serrure. Puis ayant recollé la tête de Charlotte à son corps, et celle de Javotte au sien, elle sort de là. Arrache la clef de la serrure et la retrouve aussi brillante que quand elle l’a reçue. A ses servantes elle dit: “Jean-Parle revient dans deux jours. Je me dirai bien malade. Défendez-lui de venir me voir. Qu’il prenne le premier coffre, ici, dans le passage, et aille le porter chez ma mère. C’est du *butin*³ que j’envoie au lavage.”⁴ Mais ce qu’il y a dans le coffre, c’est le corps de Charlotte et une lettre adressée au curé de la paroisse, lui demandant de ramasser les gens de justice pour punir le sorcier.

En entrant, Jean-Parle demande: “*Yous*⁵ qu’est ma petite Finette?” — “Ah, monsieur Jean-Parle! votre petite Finette est bien malade.

¹ I. e., *va vite*.

² Dans le sens de: bien que j’apprécie tes charmes, j’ai à m’absenter.

³ I. e., *du linge*.

⁴ *Au blanchissage*.

⁵ Pour où *est-ce qu’est*.

Elle ne peut pas vous voir avant que vous ayez porté à sa mère ce coffre de *butin* pour le lavage.” Il n’est pas sitôt parti que Finette dit à ses servantes: “Quand il arrivera, envoyez-lui porter ce deuxième coffre aussi vite qu’il le pourra.” Dans ce coffre elle met le corps de Javotte, afin qu’on l’enterre.

Voilà Jean-Parle qui revient: “Où est ma petite Finette? Elle n’est pas encore *deboute*?”¹—“Non, monsieur; Finette est bien malade et ne peut vous voir. Elle vous demande de porter ce deuxième coffre à sa mère, et de ne pas tarder à revenir chercher le troisième, de peur qu’elle ne meure avant votre retour.” Jean-Parle prend le coffre et le porte aussi vite qu’il le peut. Pendant ce temps, Finette bourre sa jupe et sa jaquette, et les couche dans son lit, à sa place ordinaire. “Mes servantes, vous lui direz qu’il vienne me voir à la porte de ma chambre, mais sans me parler, car autrement, j’en mourrais. Et qu’il aille vite porter le troisième coffre à ma mère, sans arrêter en chemin. S’il arrêta, il lui arriverait malheur.” Après quoi, Finette se place elle-même dans le coffre, avec tout l’argent et l’or qu’elle a trouvés au château.

Jean-Parle encore une fois prend le coffre, le pose sur son dos et se met en route. Quand il a un mille de fait, il pense: “Mais il est bien pesant, ce coffre-ci!” Le posant à terre, il va l’ouvrir pour voir ce qu’il contient. Mais une voix lui dit: “Dépêche-toi, Finette se meurt.” Reprenant le coffre, il se le remet sur l’épaule. *Quand on pense!*² cette *pau’pîte*³ Finette! Je l’entends crier d’ici. Je vas me dépêcher à aller à son secours.” Un mille plus loin, il met encore le coffre à terre, en disant: “Mais, ce coffre-là pèse *effrayant*!” Finette lui lâche un cri: “Dépêche-toi, Finette se meurt.” *Pognant* le coffre, il se rend en courant chez la veuve, et lui dit: “Il faut que je m’en retourne vite; Finette est mourante.” — “Oui? mais reposez-vous quelques minutes. Le souper est prêt, et il commence à être tard.” — “Grand’mère, je n’ai pas le temps. En m’en revenant, elle m’a crié deux fois: ‘Dépêche-toi, Finette se meurt!’” Mais, pendant ce temps, les hommes de justice, l’huissier et la police arrivent, saisissent Jean-Parle, et lui font justice sur un billot, avec une hache.

Quant à Finette? Elle a hérité du château et de la fortune de Jean-Parle. Et moi, elle a voulu m’engager pour que je reste au château. Mais je n’ai pas voulu. Qui sait? Ce Jean-Parle, étant sorcier, reviendrait peut-être! J’ai aimé mieux rester ici pour vous en raconter l’histoire.

¹ Pour *debout*, i.e., rétablie.

² Dans le sens de *n’est-ce pas curieux!*

³ Pour *pauvre petite*.

29. L'EAU DE LA FONTAINE DE PARIS.¹

Il est bon de vous dire qu'une fois c'était un homme et sa femme. Pendant que l'homme, tous les jours, allait bûcher, le prince venait causer avec sa femme. Un bon jour, le bûcheron dit: "J'aime bien sa visite, mais pas si souvent que ça. Tu peux lui dire qu'il ferait mieux de rester chez lui."

Le mari parti pour la forêt, le prince arrive comme d'habitude. Son amie lui dit: "Mon mari déclare qu'il aime bien votre visite, mais pas si souvent; et que vous êtes aussi bien de ne plus revenir." Elle ajoute: "Comment faire pour s'en débarrasser pendant quelques jours?" Le prince suggère: "Quand vous le verrez venir, criez du mal de dents. Il vous demandera: 'Faut-il le docteur?'"² Répondez: 'Non! il me faut de l'eau de la fontaine de Paris; sans cela mon mal de dents ne se passera pas.' " *Comme de fait*,³ voyant venir son mari, elle se met au lit et crie du mal de dents. "Qu'as-tu, pauvre femme?" demande son mari, en entrant. "Ne m'en parle pas! J'ai-t un mal de dents. Depuis ton départ, je n'ai cessé de crier de douleur." — "Veux-tu que j'aille chercher le médecin?" — "Non! les médecins ne peuvent rien y faire. Il me faut de l'eau de la fontaine de Paris. Sans ça, mon mal ne se passera pas." — "Pauvre femme! Pendant que j'irai jusqu'à Paris, tu auras bien le temps de mourir vingt-cinq fois." — "Non! sans l'eau de la fontaine de Paris, mon mal ne se passera jamais!"

Le bûcheron est si bon pour sa femme qu'il ne peut rien lui refuser. Il se *grève* donc et part pour Paris. Sitôt le mari parti, le prince arrive, et on prépare un gros souper.

Le long du chemin, le mari rencontre un vieux cocassier,⁴ qui lui dit: "Bonjour, mon ami!" — "Bonjour, monsieur!" — "*Vous que*"⁵ vous allez? Vous avez l'air bien en peine et fatigué." — "Ne m'en parlez pas! Ma femme a(-t) un mal de dents qui ne peut guérir sans l'eau de la fontaine de Paris." Le vieux cocassier dit: "*Tet, tet, tet!*"⁶ votre femme n'a pas plus mal aux dents que moi." — "Je ne crois pas que ma femme soit assez méchante pour m'envoyer à Paris pour rien." Le vieux reprend: "Eh bien! *embarquez* dans mon panier. S'il lui faut de l'eau de la fontaine de Paris, moi, j'en ai." Le mari, dans le panier, est rapporté à sa maison par le vieux cocassier, qui frappe à la porte, pan, pan, pan! et demande à loger. La femme répond en

¹ Raconté par Mme Prudent Sioui, de Lorette, en août, 1914. Mme Sioui apprit ce conte de sa mère, Marie Michaud (Picard).

² I.e., *médecin*.

³ I.e., *en réalité, de fait*.

⁴ Mot dont la signification est inconnue, au Canada. En France, il signifie "commerçant de poules." Mme Sioui prononçait *cocassier*.

⁵ Pour *où est-ce que*.

⁶ Négation emphatique.

tempêtant: "On ne peut jamais avoir la paix, ici. Il faut toujours quelqu'un pour nous ennuyer!" Le prince est si charitable qu'il lui dit: "Laissez-le donc entrer! C'est un vieux qui vient peut-être de loin, bien fatigué. Il ne nous dérangera toujours pas beaucoup, si nous le laissons à la cuisine." La femme dit à sa servante: "Fais-le entrer et s'asseoir dans la cuisine." Le cocassier entre avec son panier et s'assoit près du poêle, dans la cuisine.

En se mettant à table, le prince dit à la femme: "Pauvre vieux! il a l'air de venir de loin, et il y a peut-être longtemps qu'il n'a pas mangé. Faites-le donc entrer et souper avec nous." La servante va dire au cocassier: "Entrez et venez souper avec nous." — "Je ne refuse pas, madame; ça fait longtemps que je n'ai pas mangé. Mais j'aimerais bien à avoir mon panier près de moi." A sa maîtresse la servante va dire: "Le vieux voudrait apporter avec lui son panier, où il se trouve quelque chose de précieux." — "Son panier, son panier! dit la femme; il pourrait toujours bien entrer sans son panier!" Mais le prince, toujours *compassieux*,¹ répond: "Laissez-lui donc apporter son panier. Il le mettra sous le lit. Ça ne vous embarrassera toujours pas." La servante retourne à la cuisine: "Eh bien! apportez-le donc, votre panier!" Avec son panier, le cocassier entre, se met à table et soupe.

Dans l'ancien temps, c'était l'habitude de chanter après souper. Le prince dit à la dame: "Chantez-nous donc une petite chanson." — "Non, mon prince! c'est bien à vous à commencer." Le prince commence:

" C'est une jeune dame à l'abandon,
Un beau pâté à trois pigeons (*bis*),
Kyrie christi,
Un beau pâté à trois pigeons,
Qui riait,
Kyrie eleison ! "

"C'est bien chanté!" dit la dame. Le prince réclame: "C'est votre tour." Mais elle répond: "Demandez au cocassier; ça convient, vu qu'il est plus vieux que moi." — "Non! dit le cocassier, c'est le tour de la dame de la maison." Elle commence donc:

" Mon mari est allé(-z) à Paris;
Il n'est pas *paré*² d'en revenir (*bis*),
Kyrie christi,
Il n'est pas *paré* d'en revenir
A sa maison,
Kyrie eleison."

¹ I.e., rempli de compassion.

² I.e., près.

"C'est bien chanté! c'est bien chanté!" disent les autres. A présent, on demande à la servante sa chanson. La servante répond: "Non! ça conviendrait mieux au vieux qu'à moi." — "Voulez-vous chanter une petite chanson?" demande le prince au cocassier. "Pour ne pas vous désobliger, répond-il, je vas vous en chanter une:

" Dans mon chemin, je l'ai rencontré;
Je l'ai fait mettre dans mon panier (*bis*),
Kyrie christi.
Mon panier est dessous le lit,
Dans la maison,
Kyrie eleison! "

"Ça, c'est bien chanté!" disent les autres. Le prince dit aussi la même chose: "Bien chanté!" mais il n'aime pas la chanson. "Le mari est peut-être dans le panier?" pense-t-il.

"*Ast'heure*, vous allez chanter, la servante!" Elle répond: "Je ne sais guère comment chanter; mais pour ne pas vous désobliger, prince, *m'as*¹ chanter:

" J'entends le cocassier qui dit
Que mon maître est dans son panier (*bis*),
Kyrie christi;
Qui dit que mon maître est dans son panier,
Dessous le lit,
Kyrie eleison."

Le cocassier demande: "Mon prince! voulez-vous que je fasse chanter mon panier?" La dame dit: "Vous voyez *ben* que c'est un *sapré* fou; faire chanter son panier? *Voir si* un panier chante!" Assez curieux et aimant tout entendre, le prince dit: "Laissez-le donc chanter. Peut-être a-t-il quelque chose qui chante, dans son panier." — "Mon vieux, faites-le donc chanter, le panier." Le cocassier va dessous le lit chercher son panier, le met dans le milieu de la place,² et lui *fou* un coup de pied en disant: "Chante, panier!" Voilà *ben* le panier qui commence à chanter:

" J'étais à Paris et j'en suis revenu;
*T'*as été malade, mais tu *l'es pu*.³
Tu sortiras de ma maison.
Kyrie christi;
Tu sortiras de ma maison
A coups d'*bâton*,
Kyrie eleison."

Je vous dis que le prince sortit de la maison! Il paraît que, depuis, il n'a jamais eu l'idée d'y retourner.

¹ I.e., *je m'en vais*.

² I.e., *au milieu de la salle ou chambre*.

³ Pour "*tu as été malade, mais tu ne l'es plus.*"

FACÉTIES.

30. LE CONTE DE MONSIEUR MICHEL MORIN.¹

Un jour, c'est un monsieur Michel Morin. Il dit à son voisin: "Je m'en vas à la chasse, dans la forêt." Rendu en un certain bois, monsieur Michel Morin aperçoit un lièvre. Il prend son *bouchon*, *joupon*,² le tue. Voyez comme il avait de l'amour pour son prochain!³ Il prend son gibier, le *pleume*, et le mange. De la peau, il se fait un capot, des bottes et une *tuque*.⁴ Vous voyez que monsieur Michel Morin avait de l'amour pour son prochain. De là il s'en retourne.

Le long du chemin, il aperçoit un de ses amis examinant une vieille croix de pierre. Son ami lui dit: "Monsieur Michel Morin, regarde! Dans le haut de la croix de pierre, il y a un *nic*⁵ de pies." Monsieur Michel Morin gage qu'il est capable de dénicher les pies. Rendu dans le haut de la croix de pierre, Monsieur Michel Morin tombe *aut'en'bas*⁶ et se casse les reins. "Et vite, et vite! dit-il; portez-moi à ma propriété, que je fasse mon testament!" On le transporte donc au milieu de sa femme et de ses enfants. Monsieur Michel Morin dit à sa femme: "Et vite, et vite! au notaire,⁷ que je fasse mes dons!" "Monsieur Michel Morin! [dit sa femme,] pourquoi veux-tu le notaire: nous n'avons rien." Il réplique: "Et vite, et vite, au notaire!" L'on va chercher le notaire, car monsieur Michel Morin est sur son lit de mort.⁸

Sitôt le notaire arrivé: "Qu'avez-vous donc, monsieur Michel Morin?" — "Approchez ici! [répond-il.] *Toi*, ma femme, je te donne trois arpents de terre. Ecrivez, notaire!" — "Où vais-je les prendre, les trois arpents de terre?" [demande sa femme.] Monsieur Michel Morin reprend: "... Trois arpents de terre. Ecrivez, notaire!" Son petit-fils Colin [demande]: "Moi, monsieur Michel Morin?" — "*Toi*, mon petit-fils Colin, je te donne la plus belle fille du village, à prendre quand tu voudras, ou quand tu pourras. Ecrivez, notaire!" A sa servante qui approche en disant: "Moi, monsieur Michel Morin, est-ce que je n'aurai donc rien?" Il répond: "Approche, *mes grosses*

¹ Récité en août, 1914, à la Jeune Lorette, par Prudent Sioui, qui l'avait appris par cœur, de son père.

² Mots rythmiques, sans signification précise.

³ Ironie.

⁴ *Tuque* (de *teugue*, terme marin), nom populaire d'une coiffure ronde, ordinairement faite de laine, et surmontée d'un pompom ou d'un gland, que portaient les anciens Canadiens.

⁵ Pour *nid*.

⁶ Pour *de haut en bas*.

⁷ Pour *allez au notaire* ou *allez chercher le notaire*.

⁸ Sioui dit: "sur le lit de la mort."

glôdines,¹ mes gros sabots!² A toi qui a été bonne servante, je donne ma petite chaudière à l'eau bouillante, avec un bon bouillon qui ne te figera pas sur le cœur, pour un an et un carême." A son petit Pierrot (il dit): "Approche!" — "Moi, monsieur Michel Morin, est-ce que je n'aurai donc rien?" — "Oh! oui, dit monsieur Michel Morin; approche, mon petit Pierrot! tu as été bon serviteur; je te donne ma serpe à fagots. Ecrivez, notaire! Garde-toi de faire des fagots de feuilles, de feuillages et de *feuilletts*,³ mais fais toujours des fagots de conscience,⁴ et tu passeras pour le meilleur *fagotier* de France."

"Et là! Monsieur Michel Morin, avez-vous fait tous vos dons?" Monsieur Michel Morin, sur son lit de mort, fait des rêveries et des *rêveras*⁵ et toutes sortes de grimaces, pensant de vaincre la Mort. Mais la Mort [s'est moqué]⁶ de lui et lui a coupé le fil de la vie, avec tous ses rêveries et *rêveras*. Monsieur Michel Morin avait la bouche carrée et le bout du nez rond, et le diable l'a emporté.

31. MICHEL MORIN.⁷

(Titre)⁸ ÉLOGE FUNÈBRE DE MICHEL MORIN, BEDEAU
DE L'ÉGLISE DE BEAUSÉJOUR.⁹

(Epitaphe) *Mortuus est*¹⁰ *beatus* Gaspard Jean, docteur de la commune, qui contemplait un jour¹¹ sur la mort des légumes et des *beatus*, armé de fourches et d'*artibus*.¹²

¹ Pour *ma grosse Claudine*.

² Des noms d'amitié.

³ Le dernier de ces mots est dénué de sens; il est employé pour produire une sorte de cadence comique.

⁴ C'est-à-dire, où l'acheteur trouve son compte.

⁵ Mots ajoutés pour la cadence et l'effet.

⁶ Sioui dit: "La mort s'est rassemblée de lui," probablement par erreur, peut-être pour "s'est rassemblée autour de lui."

⁷ Trois versions de ce conte héroï-comique, toutes issues de la même source, ont été recueillies. La première provient de l'abbé François Têtu, du collège de Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière; la seconde, de l'abbé J.-P. Grondin, de Saint-Germain, Kamouraska; et la troisième, de l'abbé J.-E.-B. LeVasseur, curé de l'église de Saint-Jean-Baptiste, de Ashkum, Illinois. Tandis que la version de M. Têtu — la plus brève de toutes — a été recueillie à la sténographie, celles de MM. Grondin et LeVasseur ont été obtenues sous forme de manuscrits. Nous avons généralement reproduit ici la plus complète de ces versions, celle de M. LeVasseur, en y ajoutant les différences en notes.

Ce conte a d'abord été appris, il y a probablement plus de quarante ans, dans les chantiers de Saint-Pacôme, Kamouraska, P. Q., par une personne qui l'a transmis à M. LeVasseur, alors adolescent. M. LeVasseur, à son tour, le répétait souvent, il y a trente-cinq ans environ, à ses confrères, au collège.

On remarquera que ce conte est, surtout vers la fin, rimé. Les quantités rythmiques ou bien n'ont jamais été plus régulières, ou se sont modifiées au cours de nombreux oublis et transmissions.

⁸ Les mots entre parenthèses n'ont pas été donnés par les conteurs.

⁹ Les noms de localités, ici et dans la suite, ne sont pas canadiens. Il y a un Beauséjour, en Champagne (France).

¹⁰ M. Têtu dit: "Ci-gît Gaspard Béatus Jean."

¹¹ Les versions de MM. LeVasseur et Grondin ont ceci: "...qui contemplaient tous deux..." Le sens de cette phrase n'a pas de rapport avec le contexte.

¹² Ici, ces mots dénués de sens ont évidemment pour but de produire une cadence comique.

(Eloge).....¹

Un jour, Michel Morin, occupait la place *officielle* de la paroisse, c'est-à-dire le banc de l'œuvre. Il s'aperçut que les moineaux faisaient leurs nids dans la voûte de l'église. Il se leva bien doucement, prit une perche à abattre les fils d'araignées, et *palati, palata, vadadi, vadada*, les mit tous hors de l'église. Ah! voyez toutes ces bêtes, excepté le prêtre, avec toutes ces gueules enfarinées,² sans compter le curé qui prêchait!³ Sans moi, nous n'entendions ni messe, ni sermon.

Un jour, étant assis à sa fenêtre, Michel Morin vit le petit-fils de Jacquelin et son voisin qui se battaient tous deux pour des prunes.⁴ Il se leva, s'approcha, leur mit la main sur le collet, donna une tape à l'un, un soufflet à l'autre, et les sépara bien promptement. Voyez comme Michel Morin avait bon cœur pour son prochain, de voir⁵ ces deux fripons qui s'arrachaient la *crigne*⁶ de toutes leurs forces.

Un jour, Michel Morin se promenant le long du clos de Jean Michaud, aperçut un lièvre. Il le prit, le tua, le *pleuma* et le mangea. Excellent homme, Michel Morin! C'est *l'omnis homo*..., l'homme à tout faire, puisqu'il a pris son lièvre, l'a tué, l'a *pleumé* et l'a mangé.

Un jour, Michel Morin, invita à dîner quatre de ses bons amis et moi, *qui*⁷ faisait cinq. Je ne me souviens pas si c'était un vendredi ou un samedi, la veille d'une fête ou d'un dimanche; *toujours que*⁸ c'était un jour maigre. Michel Morin n'avait rien pour recevoir son monde. Il courut alors à la rivière, se dépouilla de ses vêtements et se jeta à la nage. Nous le crûmes noyé; mais point du tout! Il revint avec deux brochets aussi longs que d'ici à demain, éventra l'un de ses deux brochets, passant son coutelas sur le pavé, *britchte, brètchte, vritchte, vrètchte*, en fit une matelote⁹ *qu'on*¹⁰ se *délichait*¹¹ les quatre doigts et le pouce. Après que nous eûmes bien mangé, il fallut chacun raconter son histoire. Michel Morin s'y prit en ces termes, *dit-il* : Je me meurs,

¹ Une strophe ici n'a pu être reconstituée qu'imparfaitement (manuscrits LeVasseur et Grondin): "A chaque endroit où je *puisse* passer, d'un coup de pistolet je lui ferais sauter la cervelle. 'Ah! Ah! dit la grand'mère, s'il avait étudié en classes, ce serait le plus savant des hommes, s'il en eût été capable.'"

² *Gueule enfarinée*, expression peu usitée, au Canada.

³ M. Têtu disait: "...les mit tous hors de l'église, toutes les bêtes, sans compter le prêtre."

⁴ M. Têtu dit: "Michel Morin voit les enfants du voisin qui se battent pour un panier de prunes." Dans la suite, il admit la version de M. LeVasseur authentique.

⁵ Probablement dans le sens de *il fallait voir*.

⁶ *La crinière*.

⁷ *Ce qui*.

⁸ I.e., *ce qui est certain, c'est que*.

⁹ Le conteur entendu par M. LeVasseur disait: "*une matela*..."

¹⁰ Messieurs Têtu et Grondin disent: "Un ragoût à s'en *délicher* les quatre doigts et le pouce."

¹¹ *Léchal*.

moi qui avais un si bel âne, d'une si bonne race, dont la mâchoire du cousin germain avait servi à tuer Caïn.

La blanchisseuse, un jour, voulant porter le linge à la grenouillère,¹ me dit: "Compère!"

—"Mais qu'est-ce qu'il y a done, commère?"

—"Il y a bien loin de chez la blanchisseuse à la grenouillère.

Si nous attelions le bel âne à la charrette,

Ce serait bien plus tôt faite."

Je lui dis: "En effet, prenez-le."

Elle le prit donc, le bel âne, et l'attela à la charrette.

Mais en passant par le *fôssette*² Albee,

Le bel âne s'est enfoncé depuis la queue jusqu'au bec.

Elle me dit: "Compère!"³

—"Mais qu'est-ce qu'il y a done, commère?"

—"Votre bel âne, il est mort!"

—"Ah! pleurez mes yeux, pleurez sans cesse! Versez autant de larmes qu'il y a d'eau dans la rivière!"

On a tant versé de larmes que le bel âne⁴

Se rendit au royaume des *Taux*⁵

Pour le tirer de là, pour lui ôter ses sabots,

Pour le porter en terre, pour le porter sur l'île Macrèle,

Il nous faut

Jacquelin, Jacqueline, Couleuvrine et ses petits.

On a eu pour tout héritage..

La viande! Les chiens en ont fait leur partage.

Un jour, Michel Morin vit des corneilles qui avaient leur nid dans le haut d'un sapin.⁶

Il gagea une pinte de *whiskey* avec son voisin.

"Gageons, dit-il à son ami,

Gageons une bouteille de *whiskey*

Que je puis dénicher les pies."

Il y alla, mais, par malheur, monta sans échelle.

Arrivé au haut du sapin, il s'écria: "Victoire!

Mon voisin! nous allons la boire!"

Il se mit à descendre. Une branche cassa, et il dégringola de branche en branche.

Il tomba et se *cassit* les reins.⁷

¹ M. Grondin écrit ici "*Carnouillère*," nom propre.

² *Fossé*.

³ M. LeVasseur remarque en note que les expressions *compère*, *commère*, ne sont pas couramment usitées ici dans ce sens, mais bien en Normandie.

⁴ M. Grondin écrit: "Versez autant d'eau qu'il y en a dans la rivière; et ils en versèrent tellement que l'âme de notre bel âne se rendit..."

⁵ M. LeVasseur remarque que ceci veut peut-être dire "le royaume d'Yvetot."

⁶ Ici, les trois versions diffèrent un peu, celle de M. Têtu est donnée en texte. Celle de M. LeVasseur: "Michel Morin gagea avec son voisin qu'il irait dénicher les pies dans le haut de l'orme situé à la côte Pierre." La version de M. Grondin: "Michel Morin gagea une pinte de *whiskey* avec son voisin qu'il irait dénicher les corbeaux qui faisaient leur nid dans l'orme situé près du mur, au haut de la côte Pierre." M. Têtu plus tard voulut ici retrancher sa version, préférant celle de M. LeVasseur.

⁷ M. LeVasseur écrit: "Il se mit à descendre de branche en branche. Une branche cassa, il tomba et se *cassit* les reins. M. Têtu, lorsqu'il lut la version LeVasseur, la déclara authentique.

Le voilà pas trop bien.

"Avant de me porter en terre,¹

Qu'on m'emmène monsieur le notaire,

Avant de me porter au monument,

Que je fasse mon testament. . . .

Monsieur le notaire, employez pour moi *du bon et du propre*.²

Ecrivez à ma mode,

Et vous serez payé en méthode.

Ecrivez pour moi, aujourd'hui.

Ecrivez sans crédit.³

Je lègue à ma femme deux pièces de terre

Situées à la côte Pierre."

—"Mais, mon mari, excusez donc!

On n'a jamais eu ni terre, ni maison."

—"Chut, chut, ma femme! Je vais vous expliquer tout ça.

Il y a, dans le haut de notre muraille, un pot

Destiné à servir de nid aux moineaux.

Et, dans le fond de la cuisine,

Il y a une vieille terrine.⁴

Ça fait deux pièces de terre."

—"Merci, mon mari!"

—"Ecrivez, notaire!

Je donne à mon fils François⁵

Ma hache qui était l'empereur des bois, cette hache que je tenais entre mes quatre doigts et le pouce, et *dont*⁶ je coupais un orme en trois coups."

—"Merci, mon père!"

—"Ecrivez, notaire!

Je donne à mon petit-fils Jarène,⁷

Avec sa grand'mine blême,

Mon bâton,⁸ mon *creux*⁹ et mon tabac,

Et, pour mémoire, mon estomac."

—"Merci, mon père!"

—"Ecrivez, notaire!

Je donne à ma fille unique

Ma plus grande *colique*.

Je consens bien à son mariage,

Dans notre village.

Par son contrat,

Elle restera fille tant qu'elle voudra."

¹ M. Grondin: "Avant qu'on me porte au cimetière. . ."

² La version au texte, quant à cette ligne, est celle de M. Grondin. Celle de M. LeVasseur est celle-ci: "Monsieur le notaire, il faut prendre le meilleur et plus superbe moyen pour cela."

³ M. Grondin dit: "Ecrivez sans crédit et surtout sans réplique."

⁴ M. Têtu: "Mais oui! il y a la vieille terrine dans l'armoire, et le pot dans le buffet. . ." M. Grondin: "Il y a *dessus* notre armoire un pot fait en terre; et dans le bas de notre buffet, une vieille terrine en terre. . ."

⁵ MM. Têtu et Grondin donnent le nom de François à celui que M. LeVasseur désigne simplement comme 'fils aîné'; M. Grondin dit: "petit-fils François."

⁶ Avec laquelle.

⁷ L'ordre de ces legs est différent dans les trois versions recueillies. Le nom de Jarène n'est pas en usage, au Canada, à notre connaissance.

⁸ M. Grondin, ici, écrit *sac*.

⁹ Sens incertain.

—“Merci, mon père!”

—“Ecrivez, notaire!”

—“Et moi, mon oncle et mon parrain,
Est-ce que vous ne me donnerez rien?”

—“Avance ici, mon neveu! J'ai encore du bon pour toi. Je te donne autant d'eau que tu pourras en boire à la rivière, et, aussi, trois sacs de grain.”¹

—“Mais, excusez donc, mon parrain!

Où donc le prendre, ce grain?”

Au temps de la moisson, l'année prochaine, lorsque le grain aura poussé, tu iras dans le champ de l'un, dans le champ de l'autre, dans le champ du commun;² tu prendras une poignée ici et une poignée là. Tu ramasseras bien tes trois sacs de grain, et tu en auras pour vivre jusqu'à Pâques.”

—“Merci, mon parrain.”

—“Ecrivez, notaire!”

—“Et moi, mon maître, depuis sept ans
Que je suis dans votre maison,
Est-ce que vous ne me ferez pas quelque don?”

—“Avance ici, ma grand' Claudine,

Avec tes *grands* babines;

J'ai encore du bon pour toi.

Va dans le bas de mon armoire,³

Et tu trouveras deux œufs de ma poule noire.

Tu les feras cuire dans la chaudière à merveille.⁴

Avec la graisse, tu feras de la chandelle.

Avec le bouillon, tu feras de la soupe, pour ton carême,

Qui ne te figera pas sur le cœur.”

—“Merci, mon maître!” — “Ecrivez, notaire!

Je donne à mon fils Pierrot

Ma serpe à faire des fagots.⁵

Je t'en prie, mon fils Pierrot,

Ne fais pas de fagots de rondins,

Pour te dégourdir les reins.

Ne fais pas de fagots d'asperges,

Garnis de feuilles et de feuillages,

Mais de ces bons fagots de cabaret,

Qui durent une heure à peu près.

Fagots, fagotins, *fagotier*,

Fagots liés de tous côtés,

Fagots qui portent la mesure de toute la science;

Et tu deviendras le meilleur *fagotier*⁶ de France.”

¹ M. Têtu dit ici: “trois gerbes de blé,” ce qu'il retrancha ensuite.

² M. LeVasseur remarque en note: “Le champ de la commune est, en France ou en Belgique, un immeuble laissé aux pauvres de l'endroit; ce qui est inconnu, au Canada.

³ M. Têtu dit: “Va dans le nid de la poule noire...” Plus tard, il préféra la version de M. LeVasseur.

⁴ Il y a peut-être inversion pour la rime, le sens étant: “Tu les feras cuire à mervelle, dans la chaudière;” ou encore: “dans la chaudière aux merveilles”(?)

⁵ Ces détails, fait remarquer M. LeVasseur, n'ont rien de canadien, la serpe à fagots étant une chose inconnue, au Canada.

⁶ *Fagoteur*.

—“Merci, mon père!”

—“Ecrivez, notaire!”

Ici le notaire s'impatiente.

“Sapristi! Michel Morin,

Si on écrivait tous vos desseins

On en ferait bien un gros livre!”

Michel Morin se proposait d'en dire bien davantage;¹ mais la Mort qui l'environnait² de tous côtés lui coupa le souffle de la vie.

32. LE TRÉPAS DE MICHEL MORIN.³

Non loin de notre église est un orme géant.
C'est là que, pour plaider, le peuple, s'ameutant,
Vient souvent réclamer les formes judiciaires,
Pour un peu démêler le fil de ses affaires.
C'est là que, dans l'été, un cercle de garçons
Dérobent au soleil leurs imberbes mentons:
C'est là qu'assis en rond, sur l'herbe verdoyante,
Ils s'amuse^{nt} aux jeux. Et la troupe bruyante,
[Dès la partie gagnée], se relève aussitôt,
Pour le pétillant jus boire à tire-l'arigot.
Et, avec mille bonds, la troupe clapotante
Fait trembler le sol [de sa course remuante].
Une bavarde pie, un jour trois fois maudit,
Au fin sommet de l'orme avait perché son nid.
Son diable de caquet interrompait sans cesse
Le sermon du curé. La troupe vengeresse,⁴
Un dimanche, enfin, s'assemble vaillamment
Pour, avec des bâtons, ruer la pie aux vents,
Et détruire son nid. Héroïque entreprise!
A toi seul, ô Morin, les destins l'ont commise!
O destins trop cruels! O trop fatal honneur!
A peine son oreille a saisi la clameur,
Plus vif que le renard, il court à perdre haleine;
Et sa voix retentit: “Arrêtez destructeurs!
A quels honteux excès vous portent vos fureurs?
Pourquoi saccagez-vous notre orme à coups de gaules?
Quoi! vous ne pourriez trouver de meilleur rôle
Qu'abattre là, à vos pieds, le logis des oiseaux?...
Mais qui veut parier que, grimpant en deux sauts,

¹ Un certain nombre des aventures de Michel Morin ont dû être omises ici par oubli. Ainsi le fragment suivant est-il revenu à la mémoire de MM. LeVasseur et Grondin: “Michel Morin racontait toujours l'histoire de la chienne et de sa cousine... Michel Morin, mauvais payeur, déchargeait le plancher quand on lui parlait de payer. Il prenait toujours le large, crainte de rester pour gage. Durant ce temps-là, il faisait toujours des bons repas.”

² MM. Têtu et Grondin: “la Mort qui le guettait...”

³ Cette version manuscrite rimée et amplifiée d'un épisode du conte de Michel Morin nous a été communiquée par M. l'abbé Wilfrid Lebon, du collège de Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière, Kamouraska. L'auteur de ces rimes—l'abbé T.-B. Pelletier—était, de 1838 à 1848, préfet des études au collège de Sainte-Anne. Il a dû emprunter son sujet au folklore populaire des environs.

⁴ Des gamins.

Je saccage le nid de la bavarde pie,
 Et qu'en un tour de main je la mette en charpie?"
 Il dit, et aussitôt il a trompé les yeux.
 Il grimpe, il saute, il vole; et de son bras nerveux
 Empoignant les rameaux, il arrive à la cime.
 Mais, hélas! quel revers! Il y trouve un abîme.
 Il allait se saisir de l'objet convoité;
 Déjà la pie, en fuite, avait déménagé,
 Laissant là, sans souci, sa criarde famille.
 Elle a vu de Morin l'œil en feu qui pétillait!
 Mais, ivre de victoire, à de faibles rameaux
 Michel avait confié son destin et ses os.
 Sous ce fardeau trop lourd on voit ployer la branche.
 On s'étonne, on s'émeut. Il s'est rompu la hanche.
 De culbute en culbute, et par sauts et par bonds,
 Le brave sur le sol arrive moribond.
 O douleur! il est là sans souffle et sans vie.
 Oh! pleurez, tous les yeux, s'il vous en prend envie!
 Je ne puis dire plus sur son bien triste sort.
 C'eût été un héros... s'il n'en était pas mort.

33. TI-PIERRE ET JACQUELINE. ¹

Il est bon de vous dire qu'une fois c'était un vieillard, sa femme et leur seul enfant, Ti-Pierre. Le vieillard, un jour, dit à sa femme: "Nous voilà vieux et incapables ² de travailler. Si tu veux dire comme moi, nous allons donner à Ti-Pierre son héritage, pour qu'il aille se choisir une compagne." Comme ils sont d'accord, la vieille femme donne à Ti-Pierre son héritage: cinq sous en tout et pour tout, lui disant: "Voici ton héritage. Choisis-toi(t)une compagne." — "Mais *poupa!* répond-il, tu crois que c'est facile avec cinq sous de se choisir une compagne? Surtout moi qui n'ai jamais rien fait que garder les troupeaux. On n'apprend pas grand éloquence là-dedans. Mais enfin, puisqu'il le faut, allons!"

Voilà donc que je ³ me mets mon habit, mes culottes de bouracan, ⁴ mes bottes de cuir cru, et ma *tuque* ⁵ barrée noire et rouge. Et puis, je pars au grand galop. Arrivé à une maison, je frappe à la porte. "Qui est-là? Entrez!" J'entre. "Est-ce ici qu'il y a des filles à marier?" je demande. "Oui, monsieur! Assoyez-vous. Il y en a trois qui sont joliment *grandettes*.⁶ — Joséphine, *Tharèse*,⁷ et Mar-

¹ Récité à Lorette, en août, 1914, par Mme Prudent Sioui, avec l'aide de son mari.

² Le conteur dit: "et *pu* capables de travailler." *Pu* (i.e., plus) ici est équivalent à *pas*, et est abrégé de *non plus*.

³ Le reste de ce conte est un monologue dans la bouche de Ti-Pierre.

⁴ Ici prononcé *bouragan*.

⁵ *Tuque*, coiffure de laine, et ordinairement surmontée d'un gland.

⁶ Diminutif de *grande*.

⁷ Thérèse.

goulette, descendez ici! Un monsieur voudrait vous voir.” J’entends *pif, pof!* dans l’escalier; ce sont les filles qui descendent. J’en ai la chair de poule, et me sens tout bête. Je m’approche de *la cesse* qui¹ me paraît la plus gentille, et lui dis: “Mamselle! m’aimerez-vous toujours?” La voilà qui part au grand galop, ses deux sœurs par derrière elle. Je vous dis que je reste bête! Souhaitant le bonsoir à la mère, je prends la porte,² et continue mon chemin.

A la fin, je suis venu à bout de trouver ce qu’il me fallait: une compagne, une nommée Jacqueline. Je *cré ben* que ce n’était pas ce qu’il y avait de mieux; mais, pour moi, j’en étais content.

Jacqueline et moi, nous voilà partis pour nous marier. C’était une grosse noce, et quelle suite! Il y avait: moi, Jacqueline, *Tharèse*, Margoulette, Suzon, Suzanne; ce qui faisait trois grands *cabarouets* bien pleins. C’était beau de nous voir! Une fois marié, je m’en fus avec Jacqueline m’établir sur la montagne. En chemin, nous rencontrons Gros-Jean, fumant sa pipe. “Ah! Ti-Pierre, approche! viens fumer une pipe avec moi.” — “Ah! oui, avec plaisir. Tu sais, Gros-Jean, que je suis marié? Nous nous en allons nous établir sur la montagne.” — “*Ti vré?*”³ — “Ah oui! Tiens! je te présente ma femme, Jacqueline.” — “Jacqueline... son nom de famille, Ti-Pierre?” — “Je ne le sais pas, Gros-Jean... *Ast’heure*, tu vas nous *escuser*;⁴ nous allons nous établir sur la montagne.”

Rendus sur la montagne, je me bâtis une maisonnette en branches d’épinette. “*Dis rien*,⁵ Jacqueline! Nous vivrons *ben*. Je fais tout ce que je veux de mes mains: d’abord, des manches de lavette,⁶ des couverts de pots de chambre, des *battoués*⁷ pour laver le linge. Tu vas voir comme nous allons être heureux tous les deux. Tu le sais, dans trois jours j’ai bâti notre maisonnette, et *grèyé*⁸ la cuisine. J’ai fait un manche de lavette, une terrine en bois, un bassin pour se laver les mains. Tu vois qu’*on* n’est pas trop mal, pour des commençants.” Nous faisons la soupe dans une vieille terrine; nous mangions notre fricassée dans une cuvette défoncée, et une cuiller en bois nous suffisait à nous deux. Notre lit était fait de branches d’épinette. Je vous dis que nous n’étions pas trop mal *grèyés*, et quels amoureux nous étions! Mariés pour toujours, toujours, c’était le bonheur; et, des fois,⁹ bras dessus, bras dessous, nous nous prome-
nions. C’était beau nous voir!

Mais une chose *ben* triste je dois vous dire: au bout de trois mois ma pauvre Jacqueline a disparu. Et depuis, je n’en ai eu ni vent ni nouvelles.

¹ I.e., celle qui.

³ Pour *c’est-il vrai, est-ce vrai?*

⁵ I.e., ne dis rien.

⁷ I.e., battoirs.

⁹ I.e., quelquefois.

² I.e., je sors précipitamment.

⁴ I.e., excuser.

⁶ Siouï disait *navette*.

⁸ I.e., meublé.

Il faut qu'elle se trouve bien là où elle est, puisqu'elle ne revient pas. J'en juge par là¹...

34. LES CARTES DU NOMMÉ RICHARD.²

Un jour, c'est un nommé Richard, qui passe devant une église, et entre pour y entendre la sainte messe.

Monsieur Richard s'en va au banc de l'œuvre, comme on y entend et voit le mieux. Là, au lieu de prendre un livre de dévotion de sa poche, il en tire un jeu de cartes. Du doigt le constable lui fait signe de sortir de l'église. Mais monsieur Richard ne remue pas. Le constable vient à lui et dit: "Au lieu de vous amuser avec un jeu de cartes, prenez donc un livre de dévotion." Monsieur Richard lui répond: "Après la messe, je vous donnerai le détail³ de mon jeu de cartes."

La messe finie, le curé et le constable viennent faire des reproches à monsieur Richard, qui leur répond: "Si vous voulez me permettre, je vais vous expliquer mon jeu de cartes." — "Parle, Richard! répond le curé, je te le permets." Monsieur Richard tire le deux en disant: "Le deux me représente les deux Testaments." Tirant les trois: "Le trois me rappelle les trois personnes de la sainte Trinité: le quatre me représente les quatre évangélistes; le cinq, les cinq livres de Moïse; le six me représente les six jours que Dieu prit à créer le ciel et la terre; et le sept, le jour où il se reposa, après la création." Tirant le huit, il dit: "Le huit me rappelle les huit personnes sauvées du déluge." Tire⁴ le neuf...⁵ Tire le dix: "Le dix me représente les dix commandements de Dieu." Tire la dame: "Elle me rappelle la reine du ciel." Tire le roi: "Le roi me représente le seul maître à qui je dois obéissance." Tire l'as: "Un seul et même Dieu que j'adore."

Le curé dit: "Monsieur Richard, je m'aperçois que tu as passé le valet." — "Monsieur le curé, si vous me donnez la permission de parler, je vous donnerai satisfaction." — "Parle, Richard! je te le permets." — "Monsieur le curé, le valet me représente un véritable coquin, comme ici votre constable devant vous."

35. LE RÊVE DES CHASSEURS.⁶

Il est bon de vous dire qu'une fois c'était trois messieurs et leur cuisinier, qui étaient allés à la chasse, dans les bois. Après avoir

¹ La mémoire des conteurs faisait défaut dans ce conte, qu'ils admettaient ne pouvoir réciter au complet.

² Récité par P. Sioui, de Lorette, en août, 1914. Sioui avait appris ce récit, dont il ne se souvenait pas très bien, de son père, Clément Sioui.

³ I.e., *l'explication détaillée*.

⁴ I.e., Il tire.

⁵ La mémoire du conteur fit ici défaut.

⁶ Raconté par Mme Prudent Sioui, Lorette, en août, 1914. Elle avait entendu la vieille Marie Bastien, de Lorette, le raconter, il y a longtemps.

chassé toute la journée sans manger, ils n'avaient tué qu'une perdrix. Ils se dirent: "Gardons la perdrix pour le déjeuner. Elle sera à celui qui fera le plus beau rêve."

Le lendemain matin: "Quel rêve as-tu fait?" se demandent-ils. Un d'eux répond: "Moi, j'ai rêvé que je me mariais à la plus belle princesse du monde." Les autres dirent: "Ah! tu as fait un beau rêve."—"Moi, dit un autre, j'ai rêvé à la sainte Vierge, que j'ai vue dans toute sa beauté." Le troisième: "Moi, j'ai rêvé que j'étais au ciel, où j'ai vu le bon Dieu lui-même."

Le cuisinier ajoute: "Moi aussi, j'en ai fait un beau. J'ai rêvé que j'ai mangé la perdrix; et je vois bien que mon rêve est vrai, puisque je ne viens pas à bout de la trouver, ce matin."

36. LES GASCONS ET L'ŒUF.¹

Une fois, il est bon de vous dire, c'était trois Gascons. Après avoir marché toute la journée, il ne leur restait pour le souper qu'un œuf. Un des trois propose: "Celui qui trouvera le meilleur mot latin le mangera."—"C'est bien!" répondent les autres. Prenant l'œuf un d'eux dit: "*Et cassatus*." Et il casse l'œuf. Les autres sont d'opinion que c'est un bon mot latin. En disant: "*Et salatus*," le second y met du sel. "C'est un bon mot latin," remarquent les autres." Le troisième déclare: "Je crois que c'est à moi le meilleur mot latin: *Et consummatus est*," et il avale l'œuf.

37. MINETTE M'A VOLÉ MES ROULETTES.²

Un jour, j'ai joué avec Minette;
Minette m'a volé mes roulettes.
J'ai dit à Minette:
—"Tu vas me redonner mes roulettes."
Minette dit: "T'auras³ pas de roulettes sans croûtes.
J'ai été trouver mon père pour avoir des croûtes.
Mon père dit: "T'auras pas de croûtes sans *heurles*."
J'ai été trouver les loups pour me faire *heurler*.
Les loups m'ont dit: "T'auras pas d'*heurles* sans veau."
J'ai été trouver le veau pour avoir du veau.
Le veau m'a dit: "T'auras pas de veau sans lait."
J'ai été trouver la vache pour avoir du lait.
La vache dit: "T'auras pas de lait sans foin."
J'ai été trouver la faux pour avoir du foin.
La faux dit: "T'auras pas de foin sans lard."
J'ai été trouver la truie pour avoir du lard.
La truie dit: "T'auras pas de lard sans glands."

¹ Raconté par P. Sioui, à Lorette, en août, 1914.

² Récité par Prudent Sioui, qui l'avait appris de son père. L'auteur a déjà entendu quelque chose de semblable d'une vieille femme, à Sainte-Marie, Beauce.

³ Pour *tu n'auras pas*.

J'ai été trouver les chênes pour avoir des glands.
 Les chênes dirent: "*T'*auras pas de glands sans vent."
 J'ai été trouver la mère des vents pour avoir des vents.
 La mère des vents m'a *venté*; j'ai *venté* les chênes;
 Les chênes m'ont *glanté*; j'ai *glanté* la truie;
 La truie m'a *laré*; j'ai *laré* la faux;
 La faux m'a *fointé*; j'ai *fointé* la vache;
 La vache m'a *lailé*; j'ai *lailé* le veau;
 Le veau m'a *cussé*; j'ai *cussé* les loups;
 Les loups m'ont *heurlé*; j'ai *heurlé* mon père;
 Mon père m'a *croûté*; j'ai *croûté* Minette;
 Minette m'a tout redonné mes roulettes.

38. FORMULE (FINALE DES CONTES).¹

Je marche aujourd'hui et je marcherai demain; j'ai la force de marcher. Je monte *boteau*,² cavé, bois franc, *navette*, terre labourée, terre *au peigne*, au *ravinzion*, la reine entend *vorner*, trois et trois quart et une minute et demie, pistolet *pogne*, heureux, nez, courte queue!

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¹ Récité par P. Sioui, de Lorette. Son père avait l'habitude de répéter à ses enfants cette tirade dénuée de sens, quand il était fatigué de leur dire des contes.

² *Aboteau*; mot étranger, au Canada.

UN CONTE DE LA BEAUCE.

PAR ÉVELYN BOLDUC.

39. DOM JEAN.¹

IL est bon de vous dire qu'une fois, il y avait un pays. C'était la coutume, dans ce pays, de vendre au piquet, tout comme des bœufs, les hommes qui étaient capables de lever plus que leur propre poids. Or, Dom Jean, un homme de ce pays, ayant levé un poids plus lourd que lui, fut mené à la ville voisine pour y être vendu. L'encanteur cria: "Que m'offre-t-on pour Dom Jean?" Pas de réponse. "Que m'offre-t-on pour Dom Jean, un gros travaillant, un beau gars?" Le roi se trouvant à passer par là, un fainéant qui s'était accroché à sa voiture, répondit: "Dix piastres, au nom de monsieur le roi." — "Ah bien, dit le roi, je ne peux pas mentir à ma parole. Il me faut donc payer." Et il emmène Dom Jean avec lui à son château. "Tiens, la reine! dit-il en entrant, j'ai acheté un homme au piquet, Dom Jean. Sûrement, tu es contente?" La reine, une créature espiègle et maligne, répondit: "Oui, toi, tu voudrais être entouré de tous les fainéants et les voyous du canton. Je ne veux pas de Dom Jean dans la maison." Pour plaire à la reine, le roi envoya son nouveau serviteur travailler au jardin, où il y avait déjà quatre jardiniers. Voyant arriver Dom Jean, ces hommes se mirent à bougonner: "Nous n'avions pas besoin de celui-là; le roi devient ennuyant avec toutes ses idées." — "Mais, mettez-le au plus dur de la besogne," dit le roi, qui, les ayant entendus, voulait les apaiser. "C'est bon, c'est bon, monsieur le roi!" Ils envoyèrent Dom Jean à un coin du jardin, dans un marécage où il ne venait que des halliers, des framboisiers et des saules. *Cri, cra*, Dom Jean arrachait, sarelait, aplanissait. Vers dix heures du matin, il fit un beau carré, où il sema des graines qu'il avait apportées avec lui. Le soir, il y cueillit trois beaux bouquets, qu'il alla porter l'un au roi, l'autre, à la reine, le troisième, à la princesse leur fille. "Vous voyez, dit la princesse, c'est le premier de vos serviteurs qui pense à me faire un présent." — "Oui! reprit la reine, tu prends toujours pour ton père; aussi, tu n'as de goût que pour les fainéants." Quant le roi vit sa reine encore si fâchée, il dit à Dom Jean: "Maintenant, je vais t'emmener à ma terre² pour que tu y travailles." Et le lendemain, ils partirent de bon matin. En arrivant à la terre, les trois fermiers du roi se mirent à bougonner: "Nous sommes bien assez de monde ici sans ce nouveau-là." — "Mais mettez-le au plus dur de

¹ Raconté par Paul Patry, de Saint-Victor, Beauce, et recueilli, en 1914, par Made-moiselle Evelyn Bolduc, du même endroit.

² I.e., *ma ferme*.

la besogne," répondit le roi, pour les satisfaire. "C'est bon! c'est bon! monsieur le roi." Ils envoyèrent Dom Jean dans une grande prairie où il ne poussait que chardons, ronces et mauvaises herbes. Dom Jean se mit à labourer, herser, fumer, semer et rouler. Le soir, il récolta un beau champ d'avoine. Ses camarades, voyant cela, murmurèrent entre eux: "Il faut l'en empêcher, ou il fera seul tout l'ouvrage, et le roi nous mettra à la porte." Ils lui dirent: "Dom Jean, vous ferez mieux de ne plus travailler au champ. A partir de demain, vous serez cuisinier." — "C'est pareil pour moi," répondit Dom Jean. Le lendemain matin, il se leva à trois heures pour boulanger, *grêyer* la table et le reste. Jaloux de le voir si actif, les fermiers décidèrent de lui jouer un mauvais tour, à l'occasion de la visite prochaine du roi. Quant à lui, pour mieux recevoir le roi, il prépara un beau repas, fit du pain sucré, cueillit toutes les roses du jardin, *bordi, borda*.

Quand il fut couché, le soir, ses camarades mangèrent tout ce qui se trouvait sur la table: viandes, pain sucré et fleurs, tout y passa. Le roi arrivé, les fermiers lui dirent: "Monsieur le roi, c'est un beau finaud que vous avez emmené l'autre jour. Venez voir la table qu'il vous a préparée." A la vue de cette table dégarnie et malpropre, le roi se mit en colère: "Nas-tu pas honte?" dit-il à Dom Jean, qui arrivait. "Monsieur le roi, ce n'est pas ma faute. La table que je vous avais *grêyée* était bien belle; mais on a voulu me jouer un tour." Prenant une grande salière, il prépara une médecine très forte qu'il but tout d'un trait. "Que les fermiers en fassent autant, maintenant." Les fermiers, comme de raison, ne voulaient pas. "Ce n'est pas difficile, dit le roi, vous pouvez en faire autant que Dom Jean." Forcés de le faire, chacun d'eux prit à son tour une dose de sel. Ils se mirent aussitôt à vomir fleurs, lait, pain sucré et viande. "Ah! je vois bien qui voulait me tromper, dit le roi. Viens-t'en avec moi, Dom Jean!" Et il l'emmena dans son carrosse. Les voyant arriver, la reine se fâcha tout rouge. Mais comme cela arrivait souvent, le roi ne s'en occupa pas trop.

Le même soir, le roi s'en alla dîner chez un de ses amis, emmenant avec lui Dom Jean. C'était alors la coutume d'envoyer un panier rempli des meilleurs bonbons et desserts à la reine, qui n'assistait pas aux festins. Le roi confia donc ce panier à Dom Jean, disant: "Va porter cela à ma petite choisie." En arrivant au château, Dom Jean s'assit sur le plancher et appela: "Ma petite choisie, ma petite choisie!" La chienne de la reine, dont c'était le nom, vint en sautant, et dévora toutes les friandises.

A son retour, le roi demanda à sa reine si elle avait aimé son envoi. "Je n'ai rien reçu, répondit-elle; Dom Jean n'a apporté un panier que pour la chienne." — "Dom Jean, pourquoi n'as-tu pas donné à ma reine le panier que je t'avais confié?" — "Vous m'avez dit d'aller

porter ce panier à votre petite choisie, et c'est ce que j'ai fait." — "Tu aimes mieux Dom Jean et ta chienne que moi, s'écria la reine; aussi je te quitte." Et elle partit à la vive course sur le trottoir, son châle sur le cou.

Eh bien, en voilà une affaire! Le roi avait de la peine. "Il faut que tu la fasses revenir, mon Dom Jean." — "Ne soyez pas découragé, monsieur le roi; demain, elle sera de retour à votre château." Dom Jean fit imprimer de grands écriteaux¹ contenant que la reine ayant quitté son mari, le roi avait décidé de se remarier avec la fille d'un roi, son voisin, et qu'à ses noces tout son peuple était invité. Dom Jean se rendit chez un marchand de fleurs, qui avait loué une chambre à la reine. "Bonjour, monsieur! qu'y a-t-il pour votre service?" — "Je voudrais acheter toutes vos fleurs." — "Toutes mes fleurs! Pour-quoi faire?" — "Le roi, vous le savez, se marie demain, et j'ai besoin de fleurs pour décorer la chambre." Cachée derrière le comptoir, la reine entendait tout cela. Une fois Dom Jean sorti, elle partit à la course sans prendre le temps de mettre son châle, se rendit au château du roi et frappa à la porte. "Qui est là?" demanda le roi. "C'est moi, ta reine. Je ne veux pas que tu te remaries; et je suis prête à tout pardonner, si tu veux me reprendre." Le roi était bien content. "Je savais bien qu'elle reviendrait," dit Dom Jean.

Mais le roi voisin, ayant eu connaissance des écriteaux, fut fort indigné de l'insulte faite à sa fille. Il fit donc savoir au maître de Dom Jean que si on ne lui faisait pas réparation d'honneur, il enverrait ses soldats lui faire la guerre. La réponse fut: "Ne soyez donc point offensé; je vous envoie cette lettre par mon serviteur Dom Jean, l'homme le plus fin que la terre ait jamais porté." — "Si tu es si fin, dit le roi étranger, tu vas me faire, d'ici à un an, une maison appuyée sur rien, dans les airs." — "Je veux bien, répondit Dom Jean, pourvu que vous fournissiez les matériaux."² — "Quelle sorte de matériaux faut-il?" — "C'est à vous de le savoir, vous qui me demandez une maison appuyée sur rien, dans les airs."

Quand Dom Jean rapporta la volonté du roi voisin à son maître, celui-ci devint fort en peine. "Ne vous inquiétez pas pour si peu, dit Dom Jean; il s'est obligé à me fournir les matériaux."

Dom Jean alla à la montagne, sur le haut de laquelle il dénicha quatre petits aigles, qu'il emporta. A mesure que les aigles grandissaient, il les habitua à se laisser atteler, un à chaque coin d'une petite maison de papier, les faisant voler en les retenant par une corde.

Au bout de l'année, il se rendit au royaume du roi voisin, apportant avec lui ses aigles et sa maison de papier. Il arriva à la porte du château: pan, pan, pan! "Qui est là?" cria le roi. "C'est moi, Dom

¹ Cette formule a remplacé ici la plus ancienne *faire battre un ban*.

² Patry, comme tous les gens des environs, disait *matériaux*, au lieu de *matériaux*.

Jean! Vos matériaux sont-ils prêts?" — "Mais, monsieur Dom Jean, quelle sorte de matériaux vous faut-il?" — "C'est à vous de le savoir. Si mes matériaux ne sont pas prêts demain, au petit jour,¹ je vous coupe la tête et l'emporte sous mon bras au roi mon maître." — "Ah! mon bon monsieur Dom Jean, si vous me pardonnez, je vous donnerai ma fille en mariage et un bâtiment chargé d'or pur." — "Je ne veux pas de votre fille en mariage; mais si vous me promettez de toujours respecter le roi mon maître, je serai satisfait du bâtiment chargé d'or pur." — "Oui, mon bon monsieur Dom Jean, je le promets." — "*Ast'heure*, venez voir une maison appuyée sur rien, dans les airs." Et Dom Jean montre au roi sa maison de papier, portée dans les airs par quatre aigles bien domptés. Le roi était tout transporté d'admiration. "Mon voisin a bien raison; voici l'homme le plus fin qui soit jamais passé sur la terre."

Quand Dom Jean revint, capitaine de ce beau navire tout chargé d'or pur, le roi, son maître, lui donna la main et lui dit: "Dom Jean, tu m'as été si utile que je veux te récompenser: je te donne la moitié de mon royaume, et ma fille en mariage." La reine bougonna comme toujours, mais personne ne s'en occupa. Et c'est tout.

¹ I.e., à l'aurore.

FABLES, CONTES ET FORMULES.

PAR GUSTAVE LANCTÔT.

40. LE LOUP ET LE RENARD.¹

UNE fois, il y avait une poule, une dinde et un renard, qui vivaient ensemble au bord du bois. Comme l'hiver approchait, ils se bâtirent chacun une maison. La poule se bâtit une maison de paille; la dinde, une maison de terre; et le renard, une maison de briques.

Poussé par la faim, durant l'hiver, un loup arrive un jour devant les trois maisons. En le voyant, la poule, la dinde et le renard se sauvent dans leur maison, dont ils barrent la porte. Le loup s'approche de la maison de la poule et frappe à la porte: "Ouvre-moi! ou je vais péter et jeter ta maison à terre." Mais la poule répond: "Non, je n'ouvrirai pas la porte." Alors le loup pète et jette la maison à terre. Il se jette sur la poule et la mange en trois coups de dents. Puis il frappe à la porte de la dinde: "Ouvre-moi la porte! ou je vais péter et jeter ta maison à terre." La dinde répond: "Je ne t'ouvrirai pas la porte." Alors le loup pète et jette la maison à terre. Il se jette sur la dinde et la mange en trois coups de dents. Enfin il frappe à la porte du renard en disant: "Ouvre-moi la porte, ou je pète et jette ta maison à terre." Mais le renard répond: "Fais ce que tu voudras, je ne t'ouvrirai pas la porte." Alors, le loup pète, mais la maison ne tombe pas à terre. Furieux, alors le loup dit: "Ouvre-moi la porte, ou je vais passer par la cheminée." Le renard lui répond: "Fais ce que tu voudras, mais je ne t'ouvrirai pas la porte. Aussitôt il met un grand chaudron dans la cheminée, le remplit d'eau, et sur un grand feu fait bouillir l'eau. Le loup monte sur la maison et descend dans la cheminée. Mais la fumée l'aveugle et il tombe dans le chaudron d'eau bouillante, où il meurt en hurlant de douleur.

41. LE CONTE DU LOUP.²

Une fois, c'était un loup appartenant à un homme qui l'avait pris dans le bois. Le maître du loup envoie son petit garçon lui donner à manger. L'enfant lui donne à manger et à boire. Quand le loup eut bien mangé, le petit garçon lui demande: "As-tu bien mangé et as-tu bien bu?" — "Oui, répond le loup, j'ai bien mangé et j'ai bien bu. Je n'ai plus faim du tout." Le petit garçon s'en retourne alors à la maison. Son père lui demande: "As-tu fait ce que je t'ai dit, et donné sa nourriture au loup?" — "Oui, répond l'enfant, je lui ai

¹ Appris par l'auteur durant sa jeunesse, à Saint-Constant, LaPrairie, P.Q.

² Raconté par Mlle Antoinette Leduc, de Valleyfield, P.Q., en 1915.

donné à manger et à boire.” Le père s’en va ensuite voir le loup, à qui il demande: “As-tu été bien nourri, aujourd’hui?” — “Non, répond le loup; on ne m’a rien donné du tout à manger.” Furieux en entendant cela, le maître rentre à la maison et tue son petit garçon. Il envoie ensuite sa femme donner à manger au loup. Après avoir donné au loup sa nourriture, elle lui demande: “As-tu bien mangé et bien bu?” — “Oui, répond le loup, j’ai bien mangé et je n’ai plus faim.” Quand la femme rentre à la maison, son mari lui demande aussi: “As-tu donné sa nourriture au loup?” — “Certainement, répond-elle; je lui en ai tant donné qu’il n’avait plus faim.” L’homme va ensuite voir le loup, à qui il demande s’il a bien mangé. “Non, on ne m’a rien donné depuis ce matin.” Alors, le maître décide de voir si le loup n’est pas un menteur. Il s’habille en petit garçon et va lui donner à manger et à boire. Il lui en donne autant qu’il veut en manger. Puis il lui demande: “As-tu eu assez de nourriture?” — “Oui, répond le loup; j’en ai plus que *j’en* veux.” Alors le maître s’en va enlever ses habits de petit garçon et reprendre ses habits d’homme. Une troisième fois il revient demander au loup: “As-tu bien mangé maintenant?” — “Je n’ai rien mangé depuis ce matin, répond le loup; on me laisse mourir de faim.” Alors l’homme se fâche et lui dit: “Tu n’es qu’un menteur! C’est moi qui viens de te donner à manger et à boire. Pour tes mensonges, tu mérites la mort.” Et avec sa hache, l’homme tue le loup.

42. LA BÊTE-À-SEPT-TÊTES.¹

Il était, une fois, un homme et une femme, qui avaient trois fils, Pierre, Jacques et Jean. Ils étaient très pauvres et manquaient souvent de quoi manger. Voyant cela, l’aîné, Pierre, dit un jour à sa mère: “Faites-moi sept petites galettes et je vais aller travailler et m’enrichir.” La mère lui fit sept petites galettes, et il partit. Il marcha longtemps et arriva à l’entrée d’une forêt. En entrant sous bois, il entendit une voix qui criait: “Pierre, Pierre!” La peur le prit et il n’osait regarder en arrière, d’où venait la voix. Mais elle criait encore: “Pierre, Pierre!” Alors il se retourna et reçut en plein front un coup de massue qui l’étendit par terre.

Au bout de quelque temps, Jacques dit à son tour à sa mère: “Faites-moi aussi sept petites galettes de sarrasin, et je vais aller travailler et m’enrichir.” Sa mère lui fit sept petites galettes de sarrasin, et il partit dans la même direction que Pierre. En arrivant dans la forêt, il entendit une voix qui criait: “Jacques, Jacques!” La peur le prit et il continua son chemin sans regarder en arrière. Mais la voix se remit à crier: “Jacques, Jacques!” Alors il se retourna et reçut en plein front un coup de massue, qui l’étendit par terre.

¹ Appris par l’auteur, il y a une vingtaine d’années, à St-Constant de LaPrairie.

Au bout de quelque temps, Ti-Jean dit, un jour, à sa mère: "Faites-moi sept galettes de sarrasin, et je vais aller travailler, et moi, je reviendrai bien." Le cœur plein de chagrin, car elle l'aimait beaucoup, sa mère lui fit sept galettes de sarrasin, et Ti-Jean les mit dans son mouchoir et partit. Après avoir longtemps marché, il arriva sur le bord d'une rivière. Il y trouva une vieille mendiante, qui lui demanda: "Voudriez-vous m'aider à traverser la rivière?" Ti-Jean l'aida aussitôt à traverser la rivière, et une fois de l'autre côté, il lui donna une de ses galettes de sarrasin. Alors la vieille lui dit: "Je suis une fée, et pour te récompenser de ta charité, je vais te donner une baguette et une ceinture. Avec la baguette, tu feras tout ce que tu voudras, et quand tu mettras ta ceinture, tu deviendras invisible." Ti-Jean prit la baguette et la ceinture, remercia grandement la fée et continua son chemin. Quand il arriva dans la forêt, il entendit une voix qui criait: "Ti-Jean, Ti-Jean!" Aussitôt il mit sa ceinture, et traversa le bois sans accident.

Puis il arriva devant le château du roi. Un grand diable de sentinelle se tenait à la porte, qui lui dit: "Qu'est-ce que tu veux?" — "Je veux voir le roi." — "On ne passe pas sans être demandé." Alors Ti-Jean mit sa ceinture, et devenu invisible, franchit la porte pendant que le soldat cherchait en vain où il avait disparu. Ti-Jean monta les escaliers, arriva devant le roi, qui lui demanda: "Qu'est-ce que tu veux?" — "Sire, je veux m'engager; je suis prêt à faire tout ce que vous voudrez et tout ce que les autres ne pourront faire." — "C'est ce que nous allons voir, répondit le roi. Va nettoyer mes écuries!" Or ces écuries n'avaient pas été nettoyées depuis dix ans, et elles étaient encombrées de fumier. Ti-Jean descendit aux écuries. Il entra et, les touchant de sa baguette, il dit simplement: "Je veux que les écuries soient nettes." Aussitôt elles furent nettoyées. Tout le fumier était enlevé, et les animaux avaient tous une litière de paille fraîche. Le roi vint visiter les écuries, et s'émerveilla de les voir si propres en si peu de temps. "Maintenant, il dit à Ti-Jean, tu vas aller faire paître mes vaches; mais garde-toi bien de les mener dans le champ des géants!" — "On verra!" répondit Ti-Jean d'un air mystérieux. Il fit sortir le troupeau des étables. Alors une des génisses approcha et lui dit: "Prends ton couteau et coupe-moi une babiche depuis la tête jusqu'à la queue." Ti-Jean ne voulait pas, craignant de faire mal à la génisse. Mais elle lui dit: "Ne crains pas, je suis une fée; taille-moi une babiche de la tête jusqu'à la queue." Ti-Jean prit son couteau et tailla une babiche depuis la tête jusqu'à la queue. Alors la fée lui dit: "Tu n'auras qu'à dire 'Babiche, attache!' et la babiche attachera tout ce que tu voudras." Ti-Jean, fort content, remercia la fée, mit la babiche dans la poche et alla mener les vaches paître dans le champ du roi. L'herbe était courte et brûlée par le

soleil, tandis que, dans le champ voisin des géants, le foin montait plus haut que les vaches. Ti-Jean ouvrit la barrière et fit passer son troupeau dans le champ des géants. Les vaches se mirent dans le grand foin et, le soir, quand Ti-Jean les ramena à l'étable, elles donnèrent deux fois plus de lait que d'habitude. Ti-Jean continua de les mener paître dans le champ des géants, si bien qu'elles engraisèrent à vue d'œil. Et le roi était fort content de voir ses vaches si grasses et lui donner tant de lait.

Un jour, pendant qu'il faisait paître ses vaches, l'idée vint à Ti-Jean d'aller au château des géants, dont on voyait le toit au loin. Il avait avec lui sa ceinture, sa baguette et sa babiche. Il marcha à travers les champs, dont le foin lui montait plus haut que la tête. Arrivant à une barrière, qui était ouverte, il allait la franchir, quand un géant énorme, haut de dix pieds, parut devant lui et lui dit: "Que viens-tu faire ici, petit ver de terre? Si tu ne t'en vas pas, je vais te couper en quatre et te mettre dans mon sac." — "Babiche, attache!" répondit Ti-Jean sans reculer d'une semelle. Aussitôt le géant se trouva attaché et ficellé au poteau de la barrière. D'un coup de baguette, Ti-Jean lui coupa la tête et continua sa marche vers le château. En approchant, il aperçut deux géants qui travaillaient sur les toits, à réparer la couverture. Ti-Jean boucla sa ceinture autour de ses reins et se glissa, invisible, dans la salle à dîner du château. Là, il aperçut la fille du roi, avec ses grands cheveux blonds, qui préparait la table pour les géants. Ti-Jean se cacha sous une chaise. Quand le dîner fut prêt, la fille du roi appela les géants, qui vinrent s'asseoir à la table. Alors Ti-Jean, que personne ne pouvait voir parce qu'il portait sa ceinture enchantée, mangea rapidement la soupe d'un des géants, et quand celui-ci voulut manger, il n'en trouva plus. Furieux, le géant se tourna aussitôt vers son frère, en lui criant: "C'est toi qui me joue des tours. Si tu recommences, je vais te casser la tête." Pendant ce temps, Ti-Jean avait passé de l'autre côté de la table et il mangeait la soupe de l'autre géant. En voyant son assiette vide, ce dernier se fâcha à son tour, apostropha son frère, et dans leur colère, les deux géants se mirent à se lancer des choses par la tête, pendant que la princesse, effrayée s'était sauvée dans sa chambre. Ti-Jean prit alors sa baguette et coupa la tête des deux géants. Puis, ôtant sa ceinture, il alla trouver la princesse et lui dit: "Je suis venu vous délivrer. J'ai tué les géants, et nous allons retourner au palais du roi." — "C'est impossible, répondit la princesse, car la Bête-à-sept-têtes va nous dévorer, si nous sortons du château." — "Où est-elle?" demanda Ti-Jean. "Dans la cour."

Avant que la princesse pût l'arrêter, Ti-Jean courut aussitôt dans la cour, où la Bête-à-sept-têtes dormait au soleil. Ti-Jean mit sa ceinture et, s'approchant d'elle, se mit à compter les têtes, en mettant

la main sur chaque tête, et en élevant davantage la voix à chaque tête: "Une, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept!" Et il lança le mot "sept" de toute sa force. La bête se réveilla et bondit en hurlant et jetant du feu par les naseaux, pendant que sa queue battait furieusement le pavé. C'était un énorme monstre avec sept têtes de dragon, avec sept langues rouges, et avec une queue de serpent. Mais Ti-Jean était invisible, et après avoir hurlé en regardant de tous côtés, la bête se tranquillisa et se rendormit. Alors Ti-Jean recommença à compter les têtes: "Une, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept!" cria-t-il. La bête se réveilla plus féroce encore qu'auparavant; ses yeux étaient verts de colère, ses sept langues se tordaient dans ses gueules ouvertes, et ses naseaux lançaient du feu. Elle hurlait, battant le sol de sa queue et cherchait à découvrir qui l'avait réveillée. Mais elle ne voyait pas Ti-Jean. Elle se rendormit bientôt. Alors Ti-Jean prit sa baguette et trancha les sept têtes de la bête. Puis il coupa les sept langues, qu'il mit dans son mouchoir. Il alla retrouver la princesse, et ils visitèrent ensemble le château des géants, qui était rempli de grandes richesses. Dans la cave, ils trouvèrent des tonnes d'or et d'argent. Alors Ti-Jean remmena la princesse au roi son père, qui fut grandement réjoui de voir sa fille. Ti-Jean lui dit: "Sire! j'ai délivré votre fille, et vous avez promis de la donner en mariage à celui qui la délivrerait des géants." — "C'est vrai! répondit le roi, mais avant d'épouser la princesse, il faut aussi qu'il tue la Bête-à-sept-têtes." Alors Ti-Jean lui présenta les langues: "Voici les sept langues de la bête, et son corps est dans la cour du château." Le roi envoya ses gardes au château des géants. Ils trouvèrent les géants morts et la bête décapitée dans la cour. Ils rapportèrent chez le roi toutes les tonnes d'or et d'argent; et Ti-Jean fit envoyer une tonne d'or à ses parents. Le roi lui dit: "Tu peux épouser ma fille, mais tu es bien petit." On commença de grands préparatifs pour le mariage. Le matin des noces, Ti-Jean se toucha avec sa baguette, en disant: "Je veux devenir un grand officier." Et soudain, il devint un grand officier blond, avec un uniforme chamarré d'or. Il avait un grand chapeau de velours, galonné d'argent, avec une belle plume blanche, et il portait au côté une épée d'or. Ti-Jean descendit dans la cour du château, et la princesse, en le voyant, se prit à l'aimer davantage. Le mariage eut lieu avec de grandes cérémonies, et Ti-Jean monta sur le trône, où il régna longtemps avec bonheur.

43. BÂTON-TAPE.¹

Il était, une fois, une pauvre famille qui souvent n'avait pas de quoi manger. Un jour, l'aîné des enfants, qui étaient Pierre, Jacques

¹ Appris par l'auteur, à Saint-Constant, LaPrairie, pendant son enfance.

et Jean, dit à sa mère: "Je vais aller chercher de l'ouvrage, et je reviendrai quand je serai riche." Il partit donc un beau matin. Pendant quelque temps, on n'entendit plus parler de lui.

Un jour qu'il voyageait à pied sur la route, n'ayant plus qu'un morceau de pain, il rencontre une pauvre vieille qui lui demande le chemin et la charité. Pierre lui indique la route à suivre et lui donne son morceau de pain. Alors la vieille lui dit: "Je suis une fée, et pour te récompenser de ta charité, je te donne cette nappe blanche. Tu n'auras qu'à dire 'Nappe, mets la table!' et aussitôt elle s'étendra, couverte de toutes sortes de mets et de fruits. Il en sera ainsi chaque fois que tu le souhaiteras." Pierre remercie la vieille, et, prenant la nappe, se hâte de reprendre la route de la maison de ses parents. En chemin, il s'arrête à une auberge pour passer la nuit. Comme il avait envie de souper, il prend sa nappe et dit: "Nappe, mets la table!" Aussitôt la nappe s'étend et se trouve couverte de mets succulents et de beaux fruits. L'aubergiste, qui l'avait vu, se lève pendant la nuit, et lui volant sa nappe, en met une autre à la place. Le lendemain, Pierre quitte l'auberge et arrive chez lui. A ses parents, tous heureux de le revoir, il dit: "Voici ce que je rapporte: une nappe merveilleuse qui met la table et se couvre elle-même de mets et de desserts. Vous allez voir!" Il prend sa nappe et prononce les mots: "Nappe, mets la table!" Mais la nappe reste pliée, et rien n'apparaît. Alors il examine la nappe et s'aperçoit qu'on l'avait changée. "Ah! c'est l'aubergiste qui m'a volé ma nappe."

Alors son frère Jacques dit: "Moi aussi je vais aller chercher fortune, et je trouverai bien la nappe de Pierre." Il part et marche longtemps, sans rien trouver. Un jour, il arrive sur le bord d'une rivière, où était assise une vieille femme toute courbée par l'âge et la misère. Elle lui demande: "Voulez-vous m'aider à traverser la rivière?" Jacques l'aide à traverser la rivière. Quand elle est de l'autre côté, elle lui dit: "Je suis une fée, et pour vous récompenser, je vous donne cette poule." Elle lui donne une poule qu'elle avait sous son manteau. "Vous n'aurez qu'à dire: 'Poule, ponds-moi de l'or!' et elle pondra de l'or." Enchanté du cadeau, Jacques remercie la fée et s'empresse de retourner chez ses parents. Mais, en chemin, il s'arrête pour la nuit à la même auberge que Pierre. Le soir, après souper, il monte à sa chambre et dit à sa poule: "Ponds-moi de l'or!" Et la poule lui pond trois œufs d'or. Il en donne un à l'aubergiste pour payer sa dépense. Mais, ayant vu la poule pondre de l'or, celui-ci se lève durant la nuit, vole la poule de Jacques et en met une autre à la place. Le lendemain, Jacques arrive chez ses parents. "Voyez ma poule, s'écrie-t-il, elle pond de l'or. Regardez bien!" Posant sa poule sur la table, il lui dit: "Poule, ponds-moi de l'or!" Mais la poule se contente de branler la tête et chanter: "Caque-caque,

canette!" sans pondre même un sou. Et Jacques s'écrie: "C'est l'aubergiste qui m'a volé ma poule."

Alors Jean leur dit: "C'est mon tour, et je vais aller chercher fortune." Il part donc et marche longtemps, sans rien trouver. Un jour, à la tombée du soir, il arrive à l'entrée d'un bois, où se tenait une vieille femme. Elle lui dit: "Mon cher petit, voulez-vous m'aider à traverser le bois? Car il fait noir, je ne vois pas bien clair et j'ai peur des voleurs." Alors Jean la prend par la main et la conduit jusqu'à l'autre côté du bois. Arrivée là, la vieille femme, se redressant, lui dit: "Je suis une fée, et pour te récompenser, je te fais un cadeau de ce bâton. Tu n'auras qu'à dire: 'Bâton, tape!' et aussitôt il se mettra à taper *sur* qui tu voudras." Jean remercie la fée, et part avec son bâton pour la maison de ses parents.

Le soir l'ayant surpris, il s'arrête à l'auberge dont lui avaient parlé ses frères. Le lendemain, avant de partir, il dit à l'aubergiste: "C'est vous qui avez volé la nappe de mon frère, la nappe qui met la table?" — "Non, répond l'autre; je ne l'ai jamais vue." Mais Jean lui dit: "Vous allez me rendre la nappe ou je vais vous faire cogner par mon bâton." — "Je ne l'ai pas," reprend l'autre. "Soit, alors 'Bâton, tape!'" Aussitôt le bâton s'abat sur les épaules de l'aubergiste: "Bing, bang, pan, pan!" L'aubergiste se sauve, courant partout. Mais le bâton le suit, frappant toujours: "Bing, bang, pan, pan!" Le pauvre homme devient tout meurtri de coups. Il geint et se lamente en criant: "Arrêtez, arrêtez votre bâton!" Jean lui répond: "Pas tant que vous n'aurez pas rendu la nappe de mon frère." Ereinté de coups, le corps meurtri, l'aubergiste enfin sort la nappe et la donne à Jean, qui arrête son bâton. Puis Jean part et revient le soir suivant, pour passer la nuit.

Le lendemain, au moment de partir, il dit à l'aubergiste: "Maintenant, vous allez me rendre la poule aux œufs d'or, que vous avez volée à mon frère." — "Moi, je ne l'ai jamais vue." — "Oui, vous l'avez, et si vous ne me la donnez pas tout de suite, je vais vous faire cogner par mon bâton." — "Non, non! je ne l'ai pas," erie l'aubergiste en se sauvant, tant il a peur du bâton. Mais Jean erie: "Bâton, tape!" et le bâton court après l'aubergiste, lui saute dans le dos et se met à lui taper sur les épaules "Bing, bang, pan, pan!" Le pauvre homme erie, hurle, se roule à terre, demandant grâce et pitié. Mais le bâton continue de frapper: "Bing, bang, pan, pan!" A la fin, n'en pouvant plus, l'aubergiste va chercher la poule et la remet à Jean, qui arrête son bâton et part joyeux, avec la nappe et la poule, pour retourner chez ses parents.

En chemin, il rencontre trois voleurs, qui lui disent: "Donne vite ta poule et tout ce que tu as, ou nous te pendons à la plus haute branche d'un arbre!" Mais Jean leur dit: "Laissez-moi passer! ou je vous fais

massacrer de coups par mon bâton.” Les voleurs se mettent à rire: “Dépêche-toi! ou nous allons te pendre.” Alors Jean crie: “Bâton, tape!” Et le bâton part comme un ouragan. Il s’abat comme la grêle sur les épaules des voleurs, “Bing, bang, pan, pan!” Et il tape si fort et si dur qu’on aurait dit vingt bâtons: “Bing, bang, pan, pan!” Les voleurs épouvantés s’enfuient, poursuivis par le bâton, “Bing, bang, pan, pan!” Alors Jean rappelle son bâton et continue sa route. En arrivant à la maison de ses parents, il leur dit: “J’ai tout rapporté, la nappe, la poule et mon bâton qui se met à cogner chaque fois que je le souhaite. Préparez la table, voici la nappe. ‘Nappe, mets la table!’ ” Aussitôt, la nappe s’étend et se couvre de mets succulents et de beaux fruits. Puis il dit: “Poule, ponds-moi de l’or!” Et la poule pond trois œufs d’or.

Alors, c’est une grande réjouissance de se voir si riches. Les trois frères demeurent avec leurs parents, contents et heureux, jusqu’à la fin de leurs jours.

44. GILBERT ET LE ROI.¹

Une fois se trouvaient un homme et une femme, qui vivaient bien pauvrement. Le mari en mourant laissa un fils qui s’appelait Gilbert. Il n’était pas bien fin. Il voulait aller à la messe, un jour. Sa mère lui dit: “Tu es trop fou pour aller à la messe.” Toujours il alla à la messe *pareil*. Il sortit avant que la messe fût finie, pensant que c’était tout. Et tout à coup, il rencontra la fille du roi. Cela lui fit une grande joie, vous comprenez bien. Il l’aima du premier coup qu’il la vit: elle était si belle! Il arriva chez lui, et dit à sa mère: “Je veux épouser la fille du roi.” Sa mère lui répondit: “Il est vrai que tu devrais te marier; je commence à me faire vieille. Mais tu es bien trop fou, et tu n’arriveras pas auprès de la fille du roi pour l’épouser.” Sa mère lui conseilla tout de même d’aller chercher un de ses amis, qui était très habile et bienveillant. “Tu lui diras qu’il te contredise sur tout ce que tu diras, et qu’il dise toujours plus que toi.”

Gilbert va chercher son ami. Ils arrivent auprès du roi. Gilbert lui dit: “Je suis venu pour épouser votre fille.” Le roi lui demande: “Es-tu bien riche en propriété?” Gilbert lui répond: “Nous avons une petite terre, pas très riche.” Son ami prend aussitôt la parole: “Ah! pas très riche? Presque toute la ville lui appartient, tant il est riche.” Le roi fait signe à sa fille que c’était un bon, celui-là, de l’épouser. Il demande encore à Gilbert: “As-tu une *grosse agrès*² d’agriculture.” Il répond: “Une *petite agrès*.” L’autre prend la parole: “Une *petite agrès*? Il a la *plus belle agrès* d’agriculture au

¹ Raconté par Mlle Antoinette Leduc, de Valleyfield, P. Q., et recueilli le 23 mai, 1915.

² Un *gros agrès*, pour beaucoup de machines agricoles.

monde. C'est l'homme le plus pourvu de la terre." Le roi dit encore à sa fille: "C'est le meilleur parti à prendre." Tout à coup, voyant qu'il avait pas mal gagné sa cause, Gilbert commence à se gratter. Le roi lui demande: "Qu'as-tu à te gratter?" Gilbert répond: "C'est un petit bouton que j'ai." Son ami prend la parole: "Ah! un petit bouton, ne m'en parlez pas! Il est tout cousu de boutons." Le roi eut trop peur; il ne lui donna pas sa fille en mariage.

45. LE PETIT BONHOMME-DE-GRAISSE.¹

Il était, une fois, une femme qui vivait seule dans un village, avec son petit garçon. Ce dernier était toujours habillé de blanc. Comme il était toujours très propre, gras et joufflu, on l'appelait le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse. Il se montrait aussi toujours très poli et obligeant pour tout le monde.

Dans le même village résidait une femme méchante et cruelle, qui était toujours de mauvaise humeur. Elle avait un petit garçon toujours mal habillé et malpropre, et qui passait son temps à jouer des tours aux voisins. Tout le monde le détestait. La mauvaise femme haïssait le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse, parce qu'il était si propre et si poli.

Un jour, la mère du petit Bonhomme-de-graisse eut à se rendre au marché. Elle prit son grand panier et, en partant, dit à son petit garçon: "Sois bien sage durant mon absence, et surtout n'ouvre la porte à personne." L'enfant le promit, et elle partit pour le marché.

La voyant passer dans la rue, la mauvaise femme se dit: "Bon! c'est le temps. Je vais me venger du petit Bonhomme-de-graisse." Aussitôt elle prit un grand sac et se dirigea vers l'autre maison. Elle frappa à la porte: "Qui est là?" demanda le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse. La méchante femme, contrefaisant sa voix: "C'est une pauvre femme demandant la charité." Le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse, qui faisait toujours la charité, prit un morceau de pain et ouvrit la porte pour le donner à la quêteuse. Mais la vieille se jeta sur lui et le mit dans son sac, en criant: "Ah! ah! c'est moi qui vais te faire rôtir." Elle reprit le chemin de sa maison. Déposant son sac, en route, elle s'arrêta pour ramasser du bois, pour faire son feu. Aussitôt le Bonhomme-de-graisse sortit du sac, y mit une grosse pierre à sa place, et se sauva chez sa mère. La vieille remit le sac sur ses épaules, et trompée par le poids de la pierre, elle arriva chez elle et dit à son petit garçon: "Prépare la marmite, pour que j'y jette le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse." Il découvrit la marmite, et la vieille vida son sac dedans. *Bang!* la pierre tomba dans la marmite qu'elle brisa en morceaux.

¹ Appris par l'auteur durant sa jeunesse, à Saint-Constant, LaPrairie, P.Q.

La vieille était furieuse. Elle reprit aussitôt son sac et se mit à courir vers la maison du petit Bonhomme-de-graisse, en marmottant: "Tu vas me payer ça!" Quand elle arriva à la maison, elle frappa, en disant: "C'est une vieille qui demande la charité." Mais le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse n'ouvrit pas la porte. "Si tu ne m'ouvres pas la porte, je vais passer par la cheminée." Le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse n'ouvrit pas la porte, et la méchante femme grimpa sur le toit et descendit par la cheminée dans la maison. Elle saisit le petit bonhomme et le mit dans son sac en disant: "Cette fois, tu ne m'échapperas pas!" Elle rentra tout droit à sa maison, sans s'arrêter à ramasser du bois. En arrivant, elle dit à son petit garçon: "Viens tenir le sac, pendant que je vais préparer mon couteau." Pendant qu'il tenait le sac, le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse lui dit: "Ouvre-moi un peu le sac et je vais te montrer un beau petit oiseau, que j'ai dans ma poche." Alors il ouvrit le sac et le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse sortit, poussa le petit garçon dans le sac, qu'il attacha avec un nœud, et il se sauva chez lui. Quand la méchante femme eut préparé son couteau, elle s'approcha du sac et donna dedans un grand coup de couteau. Quand elle ouvrit le sac, elle trouva son petit garçon mort.

Alors elle devint furieuse, et, prenant son couteau, elle courut vers la maison du petit Bonhomme-de-graisse. Pendant ce temps, sa mère était revenue du marché, et il lui avait raconté tout ce qui était arrivé. Sa mère plaça alors un grand chaudron dans la cheminée, et le remplit d'eau bouillante. Quand la méchante femme arriva, elle frappa à la porte, en disant: "Ouvre-moi la porte, ou je passe par la cheminée!" Mais le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse ne répondit pas. La vieille grimpa sur le toit et descendit dans la cheminée. Etouffée par la vapeur de l'eau bouillante, elle tomba dans le chaudron, où elle mourut.

Et le petit Bonhomme-de-graisse, sage et propre, resta toujours avec sa mère, vivant heureux, aimé des voisins et de tout le village.

46. ZACHARIE.¹

C'était un soir. Dans une des belles soirées de l'Amérique du Nord, une troupe de brigands, repus de sang et de carnage, se réunissait autour d'un feu. Tout à coup, le lieutenant se leva et s'écria en ces termes: "Zacharie, mon baptême!² raconte-nous un de ces brillants faits d'armes qui font trembler les passants."

Alors Zacharie se leva et commença en ces termes: "C'était un soir. Dans une des belles soirées de l'Amérique... (et l'on recommence la tirade indéfiniment).

¹ Raconté par le Dr A. Archambault, à Saint-Mathias, P.Q., le 23 mai, 1915.

² Juron canadien.

47. FORMULE.¹

Une fois, c'était une petite. Elle s'en allait porter à diner à son père. Elle avait une petite chaudière, marche, marche, rencontre une petite barrière, met sa chaudière à terre, saute la petite barrière, marche, marche, arrive encore une petite barrière, met sa chaudière à terre, saute la petite barrière, marche, marche, arrive une autre petite barrière, met sa chaudière à terre, saute la petite barrière, etc... (*indéfiniment la même chose.*)

¹ Raconté par Mlle Antoinette Leduc, de Valleyfield, le 23 mai, 1915.

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Par C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.

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SOME SONGS TRADITIONAL IN THE UNITED STATES.¹

BY ALBERT H. TOLMAN.

FOR some years the writer has been trying to get copies of the various songs to be found in this country in oral tradition. Some pupils have given friendly assistance, and most of the texts in his collection have been obtained by them. The material collected falls into four divisions, as follows: I. Older ballads (those in Child); II. Modern songs (excluding homiletic ballads and play-party songs); III. Homiletic ballads; IV. Play-party songs. The present paper will be concerned only with the first three of these divisions.

Under each ballad are indicated all the American copies that have appeared in print, so far as these are known to the writer. Some recent English texts that are not in Child are also pointed out, but no attempt is made to enumerate them all.

Four American scholars have published check-lists of the songs in their collections. These lists give valuable information, both positive and negative. A song not in Mr. Barry's list is sure not to be common in New England; one omitted from Professor Shearin's list cannot be common in the Kentucky mountains; one not mentioned in the list of Professor Belden can hardly be well known in Missouri; one not recorded by Professor Louise Pound is either unknown or rare in Nebraska and the Central West. If any ballad treated here is in one of these lists, the fact is indicated, unless reference is made instead to a published version of that collector.²

¹ [At the suggestion of Professor Tolman I have added a number of notes and reference (distinguished by brackets). Since it is obvious that many of the songs and ballads now orally current in America have passed through print and owe their circulation in large part to broadsides and song-books, numerous citations of such ephemeral publications have here been made,—merely, however, as specimens, and with no attempt at exhaustiveness. I take this opportunity to express my gratitude to Mr. H. L. Koopman, Librarian of Brown University, for his kindness in facilitating my use of the recent American broadsides and the unrivalled assemblage of American "songsters" in the great Harris Collection belonging to that institution.—G.L.K.]

² Professor Shearin's Syllabus is published by Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky.; Professor Pound's, by the Nebraska Academy of Sciences.

The following modern British collections are cited in this paper by title:

- English County Songs, Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, London, 1893.
 English Folk-Songs, Wm. Alexander Barrett, London, n. d., Novello.
 English Minstrelsie, S. Baring-Gould, 8 vols., Edinburgh [1895 +]. (There are not many folk-songs in this collection.)
 Folk-Songs from Dorset, H. E. D. Hammond, London, 1908, Novello.
 Folk Songs from Somerset, Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, five series, London, 1890-99.
 A Garland of Country Song, S. Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard, London, 1895, Methuen.
 Journal of the Folk-Song Society, 4 vols., London, 1899-1911. In progress.
 The Minstrelsy of England, Alfred Moffat and Frank Kidson, London, 1901. (Not many folk-songs are included.)
 Songs of the West, S. Baring-Gould and others, London, 2d ed. 1905, Methuen.
 Traditional Tunes, Frank Kidson, Oxford, 1891.

It is a matter of regret that the airs cannot be printed with the texts here given. The present revival of interest in the folk-songs in England has come about mainly through a warm appreciation of the value of the folk-melodies. But the present collector has obtained only a few airs, and he is ignorant of the value of those.

The texts under Division I are arranged according to the numbers in Child's collection. In the case of any ballad of which a large number of American variants have already been published, it seems best not to print any text here, unless a copy has some very special interest. The texts given under II are placed in the alphabetical order of the titles.

The spelling and punctuation have usually been normalized; but the intention has been to retain all words and forms that are expressive or characteristic.

I am deeply grateful to Professor Kittredge for generous help in the preparation of this paper, and for his valuable annotations.

I. OLDER SONGS

(THOSE IN CHILD'S COLLECTION).

4. LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT.

American texts: Child iii, 496; this Journal, xviii, 132; xix, 232; xxii, 65, 374; xxiii, 374; xxiv, 333, 344; xxvii, 90; xxviii, 148. Barry and Belden variants are included above. Shearin lists four variants, p. 7.¹

¹[Three copies from Virginia have been printed in *The Focus* (Farmville, Va.), iv, 161-162, 212-214. The ballad may also be found in the *Red, White and Blue Songster* (New York, [1861]), pp. 212-213, and the *American Songster* (New York, Cozans), pp. 212-214 (both in the Brown University Library).]

Recent English texts: Journal of Folk-Song Society, iv, 116; Folk Songs from Somerset, No. 84.¹

I have two variants, one from Virginia, one from New York. They resemble Child's E version.

12. LORD RANDAL.

American texts: Child i, 163; this Journal, xiii, 115 + (4 variants); xvi, 258 + (Barry, 6 v.); xviii, 195 + (Barry, 17 v.), 303; xxii, 376; xxiv, 345; Modern Language Notes, January, 1902, p. 6; Decennial Publications, University of Chicago, 1903, vol. vii, p. 140. See C. Alphonso Smith, Musical Quarterly, January, 1916, pp. 5, 19-20; Shearin, p. 7; Pound, p. 9.²

Recent English texts: Folk Songs from Somerset, Nos. 23, 24; Journal of Folk-Song Society, ii, 14 +; iii, 43. A Garland of Country Song, No. 38.³

I have three variants,—from Indiana, Ohio, and Texas. The Indiana copy, obtained by Mr. O. B. Sperlin, now of Tacoma, Wash., has such a vigorous close, that all the versions in Child seemed to him to end weakly:—

"Oh, what did you will to your sweetheart,

Johnnie Ramble my son?

Oh, what did you will to your sweetheart,

My own dear little one?"

"All hell and damnation, for to parch her soul brown;

For she is the one that has caused me lie down."

46. CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

American texts of No. 46: this Journal, xxiii, 377; xxiv, 335 (Barry).

Perry Merry Dictum Dominee (Allied to 46).

This version was obtained from Miss Emma Schrader, Chicago, "as heard in Chebanse, Ill., about 1880." Two other texts received agree closely. Belden, No. 142.

Child prints an English version "from a manuscript assigned to the fifteenth century," also one that is more modern (i, 415 and *note*).⁴

¹ [Cf. Kidson, Traditional Tunes, pp. 27-29, 172; Gillington, Eight Hampshire Folk Songs, p. 4. The ballad is common in recent broadsides: see the following in the Harvard College Library,—25242.2, fol. 218 (J. Catnach); 25242.10.5 (5); 25242.11.5, fol. 62 (Disley, St. Giles); 25242.17, vol. viii, no. 126; 25242.26, fol. G, H (H. Such, no. 279).]

² [For other American copies see Focus, iii, 397 (December, 1913); iv, 51-52 (February, 1914); iv, 100 (March, 1914); C. E. Means, Outlook, lxiii, 121 (Sept. 9, 1899).]

³ [See also Joyce, Old Irish Folk Music and Songs, 1909, pp. 394-395; Eriu, iii, 77; Gutch and Peacock, County Folk-Lore, v, 372 (from 8 N. & Q., vi, 427).]

⁴ [See Mrs. Valentine, Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles, No. 304, pp. 171-172; [W. A. Wheeler], Mother Goose's Melodies, New York, 1877, pp. 53, 82-83; Folk-Lore Journal, 1885, iii, pp. 272-273; Miss M. H. Mason, Nursery Rhymes & Country Songs [1878], pp. 23-25 (2 copies); Baring-Gould, A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes, No. 64, pp. 78-79 (cf. pp. 157-158); Crane, Baby's Bouquet.]

1. I had four brothers over the sea;
Perry merry dictum dominee;
And they each sent a present unto me.
Partum quartum pere dicentum,
Perry merry dictum dominee.
2. The first sent me cherries without any stones;
Perry, etc.
The second sent a chicken without any bones.
Partum, etc.
3. The third sent a blanket that had no thread;
The fourth sent a book that could not be read.
4. When the cherries are in blossom, they have no stones;
When the chicken's in the egg, it has no bones.
5. When the blanket's in the fleece, it has no thread;
Perry merry dictum dominee;
When the book's in the press, it cannot be read.
Partum quartum pere dicentum,
Perry merry dictum dominee.

49. THE TWA BROTHERS.

American texts: Child, i, 443; this *Journal*, xxvi, 361. Shearin lists a variant called "Little Willie." Pound, p. 10.

The following version is from O. B. Sperlin, Tacoma, Wash. It was learned in 1884 from William Costlow, near Kokomo, Ind., who "said that it was a true story, for he knew of some one who knew the family in which it occurred."

1. Two little boys a-going to school,
Two little boys they be,
Two little boys a-going to school,
To learn their A B C.
2. One says, "Johnnie, will you toss a ball?
Or will you throw a stone?
Or will you wrastle along with me,
As we are going home?"
3. "Oh no," says Johnnie, "I'll not toss a ball,
Nor either throw a stone,
But I will wrastle along with you,
As we are going home."
4. So they wrastled up and they wrastled down,
And they wrastled all around;
A little pen-knife ran in Johnnie's heart,
Which gave a deadly wound.
5. "Oh, pick me up, my dearest little brother,
And carry me to yonder tree;
There I may lie, there I may die;
Contented I shall be."

73. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

American texts: Child iii, 509; this Journal, xviii, 128 (Barry, 2 variants); xix, 235 (Belden, 4 v.); xx, 254; xxviii, 152; Decennial Publications University of Chicago, 1903, vol. vii, 140. Shearin lists 3 variants, p. 8. Pound, p. 11.¹

An English variant with various tunes is in the Journal of Folk-Song Society, ii, 105.²

I have two copies from Virginia, two from Indiana, and one incomplete copy derived from Pennsylvania. It seems best to print here only the last of these.

Lord Thomas and Fair Elendar.

The only American version of this ballad in Child (reprinted from the Folk-Lore Journal, vii, 33, 1889) was taken "from the singing of a Virginian nurse-maid." Child speaks of "its amusing perversions." The most important perversion is the giving to "fair Ellinter" both the wealth and the beauty, so that "Lord Thomas" has no reason for choosing the brown girl, and his mother no reason for advising it. The following fragment shows that this form of the story had some currency. The fragment was obtained from Mrs. Deborah Stone, Winfield, Kan., in 1897. She learned it about 1840 from a school-teacher from Pennsylvania.

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold biler, sir,
A biler, sir, was he;
Fair Elendar being an accomplished young lady,
Lord Thomas he loved her dearly, dearly,
Lord Thomas he loved her dearly.
2. "Go read me a riddle, dear mother," said he,
"Go riddle it all in wool;
It's whether I'll make fair Elendar my bride,
Or bring me the brown girl home, home, home,
Or bring me the brown girl home."
3. "Fair Elendar she has houses and lands,
The brown girl she has none;
Before I'll be bothered with such a great peasant,
Go bring me the brown girl home, home, home,
Go bring me the brown girl home."

.

¹ [Other American texts are printed in Forget Me Not Songster (New York, Nafis & Cornish), p. 236; Outlook, lxiii, 120 (Sept. 9, 1899); Berea Quarterly, vol. ix, no. 3, pp. 10-11 (April, 1905); Focus, iii, 204-206 (May, 1913); iv, 162 (April, 1914).]

² [See also Leather, Folk-Lore of Herefordshire, 1912, pp. 200-202. The Harvard College Library has several broadside copies: 25242.5.5 (169); 25242.11.5, fol. 5; 25242.17, vol. viii, no. 127 (Catnach), vol. ix, no. 237 (Bebington, Manchester), and probably others.]

74. FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

American texts: Child, v, 293; this Journal, xix, 281 (Belden); xxiii, 381; xxviii, 154. Shearin lists four variants, p. 8. C. Alphonso Smith prints two melodies, *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 18.

English texts: *Journal of Folk-Song Society*, ii, 289; iii, 64; Hammond, *Folk-Songs from Dorset*, p. 31.

I mention this ballad only to call attention to an excellent version from Kentucky which Mr. Julian Ralph brings into a short story, "The Transformation of Em Durham," in "Harper's Monthly Magazine," July, 1903, p. 272.

75. LORD LOVEL.

American texts: this Journal, xviii, 291 (Barry, 2 variants); xix, 283 (Belden, 2 v.). See C. Alphonso Smith, *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 5. Shearin lists one text, p. 8, "Lord Lovely." One is reported by Child, v, 294. Pound, p. 9.

I have two variants,—one from Virginia; one, "Lord Lover," from Ohio.¹

84. BONNY BARBARA ALLEN.

American texts: this Journal, vi, 132; xix, 285 (Belden, 6 variants); xx, 150; xxii, 63; xxviii, 144 (2 v.; in the second, "Barbry Allen" is a man). C. Alphonso Smith, *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, pp. 4, 12-14, 20-21. Shearin lists six variants, p. 8. Barry, some years ago, had "six melodies," certainly representing a number of texts. Pound, p. 9.²

¹[A Virginian copy is given in *The Focus*, iv, 215-216 (May, 1914). The ballad has often been printed in America: for example, in *The New Song Book* (Hartford, Conn., 1836), pp. 20-21; *The Singer's Own Book* (Woodstock, Vt., 1838), p. 9; *The New Pocket Song Book* (New York, Leavitt & Allen [ca. 1860]), p. 20; *Beadle's Dime Songs of the Olden Time* (New York, copyright, 1863), pp. 13-14; *Guiding Star Songster* (New York, copyright, 1865), pp. 84-85; New York, broadside ca. 1855, J. Andrews, list 4, no. 84; New York, broadside ca. 1860, H. de Marsan. There are five MS. American copies among the Child MSS. in the Harvard College Library. For specimens of recent English broadside texts see (in the same library) Child Broadside, Such, no. 253; 25242.17, vol. ix, no. 12 (Manchester, Bebbington). Cf. Davidson's *Universal Melodist*, i, 148; 11 N. & Q., v, 115, 171, 217, 296; Sarah Hewett, *Nummits and Crummits*, 1900, pp. 188-190. For the comic version "as sung by Sam Cowel" see broadside in Harvard College Library 25242.28.]

²[For other American texts from singing or recitation see *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1888; *University of Virginia Magazine*, April, 1913, pp. 329-335; *Focus*, iii, 445-447 (January, 1914), iv, 101-102 (March, 1914), 160-161 (April, 1914). Most of the texts of this ballad current in the United States have undoubtedly passed through print. Examples of printed American copies are: *The Southern Warbler*, Charleston, S.C., 1845, pp. 275-276; *The Virginia Warbler*, Richmond, 1845, pp. 275-276; *The Pearl Songster*, N.Y., C. P. Huestis, 1846, pp. 104-106; *Forget Me Not Songster*, N.Y., Nafis & Cornish, p. 142; *Forget-Me-Not Songster*, Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, pp. 129-130; *Beadle's Dime Songs of the Olden Time*, N. Y., copyright 1863, pp. 38-40; broadside, N.Y., H. J. Wehman, no. 395, as late as 1880 (Harvard College Library, 25241.29). Examples of recent English broadsides (same library) are: (1) 25242.17, vol. v, no. 112, probably Cad-

English texts: Folk Songs from Somerset, No. 22; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 111, 265-267; ii, 15 +; Minstrelsy of England, p. 132.

The rose-and-brier conclusion is common in the texts of this song, though somewhat inappropriate.

I have four texts, — one each from Virginia and Illinois, and two from Indiana. The first of these is printed below.¹

Barbara Ellen.

The following text comes through Miss Emma F. Pope, Petersburg, Va., from Mrs. Eubank, Ashland, Va. Taken down by her granddaughter.

The triple parallelism with climax in stanzas 3-5 is noteworthy.

1. "In Scotland was I bred and born;
In Yorkshire was my dwelling;
And there I fell in love with a pretty fair maid,
And her name was Barbara Ellen.
2. "I sent a boy down to her house,
To the house that she did dwell in;
I sent him to her father's house.
Her name was Barbara Ellen."²
3. "Look up, look up at my bed-head,
You'll see a napkin hanging;
In that you'll find a gold watch and chain,
And that's for Barbara Ellen.
4. "Look down, look down at my bed-foot,
You'll see a trunk a-standing;
It's full of gold and jewelry,
And that's for Barbara Ellen.
5. "Look down, look down at my bed-side,
You'll see a bowl o'erflowing;
And in that bowl there's my heart's blood,
That's shed for Barbara Ellen."
6. So slowly she put on her clothes;
So slowly she went walking;
So slowly, as she crossed the field,
She met the corpse a-coming.

man (equivalent to Child's A); (2) same, vol. v, no. 163, Catnach (a later form of Child's B); (3) same, vol. ix, no. 201, Bebbington, Manchester (same text as 1); (4) same, vol. xii, no. 53 = Child Broadside, Such, no. 208 (same text as 2). The broadside formerly belonging to Percy (Child's Bc) is 25245.36, vol. i, fol. 12.]

¹[This resembles in some respects the version in Buchan's MSS. and Motherwell's MS. reported by Child, ii, 276, but is very different.]

² There seems to be an omission between stanzas 2 and 3, though none is indicated in the type-written copy before me.

7. "Oh, lay him down, oh, lay him down,
That I may gaze upon him."
The more she gazed, and still she gazed,
She could not keep from smiling.
8. The young men cried out, "Oh fie! for shame
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!
There's many a wealthy squire died
For cruel Barbara Ellen."
9. She went down into yonder vale;
She could hear the dead-bell's knelling
And every toll it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!"
10. "Oh, father, father! dig my grave,
And dig it deep and narrow;
For a young man died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."
11. On the one was buried a red rose bud,
[On] the other, a sweet brier;
And they grew and they grew to the church-steeple top,
Till they could grow no higher.
There they twined in a true-lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

93. LAMKIN.

American texts: Child, v, 295; we learn about another American variant at iii, 515; this *Journal*, xiii, 117.

English texts: *Journal of Folk-Song Society*, i, 212; ii, 111.¹

False Lambkin.

This version was obtained through Miss Mary O. Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, both of Perrysville, O. It is the only full American version that I know of.²

1. False Lambkin was a mason,
As good as ever laid stone;
He built Lord Arnold's castle,
And the Lord paid him none.
2. False Lambkin he swore
That revenged he would be
On Lord Arnold's castle,
Or on his family.

¹ [Also Leather, *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, 1912, pp. 199-200. "Lamkin" occurs among broadsides issued by Pitts (Harvard College, 25242.2, fol. 162; cf. 25242.7, p. 55, and 25242.25, p. 52).]

² [A version from Michigan in the MS. collection of Mr. Bertrand L. Jones closely resembles this text. Mr. Jones prints the first stanza of his copy in the *Kalamazoo Normal Record*, May, 1914 (Western State Normal School, Kalamazoo).]

3. Said the Lord to his Lady,
 "I'm going from home;
 And what would you do,
 If False Lambkin should come?"
4. "Oh, I fear not False Lambkin,
 Nor more of his kind;
 For I'll keep my doors fastened,
 And my windows pinned in."
5. So she kept her doors fastened,
 And her windows pinned in,
 All except one kitchen window,
 Where Lambkin came in.
6. "Oh, where is Lord Arnold?
 Is he not at home?"
 "No; he[s] gone to old Ireland
 To see his dear son."
7. "Oh, where is his Lady?
 Has she gone along?"
 "No; she's in her chamber,
 Where no man can get in."
8. "Oh, what shall I do,
 That I may get in?"
 "You must pierce this little babe's heart
 With your silver bodkin."
9. So he pierced the little babe's heart,
 Till the blood did spin
 Out into the cradle.
 So falsely she did sing:
10. "Oh, hushy-by baby.
 Oh, what aileth thee?
 Come down, loving mistress;
 Oh, come down and see."
11. "Oh, how can I come down
 So late in the night,
 When there is no moon a-shining,
 Nor stars to give light?"
12. "Oh, your [you've?] seven bright lanterns,
 As bright as the sun.
 Come down, loving mistress;
 Oh, come down by one."
13. She had not advanced
 But steps two or three,
 Till she spied False Lambkin
 A-standing close by.

14. "Oh, spare me, False Lambkin;
And I will go back,
And get you all the money
You can carry in your sack."
15. "I want none of your money,
Nor nothing that I know,
That will spare this bright sword
From your neck white as snow."
16. "Oh, spare me, False Lambkin;
Oh, spare me one hour;
And I'll call down daughter Betsey,
The queen of the bower."
17. "Go, call down daughter Betsey,
So neat and so clean,
To hold the silver basin
To catch your blood in."
18. "Daughter Betsey, stay up
In your chamber so high,
Till you see your dear father
In a ship sailing nigh."
19. Daughter Betsey staid up
In her chamber so high,
Till she saw her dear father
In a ship sailing nigh.
20. When Lord Arnold came to the castle
And opened the door,
He saw his companion
Lying dead on the floor.
21. False Lambkin was hung
On a gallows so high;
And the false nurse was burnt
To a stake standing by.

155. SIR HUGH, OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

American texts: G, H, and N in Child were obtained in the United States; H. E. K[rebhiel] printed three variants with the music in the N. Y. Tribune, Sunday, Aug. 17, 1902 (one reprinted in this Journal, xv, 195); this Journal, xix, 293 (Belden, 2 variants); The University of Virginia Magazine, December, 1912, p. 115; C. Alphonso Smith, Musical Quarterly, January, 1916, 15-16 (3 melodies and the text last indicated). Shearin lists 2 variants, p. 8.¹

English texts: Folk Songs from Somerset, No. 68; Journal of Folk-Song Society, i, 264.²

¹ [A text in The Focus, iii, 396-397, 399 (December, 1913), is closely related to that printed below.]

² [Baring-Gould, A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes, 1895, no. 76, pp. 92-95; Gutch and Peacock, County Folk-Lore, v, 382, 384-386.]

[*The Jewish Lady.*]

This version came through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Flo Keller, both of Warren, Ind.

1. It rained a mist, it rained a mist,
It rained all over the land;
Till all the boys throughout the town
Went out to toss their ball, ball, ball,
Went out to toss their ball.
2. At first they tossed their ball too high,
And then again too low,
Till over in the Jewish garden it fell,
Where no one was darst to go, go, go,
Where no one was darst to go.
3. Out came a Jewish lady,
All dressed so gay and fine.
"Come in, my pretty little boy," she said,
"And you shall have your ball, ball, ball,
And you shall have your ball."
4. At first she showed him a yellow apple dish,¹
And a gay gold ring,
And then a cherry as red as blood,
To entice this little boy in, in, in,
To entice this little boy in.
5. She took him by his little white hand,
And led him through the hall,
And then unto a cellar so deep,
Where no one could hear him lament, lament,
Where no one could hear him lament.
6. "If any my playmates should call for me,
You may tell them that I'm asleep;
But if my mother should call for me,
You may tell her that I am dead,
And buried with a prayer-book at my feet,
And a bible at my head, head, head,
And a bible at my head."

[Mr. S. M. Clement gave me the following copy in March, 1914, with this note: "The following ballad was taken down by me, exactly as sung by Mr. Ludlow S. Bull (Yale, 1907). He told me, when he gave me the words, that he had never seen them in print, but that his mother had often sung them to him when he was a child. She in turn had heard them sung to her by her mother. I think the family lived in Connecticut originally."—G. L. K.]

¹ Or dish apple.

[*The Jew's Maiden.*]

1. There was a little boy,
Who tossed his ball so high;
There was a little boy,
Who tossed his ball so low;
2. He tossed his ball so low,
He tossed his ball so high,
He tossed it into a merry Jew's garden,
Where all the Jews do lie.
3. Then out came a merry Jew's maiden,
All dressed up in green;
"Come here, come here, my little boy,
And fetch your ball again."
4. She enticed him with an apple,
She enticed him with a pear,
She enticed him with a cherry red,
And so she enticed him there.
5. She led him through the garden,
She led him through the hall,
She led him through the kitchen,
Amid the servants all.
6. She sat him on a chair of gold
And gave him sugar sweet;
She laid him on the dresser
And killed him like a sheep.
7. She took him to the bedroom
And laid him on the bed;
She put a bible at his feet
And a prayer-book at his head.
8. She put a prayer-book at his head
And a bible at his feet;
And all the people that passed by
Thought the little boy was asleep.

274. OUR GOODMAN.¹

An American text was printed by Mr. Barry in this *Journal*, xviii, 294. C. Alphonso Smith, *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, pp. 4, 16-18 (3 melodies and a fragment).

¹ [The currency of one or another form of the ballad in print must have been considerable. In modern broadsides it is called "The Unhappy Couple" (Harvard College Library, 25242.4, vol. i, p. 98, C. Croshaw, York; same in 25242.24, p. 93) or "The Merry Cuckold and Kind Wife" (see Harvard 25243.3, fol. 117). Cf. Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, ii, 31-36 (with mention of "Cousin Mackintosh"). Cf. John Galt, *The Entail*, ch. 72 (Works ed. Meldrum, Edinb., 1895, iii, 119): "As blin' as

A noteworthy English version is No. 30, "Old Witchet," in *Songs of the West* (Devon and Cornwall), collected by S. Baring-Gould and others, 2d ed., 1905, Methuen.

I have a text taken down in Kansas from a Mrs. Ferguson, who was born in Scotland.

II. MODERN SONGS

(EXCLUDING HOMILETIC BALLADS AND PLAY-PARTY SONGS).

Most of the ballads in this division of the paper are believed to be of British origin. Usually the existence of one or more British texts makes the fact certain, regardless of internal evidence. But the following songs, printed in full or commented upon in this section, are supposed to have originated in America, presumably in the United States:—

Jesse James.

The Lazy Man.

The Little Family (?)

McAfee's Confession.

An Old Man Came to See Me (?)

Springfield Mountain.

Young Charlotte.

BALLAD OF THE THREE.

In Miss Pound's list, p. 77.

This ballad is given as sung by Benjamin Crisler, deceased, to his children from fifty-five to seventy years ago. Mr. Crisler was born in Boone County, Kentucky. "The last verse, entirely forgotten, explained how the three could have been saved if they had been able to sing."¹

This text was contributed by Miss Marietta Crisler, 2976 So. Park Avenue, Chicago.

the silly blind bodie that his wife gart believe her gallant's horse was a milch cow sent frae her minny." As to the currency of the ballad in New England, see Whittier's essay "Yankee Gypsies," in which "a wandering Scotchman" sings part of it. The piece printed by Child (v, 95), "'Twas on Christmas Day," was further developed as a combined song and recitation by E. J. B. Box, and his version ("Christmas Nuptials; or, Matrimonial Discipline") is given (with an illustration by Cruikshank) in Davidson's *Universal Melodist*, Lond., 1834, iii, 65.]

¹ [There never *was* any such last stanza as that which Professor Tolman's informant says was forgotten. The text is merely an imperfect copy of a song once very familiar to college men and others. Its familiarity is oddly attested by the fact that the student song "Gin Sling" is to be sung to the tune of "Good Old Colony Times" according to Henry Randall White, *Carmina Collegensia*, Boston, cop. 1868, p. 24. For the correct text of "Good O. C. Times" see Edward W. White, *The Boston Melodeon*, vol. ii, cop. 1852, pp. 207-208. An English version is given by Sarah Hewett ("The Devil and the Tailor"), in *Nummits and Crummits, Devonshire Customs, Characters, and Folk-Lore*, 1900, p. 218 (it begins, "'Twas in King Henry's time").]

1. In the good old colony times,
 When we were under the king,
 Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps,
 Because they could not sing,
 Because they could not sing.
 Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps,
 Because they could not sing.
2. And one he was a miller,
 And one he was a weaver,
 And one he was a little tailor;
 Three roguish chaps together,
 Three roguish chaps together.
 And one he was a little tailor;
 Three roguish chaps together.
3. The miller he stole flour,
 The weaver he stole yarn,
 And the little tailor he stole broadcloth,
 To keep the three rogues warm,
 To keep the three rogues warm.
 And the little tailor he stole broadcloth,
 To keep the three rogues warm.
4. The miller was drowned in his flour;
 The weaver was hung in his yarn;
 And the sheriff got his paw on the little tailor,
 With his broadcloth under his arm,
 With his broadcloth under his arm.
 And the sheriff got his paw on the little tailor,
 With his broadcloth under his arm.

THE BRAMBLE BRIAR.¹

American texts: this *Journal*, xx, 258; Belden, *The Sewanee Review*, April, 1911; Shearin, *The Sewanee Review*, July, 1911. Barry, No. 49.²

English texts: a broadside in Belden's article (above); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii, 42; *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 12.

I have a not very lucid copy from Ohio, of which I print only the opening stanza.

¹ [An H. J. Wehman broadside, no. 768, New York, is in the Harvard College Library.]

² [The general resemblance to Decameron, iv, 5 (Keats's "Isabella") is obvious, but it is doubtful if there is any historical connection, for the song lacks the real point of the story (see this *Journal*, xx, 258). "The Constant Farmer's Son" is also in *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i, 160-161, and in Miss Broadwood, *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, 1908, pp. 28-29 (cf. p. 116); see *Songs of the West*, iv, p. xxxiii. Harvard College has several broadsides of "The Constant Farmer's Son":—25242.11.5, fol. 110 (duplicate in 25242.17, vol. vii, no. 86); 25242.17, vol. ii, no. 167 (Forth, Printer, Pocklington; duplicate in vol. iv, no. 211); vol. iv, no. 58 (J. Gilbert, Newcastle); vol. v, no. 32 (J. Cadman, Manchester, no. 415); vol. vii, no. 46; vol. xii, no. 140 (H. Such, no. 295), and probably others.]

In portly town there lived a merchant,
Who had two sons and a daughter fair,
And a prentice fond from a far intender,
Who plowed the victories all over the main.

THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

The following was obtained by Miss Mary O. Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, both of Perrysville, O. Shearin's text (p. 24) lays the scene in New York; Barry's (No. 41), "in London city;" Belden's (No. 21), as here. Pound, p. 18.¹

There is an English version in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii, 159. It seems strange that this should begin, "In Jessie's city, oh, there did dwell."

1. New Jersey cit[y] where I did dwell,
A butcher's boy I loved so well;
He courted me my heart away,
And then with me he would not stay.
2. There is a man in this same town,
Where my love goes and sits him down,
And there he takes strange girls on his knee,
And tells to them what he did to me.
3. It's grief and pain to tell you why:
Because they had more gold than I.
But in time of need she will be as poor as I.
4. I went upstairs to make my bed,
And nothing to my mother said.
My mother she came up to me;
"Oh, what[']s the matter, my daughter dear?"
5. O mother dear, it's, don't you know,
It's grief and pain and sorrow, woe.
Go get me a chair to sit me on,
A pen and ink to write it down;
And every line she dropped a tear,
Calling home her Willie dear.
6. And when her father he came home,
He says: "Where's my daughter gone?"
He went up stairs, the door he broke;
And there she hung upon a rope.
7. He took his knife and cut her down,
And in her breast these words he found:
"Oh! what a silly maid was I,
To hang myself for a butcher's boy!

¹ [Barry prints the tune in this *Journal*, xxii, 78. See also Belden, this *Journal*, xxv, 13. A Virginian version of the words was published by Mr. W. H. Babcock in *Folk-Lore*, vii, 32.]

8. "Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
Place marble stone at my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove,
To show this world that I died for love."¹

["The Butcher Boy," almost word for word identical with the text here printed, is found in an American broadside of about 1860 (H. de Marsan, New York, Harvard College, 25242.5.5 [138]). It was No. 8 in de Marsan's list No. 7,² and also in a New York broadside of 1880-90 ("Henry J. Wehman, Song Publisher," No. 302, Harvard College, 25241.29). The same piece is in "Journal of Folk-Song Society," II, 159-160. For the last four stanzas see "Early, Early all in the Spring" ("Journal of Folk-Song Society," II, 293-294).

The piece appears to be an amalgamation of "The Squire's Daughter"³ (also known as "The Cruel Father, or, Deceived Maid"⁴) with "There is an Alehouse in Yonder Town" (well known as a student song in this country under the title "There is a Tavern in the Town").⁵

An absurdly confused (but quite singable) piece, "The Rambling Boy,"⁶ concludes as follows:—

My father coming home at night,
And asked for his heart's delight,
He ran up stairs the door he broke
And found her hanging in a rope.

He took a knife and cut her down,
And in her bosom a note was found,
Dig me a grave both wide and deep,
And a marble stone to cover it.⁷

¹ These last four lines also conclude other English songs. See *Journal of Folk-Song Society*, II, 158-159; III, 188.

² The Brown University collection of Andrews and de Marsan broadsides has the list, from which the number can be ascertained.

³ [Early nineteenth-century English broadside in Harvard College Library, 25242.5.5 (147), no. 7 ("W. Shelmerdine & Co. Printers, Manchester").]

⁴ [Early nineteenth-century slip in Harvard College Library, 25242.2, fol. 65.]

⁵ [*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, I, 252-253; II, 168-169; Leather, *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, pp. 205-206 ("A Brisk Young Sailor"); cf. Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, pp. 44-46; Broadwood, *Traditional Songs*, pp. 92-95.]

⁶ [Pitt's broadside (Harvard College Library, 25242.2, fol. 120); cf. "I am a Rover" (Kidson, pp. 147-148). For the last stanza of "The Butcher Boy" see also *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, II, 158; III, 188.]

⁷ [Cf. a somewhat similar stanza (6) in "The Sailor's Tragedy" (this *Journal*, xxvi, 177). To the references there given add: *The Universal Songster*, London, 1834, II, 273; *The Lover's Harmony*, London, (ca. 1840), p. 278; Gavin Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East*, Peterhead, 1914, no. cxxx.]

COMMON BILL.¹

A fuller version is given in "English County Songs," p. 32. A text in this Journal, xxviii, 173. Perhaps named by Shearin, p. 29. Pound, p. 61. Obtained by Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. E. A. Thurston, both of Warren, Ind.

1. I will tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is not only a little verdant,
But is altogether green.
2. And his name it isn't charming,
For it's only Common Bill;
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.
3. He was here last night to see me,
And he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away.
4. While the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill,
As he begged me to accept him;
But I hardly think I will.
5. I am sure I wouldn't choose him;
But the very deuce is in it;
He says, if I refuse him,
That he couldn't live a minute.
6. And you know the blessed Bible
Plainly says we must not kill;
So I have thought the matter over,
And I rather think I will.

DOG AND GUN.²

Cited under this title in Barry, No. 38, and in Belden, No. 45

¹ [There is a sort of counterpart (imitated from this piece) entitled "I hardly think I can," in which a man speaks (N. Y. broadside, H. de Marsan, *ca.* 1863, list 16, no. 48 (Brown University).]

² [Also known as "The Golden Glove" and "The Squire of Tamworth." Often printed: see Vocal Library, p. 571; Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, Percy Society, 1846, pp. 106-108; same, as issued by Robert Bell, 1857, pp. 70-72, and later (under the title of *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*), pp. 70-72; Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii, 114-115; Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, pp. 552-553; Addy, *Household Tales, etc.*, pp. 146-147 (reprinted thence in *County Folk-Lore*, vi, 182-183); garland in a collection formerly belonging to Heber, Harvard College, 25252.6, no. 14 ("The Golden Glove's Garland . . . Licen[s]ed and Entered according to Order"); Garland, Harvard College, 25276.19, vol. iv, nos. 1 and 10 ("Five Favourite Songs. Glasgow: Printed for the Booksellers"); broadsides,

(cf. this *Journal*, xxv, 12).¹ The title in Shearin, p. 11, is "The Golden Glove."

An English text is in "Traditional Tunes," p. 49. The song "has been much sung in all parts of the country."

The present text was obtained for me from Mrs. Deborah Stone, Winfield, Kan., in 1897. It was learned by her in Pennsylvania in 1842.

1. The wealthy young squire of Yarmouth of late,
He courted a fair lady of very great estate;
And for to be married it was their intent;
Their friends and relations had gave their consent.
And for to be married it was their intent;
Their friends and relations had gave their consent.
2. The day was appointed the wedding to be;
They called a young farmer to give her away.
But instead of being married she took to her bed,
The thoughts of the farmer still run in her head.
But instead, etc.
3. The thoughts of the farmer run so in her mind,
And the way for to get him she quickly did find;
Both waistcoat and breeches this lady put on,
And away she went a-hunting with her dog and gun.
4. She hunted all around where the farmer did dwell,
For 'twas all in her heart that she loved him so well.
She often did fire, but nothing could kill;
Till at length the young farmer came into the field.
5. "Why ain't you at the wedding?" this lady she cried,
"To wait upon the squire and hand him his bride?"
"Well, now," says the farmer, "if the truth I must tell,
I can't give her away, for I love her too well."
6. "Supposing this lady would grant you her love,
And supposing the squire your ruin would prove?"
"Well," said the farmer, "I'd take sword in hand,
And by honor I would gain her, my life at his command."
7. It pleased this lady to see him so bold;
She gave him a glove that was garnished with gold.
She said that she had found it as she came along,
As she was a-hunting with her dog and gun.

Harvard College—25242.17, vol. iii, no. 128 (Forth, Pocklington); vol. iv, no. 115 (John Gilbert, Newcastle-on-Tyne); vol. v, no. 52 (J. Cadman, Manchester); vol. vii, no. 15 (J. Catnach); vol. ix, no. 71 (John O. Bebbington, Manchester); vol. xii, no. 11 (H. Such).]

¹ [An American broadside of the early nineteenth century is in the Harvard College Library, 25242.5.10 (211). I have a New England copy (in MS.) the oral tradition of which reaches to a date before 1823.]

8. This lady went home with her heart full of love,
And gave out a proclamation that she'd lost her glove;
"And the man that will find it and bring it to me,
Oh, the man that will find it, his bride I will be."
9. It pleased this farmer to hear all the news;
Straightway to this lady the farmer he goes,
Saying, "Dear honored lady, I've picked up your glove;
And will you be pleased to grant me your love?"
10. "It's already granted," this lady she cried;
"I love the sweet breath of the farmer," she replied;
"I'll be mistress of his dairy and milker of his cows,
While my jolly young farmer goes whistling to his plows.
I'll be mistress," etc.

Barry prints only the following couplet:

Then after she was married, she told of the fun,
How she hunted the farmer with her dog and gun.

FATHER GRUMBLE.

This title is given by Miss Pound to her text in this Journal, xxvi, 365-366. See full information there given by Professor Kittredge.¹ No. 50 in Belden, "Darby and Joan," is this story.

(a) [*The Old Man.*]

This version was written down recently by Mr. Jos. B. Tree, Richmond, Va., when eighty-seven years of age. It was obtained by Miss Emma F. Pope, Petersburg, Va.

1. There was an old man who lived in the woods,
And that you will plainly see,
Who said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
2. "Very well," the old woman said,
". . . . and will allow;
And you must stay at home to-day
While I will follow the plow.
3. "You must milk the brindle cow,
For fear she will go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That run within the sty.

¹ [Add: Robert Ford, *Song Histories*, 1900, pp. 39 ff. (discussion). For a Devonshire version see Sarah Hewett, *Nummits and Crummits*, 1900, pp. 200-201. A Scottish version (substantially A. Cunningham's) is printed in Delaney's *Scotch Song Book* No. 1, p. 22 (N. Y.).]

4. "And you must watch the speckled hen,
For fear she will lay astray;
And you must wind the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."
5. The old woman took the stick in her hand,
And went to follow the plow;
The old man took the pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow.
6. "So, Jinny; ho, Jinny;
Prithee, good cow stand still.
I declare, if I milk thee again,
'Twill be sorely against my will."
7. But Jinny winced, and Jinny flinched,
And Jinny shook her nose,
And gave the old man a kick in the face,
And the blood ran down to his toes.
8. He went to feed the little pigs
That run within the sty,
And the old sow run between his legs,
And threw him down in the mire.
9. He tangled up the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday;
And he forgot the speckled hen,
And let her lay astray.'
10. And the old man declared by the sun and the moon,
And all the stars in heaven,
His wife could do more work in one day
Than he could do in seven."

(b) *Old Father Grumble.*

The following was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Ella Stanley, both of Warren, Ind.

1. Old Father Grumble he did say,
And said it to be true,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in two.
2. Old Mother Grumble she did say,
And said it to be true,
That he could do the work in the house,
And she'd go follow the plow.
3. "Now you must feed the little wee pig
That stands beneath the sty;
And you must milk the brindle cow,
Or she will go dry.

4. "Now you must churn the cream in the crock
That stands beneath the frame;
And you must watch the fat in the pot,
Or it will all go in a flame.
5. "Now you must wind the spools of yarn
That I spun yesterday;
And you must feed the speckled hen,
Or she will stray away.
6. "Now you must get the dinner too,
And have it right on time;
And don't forget to wring those clothes,
And hang them on the line."
7. Then Mother Grumble took the whip,
And went to follow the plow;
And Father Grumble took the pail,
And went to milk the cow.
8. The cow she kicked and lashed her tail,
And rumbled up her nose;
She kicked poor Grumble on the shins,
Till the blood run through to his toes.
9. He went to feed the little pig
That stands beneath the sty;
He knocked his head against a pole,
And, my! how the wool did fly!
10. He went to churn the cream
That stood beneath the frame;
And he forgot the fat in the pot,
And it all run in a flame.
11. He went to wind the spools of yarn
His wife spun yesterday;
And he forgot to feed the speckled hen,
And she strayed away.
12. He went to get the dinner too,
And have it right on time;
And he forgot to wring the clothes,
And hang them on the line.
13. Then Mother Grumble she came in;
She looked sad and turned up her nose;
She rolled up her sleeves,
And says she, "I am very glad."

(c) *Old Grumbly.*

The version given below came through Mrs. Bartholomew, being the joint text of Mrs. Ella Taylor, Mrs. Jennie Huff, and Mrs. Belle Debra, all of Warren, Ind.

1. Old Grumbly he came in,
As mad as he could be,
Saying he, "I can do more work in a day
Than my wife can do in three, three."
Saying he, "I can do more work in a day
Than my wife can do in three, three."
2. Mrs. Grumbly she came in,
Saying, "Tell your troubles now;
If you will do the work in the house,
It's I'll go follow the plow, plow.
If you will, etc.
3. "And you must milk old muley cow,
For fear that she'll go dry;
And you must feed the little pig
That stands within the sty, sty.
And you must feed, etc.
4. "And you must feed old speckled hen,
For fear that she'll go way;
And you must reel the spools of yarn
That I spun yesterday, day.
And you must reel, etc.
5. "And you must churn the cream
That stands within the frame;
And you must watch the fat in the pot,
Or it will all run in a flame, flame.
And you must watch," etc.
6. Mrs. Grumbly she took up the whip,
And went to follow the plow.
Old Grumbly he took up the pail,
And went to milk the cow, cow.
Old Grumbly, etc.
7. Old Muley she kicked up her heels,
And hit him on the nose;
And he begun to yell and scream,
And the blood run to his toes, toes.
And he begun, etc.
8. He went to feed old speckled hen,
For fear that she'd go way;
And he forgot to reel the yarn
His wife spun yesterday, day.
And he forgot, etc.
9. He went to feed the little pig
That stands within the sty;
He knocked his head against a post,
And the hair begin to fly, fly.
He knocked, etc.

10. He went to churn the cream
That stood within the frame;
And he forgot the fat in the pot,
And it all run in a flame, flame.
And he forgot, etc.
11. Old Grumbly he began to sigh¹
For the setting of the sun;¹
He thought it was the longest day,
His wife would never come, come.
He thought, etc.
12. Mrs. Grumbly she came in,
And was feeling very sad.¹
She turned herself about the room,
And said that she was glad, glad.
She turned herself about the room,
And said that she was glad, glad.

THE GARDEN GATE.²

This ballad is printed in "English County Songs," p. 72. I have a text from Indiana. It begins and ends, —

The day was past and the moon shone bright,
The village clock struck eight,
When Mary hastened with delight
Unto the garden gate.

.
And she blesses the hour that she did wait
For her true love at the garden gate.

¹ This line we think hardly correct, but as near as we can get it.

² [The words are by W. Upton, the well-known song-writer (see S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, *Stories of Famous Songs*, 1898, p. 169). Often printed, as: *The Universal Songster*, London, 1834, i, 121; *Davidson's Universal Melodist*, London, 1848, ii, 401 (with W. T. Parke's music); *Dixon, Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry*, Percy Society, 1846, no. 32, pp. 226-227; *Bell, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, pp. 221-223; *Gavin Greig, Folk-Song of the North-East*, Peterhead, no. cxxiv (cf. no. lxxvii); *P. W. Joyce, Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, 1909, pp. 280-281 (tune only); *The Pearl Songster*, N. Y., C. P. Huestis, 1846, p. 39; *The New Popular Forget-Me-Not Songster*, Cincinnati, Lorenzo Stratton, pp. 116-117. Harvard College has many broadside or slip copies:—*J. Pitts* (25242.2, fol. 129); *J. Catnach* (25242.2, fol. 183); *J. Catnach*, a different edition (25242.11.5, fol. 49; also 25242.17, vol. v, no. 134); *J. Livsey*, Manchester (25242.17, vol. iii, no. 76); *John Gilbert*, Newcastle (same, vol. iv, no. 118); *Forth, Pocklington* (vol. iv, no. 181); *Cadman*, Manchester (vol. v, no. 66); *Bebbington*, Manchester (vol. x, no. 47); *H. Such* (vol. xi, no. 143; another edition 25242.26, p. 28); *T. Birt* (25242.24, p. 19). Brown University has this song in a N. Y. broadside of about 1860 (*H. de Marsan*, list 11, no. 27).]

THE IRISH LADY.

I have an Indiana text, "learned more than sixty years ago." Professor Kittredge points out that my copy agrees very closely with "Sally," printed by Mr. Barry in this Journal, xxvii (1914), 73-74.¹

JESSE JAMES.²

Belden, No. 75; Shearin, p. 16; Pound, p. 34.

In a review of Professor Lomax's "Cowboy Songs" in "The Dial," April 1, 1911, I wrote as follows: "One ballad glorifies Jesse James. It is somewhat widely known. Miss Louise R. Bascom tells us, in the Journal of American Folk-Lore for 1909, that the heroic ballads of Western North Carolina 'cluster for the most part around Jesse James.' The song which she prints has much in common with that in Lomax. I have heard before of the existence of a group of ballads about Jesse James. [This refers to an account given me by a friend, of a lecture by Professor E. C. Perrow.] I am inclined to conjecture that some of the other songs of outlaw life have been transferred to Jesse James. We know that some English ballads became attached to Robin Hood that did not originally concern him."

Since the above was written, Professor Perrow has published in this Journal a large body of songs from the region of the southern Appalachian Mountains. Those about Jesse James are in Volume xxv (1912), pp. 145-150. These various songs and fragments establish the truth of the claim which Professor Perrow makes in a personal letter, that "there is a group of independent songs current in the South concerning Jesse James." The ballad of "Jack Middleton," one of those printed, has been given an external connection with Jesse James, somewhat as the B version of No. 103 in Child, "Rose the Red and White Lily," has been brought into external connection with Robin Hood. But it is not known to me that any song about an exploit of some other outlaw has been *transferred* to Jesse James. In the C version of "Rose the Red and White Lily," Robin Hood and Little John become the lovers and then the husbands of the two girls. My conjecture in "The Dial" was probably too bold.

JOHNNY SANDS.

Belden, No. 47, summarizes the story as follows: "Johnny, after a quarrel with his wife, wishes he were dead. She agrees. They

¹ [This is "Sally and her Truelove Billy," known in broadsides (Harvard, 25242.17, vol. vii, no. 55; 25242.25, p. 87, Pitts; 25242.27, p. 281). It is also printed by Christie, Traditional Ballads, ii, 240-241 ("The Bold Sailor"); by Ashton, Real Sailor Songs, no. 70 ("Sally and Billy"); and by Gavin Greig, Folk-Song of the North-East, Peterhead, no. lxxix ("The Sailor from Dover").]

² [As to Robert Ford and James, see N. C. Goodwin, Nat Goodwin's Book (1914), pp. 284-285.]

go to the river, where he asks her to tie his hands and push him in. When she rushes at him to push him in, he steps aside and in *she* goes. She begs him to help her out, but he answers, 'I can't, you've tied my hands.'"

Perrow has printed a text in this Journal, XXVIII, 174. Pound, p. 57. I have a text from Indiana.

Nearly a half-century ago I heard a version of the above story recited by a poet of western Massachusetts as his own composition. Following the prayer of the drowning wife for help, this poem ended with these words from the husband:

"I would, but you my hands have tied.
Heaven help you!"¹

[*The Old Woman of Slapsadam.*]²

Shearin's "The Old Woman of London," p. 10, corresponds very closely to the following song.

While the agreement of this ballad with that of "Johnny Sands," summarized above, is striking, yet it is clear that the two stories should be carefully distinguished.

This text was obtained from Mrs. Martin Trumpower by Miss Mary O. Eddy, both of Perrysville, O.

1. There was an old woman in Slapsadam,
In Slapsadam did dwell.
She loved her old man dearly,
But another one twice as well.

¹ [Though founded on a folk-tale, the song of "Johnny Sands" is literary and hardly older than the 40's of the nineteenth century. It achieved enormous vogue in this country by forming part of the repertory of the Hutchinson Family, the Continental Vocalists, and other singing "troupes." It may be found in many books, e.g.,—The Granite Songster, containing the Poetry as Sung by the Hutchinson Family at their Concerts, Boston, 1847, pp. 55-56; John A. Sterry, The Continental Vocalists' Glee Book, Boston, cop. 1855, pp. 66-68 (with music); I. B. Woodbury, The Home Melodist, Boston, cop. 1859, p. 49 (with music); Charles Jarvis, The Young Folks' Glee Book, Boston, cop. 1856, pp. 20-22 (with music); The Shilling Song Book, N. Y., Dexter & Co., cop. 1860, p. 74; Uncle Sam's Army Songster, Indianapolis, cop. 1862, p. 17; Dan Kelly's Songster, N. Y., Frederick A. Brady, cop. 1869, pp. 55-56. It was printed as a broadside by J. A. Johnson, a noted song-publisher of Philadelphia, and by J. Andrews (ca. 1855), N. Y., list 5, no. 26 (Brown University Library). A very recent occurrence of the text is in Delaney's Irish Song Book No. 2, p. 22 (N. Y.). Harvard College has a broadside text from Ireland (25242.5.5.¹³⁴), and at least two from England,—25242.17, vol. v, no. 195 (Ryle and Co., Seven Dials); vol. x, no. 216 (J. Bebbington, Manchester). I have copies in MS. (one from Massachusetts), and have seen a copy from Michigan (in the MS. collection of Mr. Bertrand L. Jones).—G. L. K.]

² [There is a copy (in MS.), contributed to Child by William Walker of Aberdeen in the Child MSS. (Harvard College Library), vol. ii, p. 216 ("The Wife of Kelso"). Another Scottish copy is given by Gavin Greig, xii ("The Wily Auld Carle").]

2. She went unto the doctor's,
To see if she could find,
By some good means or other,
To make her old man blind.
3. She went and got some marrowbone,
And fed it to him all.
Says he: "Oh, my beloved wife!
I can't see you at all."
4. Says he: "I'd go and drown myself,
If I could find the way."
Says she: "I'll go along with you,
For fear you'll go astray."
5. So hand in hand they walked along,
Until they came to the shore.
Says he: "Oh, my beloved wife!
You'll have to push me o'er."
6. The old woman stepped back a step or two,
To run and push him in;
The old man he stepped to one side,
And headlong she went in.
7. The old man being tender-hearted,
For fear she'd swim to the shore,
He went and got a great long pole,
And pushed her further o'er.
8. And now my song is ended;
I can't sing any more.
But wasn't she a darned old fool,
She didn't swim to shore?

THE LADY LE ROY.

The following was taken down by Miss Pearl P. Payne, Vermilion, S.D., from Mrs. Harriet E. Gray of Chicago.

The young woman's disguise in the second stanza seems to be solely for the purpose of purchasing a vessel from her own father. The captain with whom she sails away in the third stanza must be her lover, "the young captain" who is triumphant at the close.

1. I spied a fair couple on old Ireland['s] shore,
A-viewing the ocean where the billows do roar.
He says: "Dearest Sally, it's you I adore,
And to go and leave you grieves my heart sore."
2. She dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes,
And straight to her father she then did go.
She purchased a vessel, paid down the demands;
But little he knew 'twas from his own daughter's hands.

3. Straight to her captain she then did go.
"Get ready, get ready; no time to lose!"
They hoisted their top-sails, their colors let fly,
And over the ocean sailed Lady Le Roy.
4. But when her old father came to understand,
He vowed revenge on this unworthy young man;
And as for his daughter, she should ne'er be his wife,
And for her disobedience he would end her sweet life.
5. And straight to his captain he then did go.
"Get ready, get ready; no time to lose!"
They hoisted their top-sails, their colors let fly.
He swore by his Maker he'd conquer or die.
6. They had not been sailing o'er a week or ten days,
When the wind from the northwest blew a sweet pleasant gale.
They spied a ship sailing, which filled them with joy,
And they did hail her; she was Lady Le Roy.
7. It's broadside to broadside they then did go;
And louder, then louder, the cannon did roar.
Till at length the young captain he gained victory.
Hurrah for the thing they call sweet liberty!
8. "Go back to old Ireland, and there let them know
That we'll not be taken by friend nor by foe.
We wish you much pleasure, long life to enjoy;
But you've lost all the prospects of the Lady Le Roy."

THE LAZY MAN.

No. 106 in Belden's list. Barry, No. 72. Pound, p. 58.

This was obtained about 1906, by Mr O. B. Sperlin, Tacoma, Wash., then of Kokomo, Ind., from the singing of his mother. "None of the people who used to sing it ever saw it in print." I have a second text, also from Indiana.

1. Come, all my good people, and listen to my song;
I'll sing you of a lazy man that wouldn't tend his corn.
The reason why I cannot tell,
For this young man was always well.
2. He went to the fence and peeped therein;
The chinkey-pin bush as high as his chin.
The weeds and grass they grew so high
They often made this young man to cry.
3. In July his corn was knee-high;
And in September he laid it by;
And in October there came a large frost,
And all this young man's corn was lost.

4. He went to his nearest neighbor's house,
A-courting as you may suppose;
And in conversation this question came around:
Says she: "Young man, have you hoed your corn?"
5. This young man made a quick reply.
"Oh, no," says he, "for I've laid it by.
It ain't no use to strive and strive in vain,
For I can't raise a single grain."
6. "Oh, then, kind sir, why do you wish for to wed,
When you can't raise your own cornbread?
Single I am and single I remain;
The lazy man I never will maintain."

THE LITTLE FAMILY.

No. 38 in Belden's list. Cf. this *Journal*, xxv, 17.

The stanzas given below, obtained by Miss Mary O. Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, both of Perrysville, O., were "learned at school from the singing of other children;" they may well be derived from a published poem.

1. There was a little family
Who lived in Bethany;
Two sisters and a brother
Composed this family.
2. With prayer and with singing,
Like angels in the sky,
At morning and at evening,
They raised their voices high.
3. Though poor and without money,
Their kindness made amend;
Their house was always open
To Jesus and his friend.
4. And thus they lived so happy,
So poor, so kind, so good.
Their brother grew afflicted
And drew a thrown a bed. (?)
5. Poor Martha and her sister,
They wept aloud and cried;
But still he grew no better,
But lingered on and died.
6. The Jews came to the sisters,
But Lazreth in the tomb,
And tried for them to comfort,
And drive away their gloom.

7. When Jesus heard these tidings,
 Though in a distant land,
 How quickly did he travel
 To join this lonely band!
8. When Martha saw him coming,
 She met him in the way;
 She told him that her brother
 Had died and passed away.
9. He cherished and he blessed her,
 He told her not to weep,
 For in him was the power
 To wake him from his sleep.
10. When Mary saw him coming,
 She ran and met him too,
 And at his feet fell weeping,
 Rehearsed the tale of woe.
11. When Jesus saw her weeping,
 He fell a-weeping too;
 He wept until they showed him
 Where Lazareth was in tomb.
12. They rolled away the cover,
 He looked upon the grave,
 He prayed unto his Father,
 His loving friend to save.
13. Then Lazareth in full power
 Came from the gloomy mound,
 And in full strength and vigor
 He walked upon the ground.
14. Now if we but love Jesus,
 And do his holy will,
 Like Martha and like Mary,
 Do always use him well,
15. From death he will redeem us,
 And take us to the skies,
 Where we will reign forever,
 Where pleasures never die.

THE LITTLE SPARROW.

I obtained the following through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Ella Taylor, both of Warren, Ind. Shearin, p. 26; Belden No. 88.

Why a faithless lover should be called a "true love," and why the devoted maiden should wish to fly away to him, are not made clear.

1. I wish I was a little sparrow;
I'd fly away from grief and sorrow;
I'd fly away like a turtle dove;
I'd fly away to my own true love.
2. 'Twas but last night he said to me:
"I'll take you o'er the dark blue sea."
But now he's gone, and left me alone,
A single maid without a home.
3. Oh grief, oh grief! I'll tell you why:
Because she has more gold than I;
He takes that other girl on his knee,
And tells her what he don't tell me.
4. I wish, I wish, but all in vain,
That my true love would come back again.
But then I know that will never be,
Till the green, green grass grows over me.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

The following was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew, from Mrs. Ella Taylor, both of Warren, Ind. Sung to Mrs. T. by her uncle over fifty years ago.¹

1. Once I did court a lady beauty bright,
And on her I placed my whole heart's delight.
I courted her for love, and her love I did obtain;
And I thought she had no reason at all to complain.
And I thought she had no reason at all to complain.
2. But it's when her cruel parents came to know
Their daughter and I together did go,
They locked her in her chamber, and kept her so severe
That I never never after got sight of my dear.
That I never, etc.
3. Then I resolved to the war for to go,
To see whether I could forget my love or no.
But when I got there, with my armor shining bright,
I took a steady thought on my own heart's delight.
I took, etc.
4. For seven long years I served the good king;
In seven long years I returned home again,
With my heart so full of love and my eyes so full of tears,
Saying, "How happy would I be to meet with my dear!"
Saying, etc.

¹ [See another copy in this Journal, xxvi, 176.]

5. Then I resolved to her father's house to go,
To see whether I could see my love or no.
But it's when the old man saw me, he wrung his hands and cried,
Saying, "My daughter loved you dearly and for your sake she died."
Saying, etc.
6. Then I was struck like a man that was slain;
Tears from my eyes flowed like showers of rain;
Crying, "Oh, oh, oh! such grief I cannot bear.
For my true love is in her grave, and I long to be there.
For my true love," etc.
7. Then I resolved to my bed for to go,
To see whether I could forget my love or no.
But it's when I got there, all the music I could hear
Was the sounding of the trumpet and the thoughts of my dear.
Was the sounding, etc.
8. It's when I came to my senses again,
I took a pen and ink, and I penned down the same,
Saying: Come, all of you true lovers, come, pity, pity me;
Come, pity my misfortune and sad misery.
Come, pity my misfortune and sad misery.

MARY O' THE WILD MOOR.

No. 47 in Barry, No. 29 in Belden, p. 12 in Shearin, p. 19 in Pound. See in this Journal, xxvi, 355 n.

English texts: Traditional Tunes, 77; English Folk-Songs, 76.

I have two texts, both from Ohio.

One night Mary comes with her child at her bosom "wandering home to her own father's door." He does not hear her call, and she dies there, "From the winds that blew cross the wild moor."¹

MC AFEE'S CONFESSION.

The following song is printed in Lomax's "Cowboy Songs" (New York, 1910), pp. 164-166. The text printed below agrees better than that of Lomax with the summaries of Belden, No. 24, and Shearin, p. 16. See Belden's comments in "Modern Philology," II, 574; and in this Journal, xxv, 12. Pound, p. 34.

¹ [See Helen K. Johnson, *Our Familiar Songs*, 1881, p. 305. This song circulated widely in sheet copies. Harvard College has the following English broadsides and slips: Pitts (25242.4, vol. ii, p. 59); W. S. Fortey, Catnach Press (25242.5.6 [161]); J. Catnach (25242.11.5, fol. 101; also 25242.17, vol. vii, nos. 153, 169); Jackson and Son, Birmingham (25242.17, vol. ii, no. 130); W. R. Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne (same, vol. iv, no. 17); Cadman, Manchester (same, vol. v, no. 54); John O. Bebbington, Manchester (same, vol. ix, no. 42), and probably others. It is no. 140 of the broadsides published in New York by H. J. Wehman (Harvard, 25241.29), all of which were still in print and on sale as late as 1891. H. de Marsan published it in New York as a broadside about 1860, list 3, no. 72 (Harvard and Brown Libraries). See also *Shilling Song Book*, Boston, Ditson, cop. 1860, p. 41.]

This text was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. M. M. Soners, both of Warren, Ind. The mother of Mrs. S. sang it to her almost fifty years ago in Ohio. Mrs. S. states that the poem records an actual occurrence, and that her mother knew Hettie Stout well.

1. Draw near young men and learn from me
My sad and mournful history;
And may you ne'er forgetful be
Of all this day I tell to thee.
2. Before I arrived in my fifth year,
My father and my mother dear
Where [Were] both laid in their grave
By Him who them their beings gave.
3. No more a mother's love I shared,
No more a father's voice I heard,
No more was I a mother's joy,
I was a helpless orphan boy.
4. But Providence, the orphan's friend,
A kind relief did quickly send,
And snatched from want and penury
Poor little orphan McAfee.
5. Beneath my uncle's friendly roof,
From want and penury aloof,
Nine years I was most kindly served,
And oft his kind advice I heard.
6. But I was thoughtless, young, and gay,
And ofttimes broke the Sabbath day.
In wickedness I took delight,
And ofttimes done what was not right.
7. Ah, well I mind the very day
When from my home I ran away,
And feigned [?] again in wickedness,
And Satan served with eagerness.
8. At length unto me a wife I took,
And she was gentle, kind, and good;
And now alive would be no doubt,
Had I not seen Miss Hettie Stout.
9. 'Twas on a pleasant summer's night,
When all was still, the stars shone bright,
My wife was lying on the bed,
When I approached and to her said:
10. "Dear wife, here's medicine I brought,
Of which for you this day I bought.
My dear, I know it will cure you
Of these vile fits. Pray, take it, do."

11. She gave to me one tender look,
Then in her mouth the poison took,
Then, by her babe upon the bed,
Down to her last long sleep she laid.
12. But, fearing that she was not dead,
My hands upon her throat I laid,
And there such deep impressions made
Her soul soon from her body fled.
13. Then was my heart filled full of woe:
Oh, whither, whither shall I go?
How shall I quit this mournful place?
This world again how can I face!
14. I'd freely give up all my store,
Had I ten thousand pounds and more,
If I could bring again to life
My dear, my darling, murdered wife.

The following was said on the scaffold:

15. Young men, young men, be warned of me,
And shun all evil company;
Walk in the ways of righteousness,
And God your souls will surely bless.
16. Dear friends, I bid you all adieu;
No more on earth shall I see you.
In Heaven's bright and flowery plain
I hope we all shall meet again.

NOBODY COMING TO WOO.

"There's nobody coming to marry me,
There's nobody coming to woo."

In English Minstrelsie, ii, 120-122, entitled "Last Night the Dogs Did Bark," "a song sung by Mrs. Jordan before 1794."¹

I have a text from Kansas, 1897, learned in Ohio in 1835.²

¹ [See garland, "Lochaber No More," Falkirk, T. Johnston, 1813, pp. 7-8 (Harvard, 25252.19, no. 61); garland "The Ewe-Boughts Marion," Stirling, M. Randall, *ca.* 1825, p. 3 (25276.19, vol. i, no. 4); garland "Five Favourite Songs," Newton-Stewart, J. M'Nairn, pp. 7-8 (25276.4, no. 18); garland "An Excellent Collection of Popular Songs," Edinburgh (25276.43.5); broadside, J. Kendrew, York (25242.5.7, p. 74); The British Neptune; or, Convivial Songster, London, Howard and Evans, p. 5, early nineteenth century (Boston Public Library); Davidson's Universal Melodist, 1848, ii, 406; Robert Ford, Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland, i, 229-230; 8 N. and Q., i, 486, ii, 477; Gavin Greig, Folk-Song of the North-East, no. xviii.]

² [Printed in America early in the nineteenth century,—for example, in The Columbian Harmonist, N. Y., 1814, pp. 7-8; Songs for the Parlour, New Haven, 1818, pp. 33-34. The popularity of the song on the American stage is attested by the imitation beginning:

AN OLD MAN CAME TO SEE ME.

The following was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Jane Taylor, both of Warren, Ind.

1. An old man came to see me, and his name I will not tell;
An old man came to see me, and I liked him very well.

Chorus.

An old man, an old man, an old man soon turns gray;
But a young man comes so full of love. Stand back old man, get away.

2. An old man came to see me, a-sitting on a stool,
An old man came to see me, the blamed old sleepy fool.

Chorus: An old man, etc.

3. I do not like an old man, I'll tell you the reason why:
He always [is] so slobbery; his chin is never dry.

Chorus: An old man, etc.

4. I'd rather have a young man with an apple in his hand,
Than to have an old man, his house and his land.

Chorus: An old man, etc.

5. I'd rather have a young man with his jacket made of silk,
Then to have an old man with forty cows to milk.

Chorus: An old man, etc.

THE SOLDIER'S WOOING.

I take the title from Belden, No. 84. I have a text "learned in Canada" which agrees closely with that printed by Barry, this Journal, XXIII, 447 *et seq.* Pound, p. 14.

The story resembles that of "Erlinton" (No. 8 in Child).

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.

This Journal has given full information about the origin of this song, and has printed 19 versions (xiii, 105-112; xviii, 295-302; xxii, 366-367; xxviii, 169). Pound, p. 19. "Springfield Mountain" is usually sung with an unintelligible refrain, but this takes many different

The dogs began to bark,
And I peep'd out to see!
A handsome young man was hunting;
But he was not hunting for me!

This is known as "Nobody Coming to Marry Me." It is published "As sang by Mrs. Poe, with unbounded applause, at the New York Theatre" in *The Songster's Repository*, N. Y. (Nathaniel Dearborn), 1811, p. 74; it also appears in *The Nightingale*, N. Y. (Smith & Forman), 1814, pp. 7-8, and doubtless elsewhere.]

forms. This Journal has never printed the refrain which I heard in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, about fifty years ago.

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A lovely youth I knew full well.
Timmy-rye, timmy-ray, timmy-riddy-iddy-ay.

It seems strange to a Massachusetts man to have a stammering version of this song turn up in Professor Lomax's "Cowboy Songs" as "Rattlesnake — A Ranch Haying Song." It begins:

A nice young ma-wa-wan
Lived on a hi-wi-will;
A nice young ma-wa-wan,
For I knew him we-we-well.
To my rattle, to my roo-rah-ree!

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Compare No. 25 in Newell, "Games and Songs of American Children" (New York, 1903), entitled "When I Was a Shoemaker."

This amusing action-song follows the plan of "When I Was a Young Girl" (Dorset), sung in the United States by the Fuller sisters, from Dorsetshire.¹

This text was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Ella Taylor, both of Warren, Ind.² My wife remembers taking part with other children, about forty-five years ago, in Chicopee Falls, Mass., in singing and acting a song somewhat like this, as a game.

1. When I was sweet sixteen, sweet sixteen, sweet sixteen,
When I was sweet sixteen, 'twas this way I went;
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.
When I was sweet sixteen, 'twas this way I went.

(Singer pretends to be curling her hair, by twirling her fingers first one side of her head and then the other.)

2. When I had a beau, had a beau, had a beau,
When I had a beau, 'twas this way I went;
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.
When I had a beau, 'twas this way I went.

(Places the index finger first one side of the mouth and then the other.)

¹ [There are many versions in Mrs. Alice B. Gomme's *Traditional Games*, ii, 362-374, 457. See also Mrs. Gomme, *Children's Singing Games*, 1894, pp. 15 ff., 63-64; Balfour, *County Folk-Lore*, vi, 117; *Folk-Lore Journal*, vii, 218-219; *Folk-Lore*, xvi, 343; Miss Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, pp. 514-515; Miss M. H. Mason, *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, 1878, p. 42.]

² [I heard a version, practically identical with Mrs. Bartholomew's, sung by a New Hampshire girl some forty-five years ago. A version adapted for singing (without the movements) was published soon after 1860 by H. de Marsan, New York, as a broadside, list 17, no. 91 ("When I was Young").—G. L. K.]

3. When I had a lover, a lover, a lover,
When I had a lover, 'twas this way I went;
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.
When I had a lover, 'twas this way I went.
(Rubs right hand over left, then left over right.)
4. When I was a widow, a widow, a widow,
When I was a widow, 'twas this way I went;
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.
When I was a widow, 'twas this way I went.
(Places one hand over the eyes and then the other.)
5. When mourn year was over, was over, was over,
When mourn year was over, 'twas this way I went;
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.
When mourn year was over, 'twas this way I went.
(Pretends to be curling the hair again.)

THE UNLUCKY YOUNG MAN.¹

Shearin, p. 35: "He exchanges oxen for a cow, the cow for a calf, the calf for a dog, the dog for a cat, the cat for a rat, the rat for a mouse, which 'took fire to her tail and burned down the house.'"

I have a text from central Kentucky, where it is well known.²

VILLIKENS AND HIS DINAH.³

The rich Villikens demands that his daughter Dinah dress herself to be married. She begs in vain for delay. He soon finds her in the garden dead from "a cup of cold poison."

I have a text from Louisiana. Miss Pound has a fragment, p. 18.

This ballad resembles Professor Shearin's "The Rich Margent" [Merchant], described in "The Sewanee Review" for July, 1911; but the ending there is different. "Felix her lover [not in my text

¹ [See Halliwell, Nursery Rhymes, 1st ed., 1842, nos. 4-6, pp. 6-8; 2d ed., 1843, nos. 6-8, pp. 10-12; 5th and 6th eds., no. 142, pp. 92-93; Mrs. Valentine, Nursery Rhymes, Tales and Jingles, no. 177, p. 105; (Rimbault) A Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes, no. 19, p. 24, with tune; Baring-Gould, A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes, no. 8, pp. 17-18; (W. A. Wheeler,) Mother Goose's Melodies, N. Y., 1877, p. 80.]

² [Cf. also Perrow, in this Journal, xxvi, 143-144.]

³ ["Villikens and his Dinah" is from the stage. It has a long and perplexed history which I have for some time tried in vain to unravel. The published accounts are imperfect and contradictory. Professor Tolman's copy is certainly of literary origin, and was first made known (so far as I can discover) in Henry Mayhew's once famous farce, "The Wandering Minstrel." The most celebrated singer of the song was Robson, the English comic actor. The comic song in question has often been printed in the United States. See, for example, Christy's Plantation Melodies, No. 5, cop. 1856, p. 11; I. B. Woodbury, The Home Melodist, Boston, cop. 1859, pp. 18-19; Uncle Sam's Army Songster, cop. 1862, p. 24. H. de Marsan (N. Y.) issued it as a broadside ca. 1860 (list 3, No. 1), and it was also published about 1890 as a broadside by H. J. Wehman (No. 627). Words and music may still be had of music-dealers. — G. L. K.]

at all] finds Dinah with a half-empty cup of poison in her stiffening fingers:" —

He called his dear Dinah ten thousand times o'er;
He kissed her cold corpse ten thousand times more.
He drank up the poison like a lover so brave —
Now Felix and Dinah both lie in one grave.

YOUNG CHARLOTTE.¹

Printed in Lomax, "Cowboy Songs" (N. Y., 1910), pp. 239-242. Belden, No. 19. Barry, No. 58. In January, 1911, Mr. Barry had "13 versions from the North Atlantic States." Shearin does not record it. Pound, p. 19.

I have two versions, agreeing almost exactly to the close of the shorter one of seventy-two lines. The longer has twenty added lines. It came to me from Ohio recently. The shorter one, taken down in Kansas in 1897, probably came earlier from Ohio. It ends with the words:

Young Charlotte's eyes had closed for aye;
Her voice was heard no more.

III. HOMILETIC BALLADS.

The preaching instinct is very characteristic of the American mind. Even among the free and easy "Cowboy Songs" collected by Professor Lomax, there are some striking poems of a homiletic nature. "McAfee's Confession," printed above, might with some fitness be placed in this group. Nine pieces in my collection plainly belong here. They have come to me with the following titles.

1. The Death of a Young Woman. A version of ninety-two lines was taken down from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O.; one of fifty-six lines was copied by Mrs. Jonah Simmons Brown, Warren, Ind., from her mother's copy-book, where it is dated Dec. 10, 1842. The longer form begins:

Young ladies all, attention give,
You that in wicked pleasures live;
One of your sex, the other day,
Was called by death from friends away.

2. Ingratitude: The Story of Asa Trott. See below.
3. Lines That Was Written on the Death of Anna Ross. Learned by Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson, Warren, Ind., some seventy-five years ago. She is now eighty-five. I cite the opening lines:

¹ See Mr. Barry's full account of the poem and its author in this Journal, xxv, 156-168.

A while before this damsel died
 Her tongue was speechless, bound and tied;
 At length she opened wide her eyes,
 And said her tongue was liberalized.

She called her father to her bed,
 And thus in dying anguish said:
 "From meeting you have kept your child
 To pleasures vain and wanton wild."

4. To the Young and Proud.
5. A Warning to the Sinners.
6. A Warning to the Young.
7. Wicked Polly. See below.
8. A Voice from the Dead.
9. A Voice from the Tomb.

It seems well to print two of these pieces.

WICKED POLLY.

Professor H. M. Belden printed a text of the ballad in this *Journal* (xxv, 1912, 18). In his article "An American Homiletic Ballad" ("Modern Language Notes," January, 1913, pp. 1-5) Mr. Phillips Barry printed four forms of the poem (one of them that of Belden) and some related ballads, and discussed fully their nature and relationships. The version given below seems to be in some ways the most complete and satisfactory form yet obtained. It follows somewhat closely Barry's A text throughout, then adds the last five stanzas of his B text, and closes with a general stanza that is not in any one of his four forms.

It was obtained by Miss Mary O. Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, both of Perrysville, O. I have a second version, which is incomplete.

1. Young people who delight in sin,
 I'll tell what has lately been.
 There was a lady young and fair,
 Who died in sin and despair.
2. She'd go to parties, dance and play,
 In spite of all her friends could say.
 "I'll turn to God when I grow old,
 And he will then receive my soul."
3. On Friday morning she took sick;
 Her stubborn heart begins to break.
 "Alas, alas! my days are spent;
 It is too late for to repent."

4. She called her mother to her bed;
Her eyes were rolling in her head.
"When I am dead, remember well
Your wretched Polly screams in hell.
5. "The tear is lost you shed for me;
My soul is lost, I plainly see.
Oh, mother, mother, fare you well!
My soul will soon be dragged to hell.
6. "My earthly father, fare you well!
My soul is lost and doomed to hell.
The flaming wrath begins to roll;
I am a lost and ruined soul."
7. She gnawed her tongue before she died.
She rolled, and groaned, and screamed, and cried:
"When thousand, thousand years roll round,
With flames I shall be still surround."
8. At length the monster death prevailed;
Her nails turned blue, her language failed.
She closed her eyes, and left this world.
Poor Polly down to hell was hurled.
9. It almost broke her mother's heart
To see her child to hell depart.
"My Polly! Oh, my Polly is dead!
Her soul is gone, her spirit fled."
10. Good God, how did her parents [moan!],
To think their child was dead and gone!
"Oh, is my Polly gone to hell?
My grief so great no tongue can tell."
11. Young people, lest this be your case,
Return to God and seek his face.
Upon your knees for mercy cry,
Lest you in sin like Polly die.
12. Oh sinners! take this warning far,
And for your dying bed prepare.
Remember well you[r] dying day;
And seek salvation while you may.

INGRATITUDE: THE STORY OF ASA TROTT.²

The following poem was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. E. A. Thurston, both of Warren, Ind. It was learned

¹ Supplied from Mr. Barry's B text.

² [This is a curious *rifacimento* of the celebrated fabliau of La Houce Partie, for which see Barbazan-Méon, iv, 472 ff.; Montaignon and Raynaud, i, 82 ff. (translated, as "The Divided

by Mrs. T. fifty years ago from the recitation of her father. Stanza 6 of "The Old Bedquilt" shows that the piece was a formal composition intended for print.

Preface.

This little story tells you of one Asa Trott,
 Who paid a great price for the little he got.
 "Buy truth," saith the Scripture; so truth can be bought;
 And wisdom is purchased when earnestly sought.
 But for things of less value poor Asa took thought;
 He coveted land, and he gave for a lot
 His conscience, his comfort, his peace every jot;
 But found at the last he had labored for naught.
 Poor Asa, he found "there was death in the pot."
 With conscience insulted, hard battles are fought.
 Of his land, Asa wanted at last but a spot
 Where his sins and his sorrows might all be forgot.
 Take warning, my friend, by poor Asa Trott;
 Nor barter your love for what satisfies not.

The Old Bedquilt.

1. The autumn winds were blowing cold,
 The summer bloom was o'er;
 And Mr. Trott, infirm and old,
 Entered the cottage door.
2. With feeble step and wistful look,
 Trembling with cold and age,
 He tottered to the chimney nook,
 But heard a voice of rage, —
3. "I hate this mean old elbow-chair,
 Forever in my way.
 Say, do you think that I will bear
 To have it here all day?"
4. The aged man with tears replies:
 "My work on earth is done.
 But, since my presence you despise,
 Where shall I go, my son?"
5. "You need not ask;" said Asa Trott,
 "The almshouse is in view.
 Before this time you should have thought
 It was the place for you."

Blanket," by Isabel Butler, *Tales from the Old French*, 1910, pp. 111 ff.), ii, 1 ff. (two forms). For the general story see Jacques de Vitry, ed. Crane, p. 121 (many references at p. 260), and cf. the 78th tale in Grimm. An eighteenth-century broadside ballad, "The Slighted Father, or The Unnatural Son justly Reclaimed," belongs with this group of stories. It begins, "A wealthy man of late, we hear." Of this the Harvard College Library has several copies (25242.19, vol. i, p. 59; 25242.4, vol. i, p. 190; 25242.2, fol. 6, and one or two more.]

6. My little reader, think of that.
 Poor grandpa said no more;
 But, taking up his tattered hat,
 He staggered to the door.
7. Beneath a naked apple-tree,
 Whose autumn leaves were shed,
 He sat him down, and on his knees
 Reclined his aching head.
8. At last he heard a gentle sound;
 And little Thomas said:
 "Why sits my grandpa on the ground?
 And what does ail his head?"
9. "Alas, my son, I have no more
 A place to call my own;
 And I must join the pauper poor,
 Supported by the town.
10. "But I am very cold, my dear,
 My strength is nearly gone.
 I must not stay and perish here;
 That would be doing wrong.
11. "Go to my chamber, little son;
 (I take it without guilt,
 For by my wife those seams were run)
 Go, bring my patch-work quilt."
12. With swelling heart poor Thomas ran,
 Determined now to know
 If his own father was the man
 Who treated grandpa so.
13. Now Asa, in a sullen mood,
 Was posting books that day;
 And Tommie said: "'Tis very rude
 To send grandpa away.
14. "Pray tell me now, what has he done,
 That you should treat him so?"
 Said Madame Jenny, "Hold your tongue."
 Said Asa, "Let him go."

Remorse.

1. To grandpa's chamber Tommie went,
 And now his sorrows found a vent
 In bitter tears at last.
 "But grandpa waits," he sobbing said;
 Then snatched the quilt from off the bed,
 And down the stairway passed.

2. Then close to father's ear he drew,
And whispered: "Cut this quilt in two;
Grandfather needs but half.
You'll want the other half, when poor
And old I drive you from the door,
And at your sorrows laugh."
3. The father started with surprise.
"Oh, Tommie, if you e'er despise
And treat your father thus,
May Heaven" — he paused with sudden dread,
And felt upon his guilty head
That stern, half-uttered curse.
4. The boy had raised a mirror there;
He saw himself with hoary hair,
Scorned by his darling son,
Doomed at the last to wander forth,
A vagabond upon the earth,
Till life's last sands were run.
5. And conscience, too, held high its glass;
O'er it he saw a spectre pass,
Fiendlike ingratitude.
It changed into the deathless worm,
Whose fostering [fester]ing wo[u]nds forever burn.
He saw, and understood.
6. "Dear Tommie, take my hand," he said;
And Tommie to the garden led
Poor Asa bowed with shame.
And then he fell upon his knees,
Beneath the withered apple-trees,
And called his father's name.
7. That father raised his head and heard
"Forgive!" It was a single word;
But on his withered face,
A smile proclaimed the pardon won;
He held his loved but long-lost son
In close and warm embrace.
8. 'Twas rapture to the little boy,
And angels heard the sound with joy,
When, in a humble tone,
Repentant Asa, sad but calm,
Said: "Father, lean upon my arm,
And let us now go home."
9. Now in the chimney's warmest nook
Sat grandpa with the holy book,
His countenance serene.

But dimmer grew his sunken eye;
A cough proclaimed that he would die
Before the grass was green.

10. And Asa watched him day by day,
And wept alone, and tried to pray
That God his life would save.
But still the old man weaker grew,
And nearer still each day he drew
Unto the silent grave.
11. He saw that unto Asa's heart
Remorse had sent its keenest dart;
And so he sought to hide
The death-hue of his withered cheek;
And, when [he was] extremely weak,
To walk he vainly tried.
12. But grief on that old heart still fed,
Although its last, last tear was shed;
Life's sea had been so rough.
But now the voyage was almost o'er,
Sweet voices from the spirit shore
Cried, "Come; it is enough."
13. But through the long and dreary night,
And through the day, however bright,
Asa was by his bed.
He put aside his snowy hair,
He bathed his brow with tend'rest care,
And propt his sinking head.
14. 'Twas just before the dawn of day,
That Asa heard him feebly say:
"Forget what is forgiven.
Remember; it is my dying prayer;
Forget the past and meet me there,
In heaven, my son, in heaven."

MORE SONGS AND BALLADS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS.

BY ISABEL NANTON RAWN AND CHARLES PEABODY.

[FROM a collection of songs and ballads sent me by Miss Isabel Nanton Rawn of Mount Berry, Georgia, I have selected the following for publication now. They seem in large measure not to have been published before. I have added a very few notes.

The songs I-V were secured by Miss Rawn from Ethel Edward; Nos. VI and VII, from Roxie Gay. The references to Child are to the Riverside Press edition of 1000 copies.

In the remainder of the collection are interesting versions of "The Old Rich Merchant," "Lord Randall," and "Barbara Allen," with striking variant readings; e.g., the account of the slight of Barbara Allen is thus given:

"Oh! don't you remember the other day,
When we were at the station,
You passed your hands to the ladies all around,
And slighted Barbara Allen."—C. P.]

SONG BALLET.

With this song compare "The Quaker's Wooing," etc. (Barry, this Journal, 1905, pp. 49, ff.), and "Brown Adam" (Child, iv, 374), also the crescendo of bribes in the song "Oh! Madam I will give to you," etc., sung by the Fuller sisters.

I.

"Madam, I will buy you a paper of pins.
This is the way my love begins
If you will marry me."

"Sir, I do not accept your paper of pins.
This is the way our love begins,
For I will not marry you."

"Madam, I will buy you a little lap-dog
You can take with you when you go abroad
If you will marry me."

"Sir, I'll not accept your little lap-dog,
And I can't take it with me when I go abroad,
For I won't marry you."

"Madam, I will buy you a black silk dress;
It's bound around with golden thread
."

"
.
For I won't marry you."

"Madam, I will buy you old black cow —
You can milk her if you know how —
If you will marry me."

"No, sir, I don't accept your old black cow,—
I can milk her if I know how,—
For I won't marry you."

"Madam, I give a forekin six
Every horse as black as pitch
."

"
.
For I won't marry you."

"Madam, I give you forekin six —
Every horse as white as snow —
."

II.

Soldier life is a dreary life;
It robs poor girls of their heart's delight,
It causes them to weep, it causes them to mourn,
For the loss of a true-love never to return.

"Captain, Captain, tell me true,
Does my sweetheart dwell with you?"—

"No, kind miss, he is not here.
He got killed in a battle, my dear."

"Hand me a chair and I sit down,
A pen and write it down.
At every line I drop a tear,
At every verse cry, 'Willy, my dear.' "

"O father! O father! go build me a boat,¹
That I may on the ocean float.
I hail every boat as I pass by,
And I inquire of my sweet sailor boy.
It on rocks went as I passed by,—
There I let your true-love lie."

¹ Compare for the double address "Lord Randall," etc., *passim*.

III.

This night is almost over,
 It is near the break of day,
 I am waiting for my answer,
 My love, what did you say?

"If an answer I must give you,
 I would choose a single life,
 For I never thought you was fit
 For me to be your wife."

"I hope the ground that you stand on
 The grass will refuse to grow,
 For you have been the reason
 Of my heart overflow."

IV.

Come all you fair and tender ladies,¹
 Take warning how you like young men,
 They will tell you some lovely story,
 Declare they love you true.

Straightway they will go and love another,—
 That's the love they have for you.
 I wish I were a little sparrow
 And had wings to fly and fly
 Over, and when he talked I would be nigh.

But as I am no little sparrow
 And got no wings to fly,
 I wish I were instead a rabbit
 To pass my troubles by.

V.²

"Wake up, wake up, you saucy sleeper!
 Wake up, wake up, for it is almost day!
 Come, peep your head out at the window
 And see what your true-love has to say!

"Go, then! go, then! and tell your mother
 If you my loving bride will be!"—
 "Oh, no! I cannot tell my mother
 And let her know you are near.
 So turn away, love, and cast³ another,
 And it will be the last I will trouble."

¹ For such "Come all ye's" compare Perrow (this Journal, 1915, p. 160) and Child (Fair Flower of Northumberland, I, p. 114, 35; and Tam Lin, II, p. 349, G. 1); also a fragment remembered by me, sung by an Adirondack guide about 1880:—

"Come all ye fair maidens, a warning take by me,
 And never build your nests within a hollow tree."

² For this song compare Kittredge (this Journal, 1907, p. 260). The last six lines are interlopers. The ballad is mentioned by Louise Pound (this Journal, 1913, p. 354).

³ For "court."

"Then go, then, my love, and ask your father
If you my loving bride will be." —
"Oh, no! I cannot ask my father,
For on his velvet cloak he read(?)¹

"All in his hand he holds a-weepin'
To slay the man that I love best.
Oh, don't you see the clouds a-risin'
To hide us from the setting sun?"

"Oh, yes! I see the clouds a-risin'
To hide us from the setting sun.
Oh, won't you be glad when we are blest
With the pleasure, and we both become as one?"

VI.

"Come, little pink, I tell you what I think,
I'll give you a piece of my mind.
You remember sitting by my side
Upon the mountain-top.
You promise, promise, to marry me,
And be my darling bride."

"It's no such of a thing,
It never was in my mind.
It's no such a thing.
It wasn't in the bargain any time.
If God will spare me until the sun goes down,
I will buy me a bottle of vinichar wine
For to wash your deceitful face."

VII.

[Miss Rawn compares the following ballad with "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" (Child, iv, 426). See also Barry, "The Love Token" (this Journal, 1911, p. 339). — C. P.]

A pretty fair miss all in the garden,
A journeyole (?) soldier passing by.
He did stop and kindly address her
By saying, "Kind miss, will you marry me?"

"No, kind sir, a man of honor,
A man of honor you may be.
Would you impose upon a lady
Whose bride to you is not to be?"

"I have a sweetheart cross the ocean,
He has been gone for seven long year,
And if he's dead, I hope he is happy,
Or in some battle being slain.

¹ For "rest."

"And if he is to some fair girl married,
I love the girl that married him."
He run his hands all in his pockets
And pulled out rings that she had gave him.

Straight down before him she did fall:
He picked her up all in his arms,
Giving kisses by one, two, three,
Saying, "If I had staid there seven years longer,
No girl but you could have married me."

MOUNT BERRY, GEORGIA.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

METRICAL ROMANCES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY DEAN S. FANSLER, PH.D.

FORTY years after the Spaniards had founded a permanent settlement in the Philippine Islands, Cervantes published in Spain the first part of the "*Adventures of the Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha*," a book that effectually destroyed, among the cultured classes at least, the taste for romances of chivalry. Nearly three hundred years later, when Spain withdrew from the isles of the Pacific, nine-tenths of the books printed in the Filipino dialects were either religious (prayers, saints' lives, and moral tales) or romantic and fantastic stories of the type ridiculed to death in the peninsula by Cervantes. Until the American occupation brought the freedom of the press to the Philippines, the reading-matter of the natives was largely the reading-matter of the Spaniards of the sixteenth century and earlier. Nor have the last fifteen years accomplished among the masses any decided revolution in literary taste. The literature of modern Spain has had very little effect upon Philippine literature. The most popular single book in the Islands to-day—the "*Pasion*," a fourteen-thousand-line metrical account, in quintillas, of the life and sufferings of Jesus Christ — goes back to a Spanish original of the early seventeenth century. While it is true that the commercial presses in Manila, Iloilo, and Cebu, during the last decade, have been printing many new realistic novels and plays from the pens of young writers, the metrical romance continues to hold its place. The stories of Rodrigo de Villas (the "*Cid*"), Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, Bernardo del Carpio, the Seven Lords of Lara, and a number of others based upon early Spanish history and legend, keep appearing in larger and larger yearly editions. The enchanter Freston, who Don Quixote was convinced had carried off his beloved library, must have deposited it in the Philippines.

A classification of sixteen of the metrical romances current in one or more of the Philippine dialects will show the wide range of material treated, and will give Occidental readers some idea of the mental pabulum of the ordinary native. Brief synopses of those stories most interesting from the point of view of literary history may be serviceable for comparison with the well-known English and European versions popular centuries ago, but unread to-day except by a small group of specialists. Before the classification and analyses are taken up, however, some attention might well be given to the form in which these stories are presented to the Filipino reader.

These romantic narratives are all in stanzaic verse, which is of two types, — quatrains of twelve-syllable lines in assonance, and quatrains of eight-syllable lines in assonance.¹ The twelve-syllable line is much the more common of the two: it is the vehicle not only of the greater number of the metrical romances, but of most of the saint-legends, novenas, and other religious works. The common generic name for the type of stories we are accustomed to term in English "metrical romances" is *corrido*.² Among all the Filipinos the word *corrido* means an extended narrative of the life and adventures of some person. In Tagalog the term, if strictly used, is applied only to poems written in octosyllabic lines; those in alexandrines³ having on the title-page *Buhay nang*, etc. ("Life of," etc.) or *Salita at Buhay*, etc. ("Story and Life," etc.). The general Tagalog word for "poem" or "song" is *awit*. The other dialects make no such formal distinction between the *corrido* and the *Buhay*.

The Philippine *corridos* vary in length from a few hundred to several thousand lines. They are printed in pamphlet form, one tale to a volume, on a very cheap quality of paper, and sell for the small sum of five or ten cents. As a result of the perishable nature of the booklets, no very old copies have survived the ravages of mildew and bookworm: the oldest copy I have seen was dated 1815. This fact need not indicate, however, that the *corridos* have not been popular more than a hundred years. Indeed, I am inclined to believe with Barrantes⁴ that probably many of the romantic tales of Spain were told to the natives by the soldiers of Legaspi before the beginning of the seventeenth century, just as the missionary priests lost no time in introducing to the Islands the "Pasion," the saint-legends, and the religious plays (*autos sacramentales*). And many of the metrical romances must have been circulated orally or in manuscript long before they were put into print; not a few are known to-day only in small restricted areas and only in manuscript form. On the whole, we are probably safe in concluding that the *corridos* have been popular for three or more centuries among the Filipinos. These stories not only make up the body of most of the entertaining reading of the lower and middle classes, but they also furnish passages for quotation and recitation on every conceivable occasion. The lives of such heroes as Jaime del Prado and Bernardo del Carpio are sung by the small boy driving the cattle to pasture, by the peasant working in his paddy-field, or by the itinerant beggar travelling from one town

¹ Rhyme is not found in Philippine poetry.

² Defined in Velasquez' Spanish-English Dictionary as "a metrical story, usually sung to the accompaniment of a guitar, in fandango style."

³ The Philippine alexandrine (twelve-syllable line) had the cesura regular after the sixth syllable. As in the French, there is no marked iambic rhythm.

⁴ Vicente Barrantes, *El Teatro Tagalo* (Madrid, 1889), pp. 29-30.

fiesta to the next. Even in social gatherings the apt introduction into the conversation of moralizing or didactic lines from some well-known *corrido* is received with approbation. In the *duplo*, or wit-combat often indulged in at funeral feasts, the winner is always the person who has at his tongue's end quotations from the "Pasion" and the *corridos*, that are most appropriate for carrying on the argument proposed. Besides, these stories are often done into dramatic form; and no town's celebration of its patron saint is thought complete without a *comedia*, or *moro-moro* play.¹

Of the metrical romances based directly upon European material, the following may be taken as representing all that is typical of the *genre*. They fall into seven classes, and are distributed thus:—

- I. Charlemagne Romances:
 1. Prince Baldovinos.
 2. The Twelve Peers of France.
 3. Count d'Irlos.
- II. An Arthurian Romance:
 1. Tablante de Ricamonte.
- III. The Constance-Saga and its Variants:
 1. Florentina.
 2. Adela.
 3. Maria.
 4. Proceso.
- IV. Classical Romance:
 1. Paris and Oenone.
- V. Oriental Didactic Tales with Western Modifications:
 1. Alejandre and Luis (a variant of Amis and Amiloun).
 2. Blancaflor and Floristo (a garbled version of Floris and Blanche-fleur).
 3. Prince Erastro (a popular form of the Seven Sages of Rome).
- VI. Romances based on Spanish History and Legend:
 1. Rodrigo de Villas.
 2. Bernardo del Carpio.
- VII. Romances based on Italian Novelle:
 1. Romeo and Juliet.
 2. Gricelda.

In the following pages the first three of these have been treated.

¹ In the Philippines, *comedia* and *moro-moro* are synonymous terms. They signify a long play, sometimes continuing for three nights, in which is represented a war between Christians and Saracens (or Moros). Kings, princes, and dukes fight and parade in great magnificence. Needless to say, the Christian is always victorious in the end, and the Christian prince invariably brings about the conversion of the Pagan princess with whom he is in love. Most of these plays are adapted from the *corridos*.

"Bernardo del Carpio" and the "Twelve Peers of France" are easily the most popular of the stories just enumerated. To test a surmise of this fact, I questioned one hundred and seventy-five representative college students. One hundred and four replied that they had either read in their dialects, or had been told in their dialects, or had seen acted in their town *fiestas*, the life of Bernardo del Carpio; and eighty-five made a similar report on the "Twelve Peers."

As to the authorship of the *corridos*, the only thing certain that can be said is that most of the versions are anonymous. In some instances it would appear that Spanish priests acquainted with the dialects had written the tales. The large number of Spanish words, the occasional Iberian turn of the native construction, and the frequent references to biblical and classical history, point to this conclusion. But just who these priests were,—if priests they were, indeed,—no one can say. Like their mediæval counterparts in England and France, the stories are peculiarly non-subjective; and at no time while reading them do we feel at all concerned to know who wrote them. As in a marionette show the story is the thing, not the impersonal reciter behind the scenes, so in the metrical romances.

I. CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

I. "BALDOVINOS."

"The Story of the Life and Adventures of Prince Baldovinos in the Kingdom of Dacia and of Princess Sevilla in the Kingdom of Sansueña" has been printed in the Tagalog, Pampango, and Ilocano dialects.¹ The three versions agree in the main, but are by no means of the same length. The Talalog contains 1182 quatrains of octosyllabic lines (4728 verses), the Pampango 990 (3960 verses), and the Ilocano only 895 (3580 verses), the lines in this last version being decasyllabic (an unusual form) instead of octosyllabic, however. The Tagalog redaction, as the most detailed and comprehensive of the three, will serve as the basis of our analysis of the story, which carries us from the birth of Baldwin to his treacherous death at the hands of Carlomagno's son Carloto, and the subsequent punishment of the murderer. According to Cervantes, this sad tale was highly popular in Spain, and was one of Don Quixote's favorites.²

¹ A student from Zambales also reports that he has seen this narrative acted on the stage in his province as a *comedia* in the Zambales dialect.

² "And presently his frenzy brought to his remembrance the story of Baldwin and the Marquis of Mantua, when Charlot left the former wounded on the mountain; a story learned and known by little children, not unknown to young men and women, celebrated, and even believed, by the old, and yet not a jot more authentic than the miracles of Mahomet." — MORTEUX'S trans. of *Don Quixote*, Part I, chap. 5.

And a few chapters farther on Don Quixote himself says, "I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that

A condensed paraphrase of the Tagalog *corrido*, which may be divided into four more or less distinct sections (although no formal indication of divisions appears in the text) is the following:—

[PART I. EPISODE OF ESMELESINDA.]

Baldovinos was the son of the King of Dacia by Arminda, a sister of Carlomagno. When he was a mere boy, his father the king died: and his mother, thinking to educate her son fittingly, sent him to live with his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, who soon grew to love him as a son. At the court of the Marquis, Baldovinos developed every admirable trait, and by his modesty, bravery, and beauty, won the praise of all. The Marquis (who is usually referred to as Donais Urgel — i.e., Ogier the Dane — in this version) planned to marry his nephew to the Princess of Sansueña when he should become of age. The narrator here makes an abrupt transition and proceeds to tell the story of Esmelesinda, the wife of Guifero and the aunt of Baldovinos.

One day Guifero and his wife were hunting in the forest, and after a long vain pursuit they stopped under a tree to rest. Overcome with fatigue, Esmelesinda dropped off to sleep; but the duke, catching sight of an animal, gave chase, and was soon lost among the hills and trees. By a curious chance, an army of Turks happened to come to the place where Esmelesinda was lying; they took her captive and carried her off to Sansueña, where the Turkish emperor Balan locked her up in a tower, expecting to convert her and to marry her to his brother Clarion. While a captive in Sansueña, Esmelesinda became very friendly with the princess Sevilla (daughter of the King of Sansueña, not Balan), to whom upon request she explained all the details of Carlomagno's court. Her account of the noble peers was so glowing that Sevilla soon fell in love with Baldovinos, although she had never seen or heard of him before.

Guifero meanwhile had returned to his Emperor's court, and upon hearing of Esmelesinda's capture had given her up as hopelessly lost, and had sought forgetfulness at the gaming-table. One day, however, Carlomagno so shamed the faint-hearted duke, that he resolved to attempt the rescue of his imprisoned wife. On Roldan's famous horse he succeeded in reaching Sansueña in a short time, in rescuing Esmelesinda from the hands of the Pagans, and in finally returning safely with her to the French Court.

[PART II. EPISODE OF CLAINOS AND SEVILLA, WITH THE MARRIAGE OF BALDOVINOS.]

Clainos,¹ King of Arabia, disappointed in the escape of Esmelesinda, wooed Sevilla, who promised to become his wife if he would bring to Sansueña the heads of Roldan, Oliveros, and Reinaldo of Montalban. She proposed this test merely in order to get rid of her suitor; for she felt sure

the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Baldovinos, which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, with other things, which, though I do not now remember, I consider as here expressed, until I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage." — *Ibid.*, Part I, chap. 10.

¹ There is evidently a confounding here of Clainos and Clarion.

that he would never succeed. When Clainos arrived at the French borders, he issued his challenge to fight, and the Emperor ordered Roldan to go meet the proud paynim. But Roldan refused because Carlomagno had made some derogatory remarks about the younger Peers in a former campaign. Exasperated by the refusal, Carlomagno quarrelled with the young warrior, and finally became so undignified as to hurl an inkstand at his head. To save the situation, Baldovinos, a mere youth, volunteered and was sent against Clainos. For nine hours the fight raged and was undecided, but at last Baldovinos was overcome and made captive. Stirred by the sight of the defeat of his kinsman, Roldan rushed to the field and cut off Clainos's head. He released Baldovinos and ordered him to carry the Saracen's head to Sansueña. Baldovinos reached the court of Balan safely, and there he proclaimed his name and the death of Clainos. When he saw Sevilla, he fell in love with her; and as his affection was already reciprocated, all that the young couple had to do was to gain the consent of their guardians. On behalf of his nephew the Marquis of Mantua willingly asked Almanzor for the hand of his daughter Sevilla, and his request was as readily granted. The marriage was announced; invitations were sent to all lands, and the wedding was attended by kings and nobles. It was pompously celebrated, the feast lasting many days. Baldovinos and his bride then set out for France, where they were graciously received by Carlomagno.

[PART III. CARLOTO'S TREACHERY AND THE DEATH OF BALDOVINOS.]

Carloto, the son of Carlomagno and cousin of Baldovinos, was stirred by the unsurpassed beauty of Sevilla. Lacking courage to declare his passion, he attempted one night to satisfy it by force: but Sevilla ordered him out of the house, and he went, plotting the death of her husband. Sevilla unfortunately decided to keep her own counsel with regard to Carloto's dastardly attack.

A few days later Carloto invited his cousin to go hunting, and Baldovinos, unsuspecting, promised to go. When Sevilla heard of the engagement, she urged her husband to break it; he insisted, however, that one's word once given must be kept. Accordingly, after preparations had been made, the two cousins set out, Carloto accompanied by many companions, and Baldovinos attended by only his squire Celinos. When they were well on their way, Carloto, on the pretext of having left his dagger behind, sent Celinos to fetch it: the rest proceeded to the forest. There in a suitable place Carloto and his eighteen followers fell upon the lone Baldovinos, thinking to make a quick end of him. He defended himself so bravely, however, that though mortally wounded, he killed all eighteen of the accomplices. Carloto escaped; and Baldovinos was barely able to drag himself to the bank of a river, where he burst into loud lamentations.

By chance, the Marquis of Mantua was hunting in the mountains that day, but had become separated from his men and had lost his way in the thick woods. While he was stumbling down a rocky ravine, sounds of complaint and distress struck his ear. After listening a few minutes, he realized whence they proceeded, and he hastened to the side of the wounded man. Baldovinos recognized his uncle finally, and poured forth into his ears such a tale of woe and treachery, that the two fainted. There is no

telling how long they would have remained helpless by the river-bank had not the faithful Celinos opportunely returned from his wild-geese chase and revived the uncle and nephew from their swoon. Somewhat restored, though feeling that his end was near, Baldovinos requested his companions to take him to the cave of St. Benito, hard by, where he could be shriven before it was too late. Between them Celinos and the Marquis managed to carry the sinking man to the holy place; and after the monks had confessed the brave young peer, he commended Sevilla to the care of his uncle, and died.

The body was taken to Mantua (it seems that Baldovinos was fifteen days' journey from the French Court when he was murdered), where the Marquis solemnly vowed on his sword not to comb his hair, eat at table, or manage his affairs, until he had avenged the death of his favorite nephew.

[PART IV. CARLOTO'S TRIAL AND EXECUTION.]

The Princess Sevilla had been summoned to Mantua by a letter from the Marquis, explaining what had happened to her husband. Bent on vengeance and supported by the Peers at Mantua, she organized an army and set out for France. Don Sancho and Don Irls were sent ahead as ambassadors to explain Sevilla's demands. The Emperor received the two courteously, and, determined to give the Marquis of Mantua justice, called a council, at which Delfrindar de Ardinia acted as chairman. Eight councillors urged the Marquis's claims, and eight defended Carloto. Their long arguments and subsequent quarrels so angered Carlomagno that finally he took justice into his own hands and ordered that Carloto should be executed.

A plan of Roldan's to rescue Carloto on the way to the block was frustrated by the Emperor, and the headstrong intriguer was banished from France for a time. Carloto was duly beheaded, and his body left exposed and unburied for a day. The Marquis returned to his home, but Sevilla spent the rest of her life in a convent.

As it is well-nigh impossible to determine when the *corrido* of "Baldovinos" was first printed in the Philippines,—whether the story is fifty years old or two hundred,—the question of the dates of possible sources is not our starting-point. Obviously the most convenient storehouses for the redactor of the narrative of the Marquis of Mantua and his nephew were the various printed collections of Spanish ballads.¹ The Spanish poems covering most of the incidents presented in the *corrido* are five in all. Arranged in the order in which their narratives appear in the Philippine version, they are,—

¹ The three most important old collections of Spanish romances and ballads before Duran's comprehensive *Romancero General* are the *Cancionero de Romances*, the *Silva de Varios Romances* (both dating from the second half of the sixteenth century), and the *Floresta de varios Romances*, the first edition of which, according to Pellicer, was printed at Alcalá in 1608. Among Duran's immediate predecessors, Jacob Grimm, with his *Silva de Romances viejos*, is probably entitled to first place. The stories of Baldovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, of Gayferos, and of the Arabian king Calainos, all appear in the sixteenth-century anthologies.

1. Romance de don Gayferos que trata de cómo sacó á su esposa que estaba en tierra de moros (No. 173 in Wolf and Hofmann's Primavera y Flor de Romances, or No. 377 in the Romancero General).
2. Romance del moro Calainos de cómo requeria de amores á la infanta Sebilla, y ella le demandó en arras tres cabezas de los doce pares de Francia (No. 193 in the Primavera, No. 373 in the Romancero General).
3. Romance del Marqués de Mántua (No. 165 in the Primavera, No. 355 in the Romancero General).
4. Romance de la embajada que envió Danes Urgel, marqués de Mántua al Emperador (No. 166 in the Primavera, No. 356 in the Romancero General).
5. Sentencia dada á don Carloto (No. 167 in the Primavera, No. 357 in the Romancero General).

It will be noticed from their numbers in the two collections that the last three ballads are printed consecutively by both Duran and Wolf, and form a trilogy dealing with the Marquis of Mantua, Baldovinos, and Carloto. All the five ballads just mentioned, along with forty-four others, are classified by Duran as "Romances caballerescos de las crónicas carlovingias." The first has really nothing to do with the life of Baldovinos, for he is neither mentioned nor referred to in the poem. The second, which tells the story of Calainos's rash attempt to gather in for Sevilla the heads of Roland, Oliveros, and Reinaldo of Montalban, shows also how Baldovinos was defeated by the Moor, but gives no hint of any sentimental relationship existing between the young peer and Sevilla. In none of the collections I have seen is the Calainos ballad printed as a Baldovinos ballad.

These five Spanish poems probably furnished the Philippine author with most of the events of his *corrido* beginning with the second half of episode I, at the point where Guiferos is shown as having given himself up to gambling. The introductory stanzas, which tell of the genealogy of Baldovinos and give a brief account of his early life, might have been taken, in part, from the ballad that forms the basis of episode III (lines 172-182); but the statement that the Marquis of Mantua planned to marry his nephew to the beautiful though Pagan Sevilla, appears to be a crude invention to prepare the way for the fact that Baldovinos did marry her.¹

¹ English readers may find all the ballads enumerated above translated into English verse and printed with the original Spanish in Thomas Rodd's *Ancient Spanish Ballads*, relating to the Twelve Peers of France (2 vols., London, 1821). They may also enjoy Cervantes' inimitable caricature of the story of Melisenda's rescue, as it is told by Maese Pedro, the puppet-showman, in *Don Quixote*, Part II, chapter xxvi. Rodd (vol. ii, p. 44 f.) prints in English only, unfortunately, an Ancient Ballad of Prince Baldwin, which tells how Baldovinos, pensive and sad over his defeat at the hands of Calainos, sets out to seek glory for himself to retrieve his lost fame, comes to Sansueña, falls in love with Sevilla, and by his feats of arms wins the favor of King Almanzor, who bestows his fair daughter on the young Prince of Dacia. Rodd does not say whence he derived his English version: he merely remarks, "We cannot present our readers with the Spanish copy, not being in

2. "THE TWELVE PEERS OF FRANCE."

"The Narrative and Life of the Twelve Peers of France, Subjects of Emperor Carlomagno until Betrayed by Galalon and Killed at Ronsesvalles" is extant in six Philippine dialects,—Tagalog, Pampango, Bicol, Visayan, Ilocano, and Pangasinan. These versions are practically identical in content and length; the Tagalog was probably the original of the other five. The Tagalog romance, the title of which runs as follows,—"*Salita at Buhay nang Doce Pares sa Francia na Campon nang Emperador Carlo magno, hanga nang ipagcanulo ni Galalon na nangapatay sa Ronsesvalles,*"—contains 4628 verses of twelve syllables each, and in spite of its great length is one of the best-known romances in the Islands.

The source of the Philippine metrical accounts of the lives of the Twelve Peers was the Spanish prose "*Historia del Emperador Carlomagno,*" the earliest known edition of which is that of 1528.¹ This Spanish account, in turn, was a re-doing of the French "*Ferumbras.*" Each subsequent version seems to have followed the preceding with remarkable fidelity, as an analysis of the latest popular form of the story (the Philippine) will show.

[SYNOPSIS OF "DOCE PARES."]

The first thirty-five strophes of this romance narrate an episode, complete in itself, of how Carlomagno sent assistance to Aaron, ruler of Jerusalem, who had been attacked and taken prisoner by the non-Christian people of Zaragoza. After a three-months' march, during which the army lost its way and was only set right by a flock of birds that appeared miraculously in response to prayer, the French forces engaged the Zaragozans, defeated them decisively, and restored Aaron to his seat at Jerusalem.

The bulk of the rest of the book covers about the same ground as the Middle English romance of "*Sir Ferumbras.*" After his expedition to relieve Jerusalem, Carlomagno planned to invade Alexandria. While the Peers were encamped at Mormionda, Fierabras, son of the Pagan ruler Balan, sacked Rome and Jerusalem. Gui de Borgoña was sent as ambassador to Rome to see if Fierabras was there at the head of his troops. On his return to France, Gui happened to meet Balan and his daughter Florifes riding in a carriage. Although the meeting was but for an instant, the Peer fell violently in love with the princess, who in turn was not indifferent to him. On hearing his messenger's report to the effect that Fierabras was not in Rome, Carlomagno ordered Gui to prepare a large army and to advance on that city. When the French troops reached Rome, Florifes

our collection." Nor have I been able to find it in the *Romancero General*. It is not improbable, however, that the Philippine author knew such a ballad as this, and used it for his transition between episodes II and III.

¹ No less than fourteen editions of the *Historia* up to the year 1744 have been enumerated by Pascual de Gayangos in his *Libros de Caballerías* (Madrid, 1874), p. lxiv. The Spanish text I used in comparing the Tagalog *Doce Pares* with its prose original was that issued in Madrid, 1772.

herself took the field against Gui, who, recognizing her, refused to continue the battle. Carlomagno, angered at the report of how slowly the campaign was proceeding, ordered Roldan with eight other Peers to capture Rome. Corsubel, brother of Balan, supported by a host of Pagan soldiers, went against this second detachment of French, who were partially successful: Corsubel was killed, but Oliveros was severely wounded. The young Peers returned to France, leaving Rome still in the hands of the infidels. These half victories only angered the Emperor still more, and he resolved to wipe off the face of the earth all non-Christians.

Learning of Corsubel's death, Fierabras went to Mormionda to take vengeance on Carlomagno and his Peers. Roldan was ordered to go fight with Fierabras, but he refused and quarrelled with Carlomagno. Oliveros, though still weak from his wounds, begged permission and was finally allowed to engage the Saracen. After a long struggle of many hundred lines, Oliveros conquered his opponent, who promised to turn Christian. But the Peer was then set upon by fifty thousand men (who sprang from nowhere), and, in spite of his desperate resistance, was taken prisoner. Carlomagno heard Oliveros's call for help and sent troops to his aid, but succeeded only in losing four more Peers in the struggle. The Turks then retired with the five Peers as captives, and conducted them to Balan, who was in Turkey.

The prisoners were confined in a foul dungeon under Florifes's tower; but the princess, already in love with Gui, took a special interest in these French knights, and fed and clothed them secretly. She even went so far as to supply them with arms. She told them of her love for Gui de Borgoña, of her desire to become Christian, and of her willingness to restore to Carlomagno the treasures that had been stolen from Rome.

Meanwhile Carlomagno had not been absolutely idle. He sent an embassy of seven Peers (all he had left) to demand of Balan the return of the five prisoners. Balan at the same time despatched an embassy of fifteen kings to propose to the French Emperor an exchange of the five Peers for Fierabras. The two embassies met near the Bridge of Mentible, where, a quarrel arising, the Peers killed fourteen of the kings. One escaped. After cutting off the fourteen heads, the seven proceeded to Turkey, where Balan, knowing nothing of the fate of his ambassadors, received the Peers graciously. But the one king who escaped returned home on the night of their arrival and told Balan how fourteen of his messengers had been slain. Wild with anger, the Turkish Emperor ordered the seven Peers bound in their sleep by three thousand soldiers, and on the following day determined to put all twelve of his captives to a shameful death. But Florifes wheedled her father into allowing her to take the seven to her tower for the night, and there she armed them as she had armed the other five.

The twelve Peers repulsed every attack upon the tower, and it seemed as if they could hold out indefinitely. But through the help of Marpin, a famous magician, Balan finally succeeded in separating Florifes from her magic girdle, which was supplying the besieged with food. After two days of hunger, the Peers resolved to make a sortie for provisions. In the mêlée that ensued, Basin was killed and Gui de Borgoña captured. Balan resolved that Gui should pay for all the damage done by the Peers; but when the next day the captive was being led to the gallows, his com-

panions, in two lines headed by Roldan and Oliveros, rushed out of the tower and rescued him. Thousands of Turks were killed. The eleven Peers also captured twelve horses laden with food, and returned elated to their stronghold.

This kind of existence could not go on forever, however, and the besieged finally resolved to send word of their plight to Carlomagno. Ricarte was agreed upon as messenger. After much fighting he managed to make his way through hosts of Saracens to the Bridge of Mentible, where the porter, acting on orders from Balan, refused to let him cross. But guided by a miraculous white deer, Ricarte found a way to ford the river, and in a few days he reached the French Court.

Carlomagno resolved to conduct in person the rescuing-expedition; and, accompanied by a large force with Ricarte as guide, he set out for the east. By means of a trick proposed by Ricarte, the French forces managed to get past the Bridge of Mentible; they killed the guarding giants and thousands of Turks, and sent a defiance to Balan. But Balan was no coward: he determined to fight to the last. He was finally overcome, however, and, though Fierabras and Florifes urged him to become a Christian, he remained loyal to Mahomet; hence there was nothing for Carlomagno to do but to cut off the head of this obstinate person. Florifes and Gui de Borgoña were married. They decided to live in Turkey with Fierabras, as Balan was dead. After a two-months' visit with the young couple, Carlomagno and the rest of his Peers returned to France.

The remainder of the romance (187 strophes) tells of Carlomagno's campaigns in the south. He destroyed the infidels in Pamplona and Galicia, and then defeated successively King Aigolante, Prince Furre, the giant Ferragus (Roldan performing this feat after Oger Donais, Reinaldo, and Constantino had been overcome by the giant), and the Kings of Cordova and Sevilla. But through the treachery of Galalon, whom Carlomagno had sent to demand tribute of the Pagan king Marsirios, the Peers were overwhelmed and killed at Ronsesvalles. Hearing of the disaster too late to send any aid to his army, Carlomagno pursued and captured Galalon, who was subsequently executed. After giving all his wealth to the Church, the great Emperor died Feb. 16, 1012 (*sic!*).

3. "COUNT IRLS."

The Philippine romance of the "Life of Count Irls and his Wife, of the Kingdom of France" circulates only in the Pampango dialect. The title-page of the 1902 edition bears the legend, "Exclusive property of Doña Modesta Lanuza: nobody is allowed to publish this without her permission." It would thus appear that Señora Lanuza herself or some member of her family was the author of this version, as she was not the publisher.

Notwithstanding the fact that "Conde Irls" is a Charlemagne story, it is not nearly so well known as "Baldovinos" or "Doce Pares." Possibly its unusual length (5008 octosyllabic lines) together with a paucity of adventures accounts for its unpopularity. The Spanish original of part of this story, "El Romance del Conde Irls y de las

grandes venturas que hubo" (Primavera, No. 164; Romancero General No. 354), is one of the longest of the Castilian romances (1366 lines), and forms, observes Duran, "una novela caballeresca completa." Duran goes on to say, "Its construction points it out to be one of those primitive compositions which came into print only after being altered not merely by oral tradition itself but also by poets who tried to improve on it." In its earliest form the Spanish story was a *romance viejo popular*; but the printed version, remarks Duran, was composed by a *juglar* working over ancient oral tradition. The fortune of the story in the Philippines has been not unlike its fortune in the peninsula; only the Pampango author began with the printed *romance* instead of oral tradition, and in his (or her) attempt to improve on the original increased its bulk nearly fourfold.¹

[SYNOPSIS OF CONDE IRLOS.]

Bencebais, the count of Irlos and nephew of Carlomagno, inherited vast estates from his parents. He possessed also, in addition to good looks and polite manners, an indefatigable zeal for the cause of Christianity. Through his sword he won for his uncle seventeen Pagan kingdoms; but Carlomagno magnanimously gave them to Bencebais, and said that the seventeen kings should be his vassals and his only. The young count then returned to his own country, where he enjoyed himself with musical entertainments and hunting.

The next one-fifth of this long story tells how Count Irlos went to a tournament held by the King of Italy, and won as his bride the beautiful Princess Elea. Allarde, King of London and one of the disappointed suitors, on his return to his country passed through Carlomagno's dominions, and issued a challenge to the Emperor and his Twelve Peers. But as the French seemingly paid no attention to his boasts (Roldan again proved refractory, refusing to obey his Emperor's orders to fight the audacious Saracen, and thereby calling down on his own head the same ink-stand treatment he had received once before at the hands of the enraged Carlomagno), the King of London proceeded on his way, vowing vengeance.

On the return of Count Irlos with his prize, his marriage was celebrated after Elea had been christened Reducinda Rosalina. Not long after, while he was enjoying himself at his own estates, a message from the Emperor came to end his happiness. He was ordered to prepare an expedition to proceed against Allarde in order to recover the lost fame and honor of France. The Count declared the order to be cruel and unwise, and, full of wrath and dissatisfaction, he went with his troops to report at Paris. Leaving his wife in the care of his uncle Don Beltran, and telling her that if he did not return within nine years she should be free to marry again and all his property should be hers, he departed with ten thousand followers for the coast, and the large expedition embarked for Allarde's kingdom. While on board ship, the Count, for some unexplained reason, solemnly swore never to return to France; and he made his men so swear, forbidding

¹ An English verse translation of the Spanish Romance del Conde Dirlos may be found in Rodd's Ancient Spanish Ballads, vol. i, pp. 167-275.

them even to send any messages home. The Count and his men achieved a brilliant victory over Allarde, and seventeen years passed without any word being sent back to France.

One night Count Irlos dreamt that his wife was being forced to marry some one she did not love. Jumping to his feet, he ordered the trumpets sounded, and telling his men that they were to return to France, but incognito, the army embarked as soon as preparations could be made. The Count's beard had grown so long, and his voice had so changed, that he did not fear discovery.

When he reached France, he proceeded immediately for his own estates, where he was astonished to see on his palace gates the coat-of-arms of Celinos, Roldan's nephew. Upon making inquiries of the sentry, he learned that, since no word had been received from the long-absent Count, Roldan had circulated the report that the Count was dead, for he wanted his nephew Celinos to marry Elea and come into possession of Bencebais' wealth. Celinos even forged letters tending to prove that Count Irlos was no longer living. Carlomagno and the Peers had then chosen a husband for Elea, — the crafty Celinos, — but through the influence of Don Beltran, the Countess had obtained a respite of a year before re-marrying. It was during this year that Count Irlos returned.

Assuming the rôle of a Persian ambassador bringing news of the missing count, Irlos called on Don Beltran that night; but the uncle recognized his beloved nephew under the long beard. Elea, hearing that a messenger had arrived with news of her husband, entered the room; and, although she did not recognize the Count, his heart melted with pity for her sadness, and, proclaiming his name, he threw himself into her arms.

There still remained the punishment of Celinos and Roldan. The next day the Count with his faithful followers went to Paris, and after making known his identity asked Carlomagno to remove the coat-of-arms of Celinos. The treachery of the young peer was exposed, and he was finally sentenced to death. Not satisfied with this, however, Count Irlos went to Roldan and offered to fight him and all the knights who had taken part in the trick against him. Carlomagno was unable to persuade either party to lay down their arms. After a continuous fight of four months, all the principals were exhausted and worn out. It was only through the intervention of their wives that peace was finally restored.

In summary of the Filipino-Spanish treatment of portions of the Carolingian cycle, five striking characteristics might be emphasized.

1. REPETITION OF SITUATION.—The violent quarrelling of Roldan with his Emperor is depicted in "Baldovinos," "Doce Pares," and "Conde Irlos." Evidently this situation appealed strongly to the Philippine redactors, for no opportunity is let slip of making these two kinsmen appear in an undignified light. In each case Carlomagno loses his temper and hurls an inkstand at his nephew. Again, the treachery of the Emperor's nephews — Carloto and Celinos — forms the crisis of two of the stories. In both cases the nephew is put to death by order of the Emperor, who, according to Spanish tradition, appears to have been blessed with not a few renegades among his numerous relatives.

2. DEPRECIATION OF ROLDAN.—In “Baldovinos” and “Conde Irlos,” Roldan is consistently represented as headstrong, quarrelsome, egotistic, not wanting in bravery but intensely desirous of praise, jealous of the older knights in arms, given to intriguing against the Emperor when his edicts do not suit the younger man. To be sure, he is not a national traitor like Ganelon, but he is portrayed in both romances as plotting to save a rascal. In both stories, too, the Emperor finds it necessary to banish this hot-headed young knight for a period of years. It is only natural that we should find among the early Spanish popular poets (and in this respect the Filipino redactors follow the Spanish) a tendency to abase the national hero of a neighboring conquering country. Nor is it unnatural that we should find stories springing up about a Spanish hero in rivalry of Roldan. Bernardo del Carpio, an entirely fictitious personage, but reported to have been one of the generals who administered defeat to Carlomagno at Roncesvalles, grew in proportions and fame from the twelfth century on until he nearly totally eclipsed Roldan in the Peninsula, and consequently in the Philippines. But his story will appear later.

Roldan, however, is always given credit for extraordinary courage and skill as a fighter. His bravery is proverbial. Often in allusion his name is found coupled with that of Bernardo del Carpio. Indeed, these two heroes are brought together in the story of “Bernardo del Carpio;” but the Spaniard displays Beowulfian strength in his arms, and quickly succeeds in getting that for which he had gone to France.

3. EXTRAVAGANCE AND LACK OF RESTRAINT, especially when the author is dealing with the charms or prowess of a Christian knight. This tendency is to be found in nearly all the *corridos*; and in the case of the Carlovingian romances the exaltation of French heroes means only the exaltation of Christianity over Paganism. Filipino-Spanish admiration for Roldan and Oliveros is merely admiration for knights of the Cross; but Bernardo Carpio, Rodrigo de Villas, and Gonzalo are sung not only as destroyers of the Crescent, but as thoroughly national heroes. Patriotism is no more evident in the “Chanson de Roland” than in “El Cid.” It is to be expected, consequently, that where Guiferos puts to flight three thousand Saracens, Bernardo will have no trouble in disposing of fifty thousand.

4. MINOR PERSONS AS HEROES.—There is a limit even to exaggeration. Obviously, in order to enhance the virtues of the national heroes of Spain, patriotism would approve the recording of the deeds of Guiferos, Baldovinos, and Count Irlos where it might object to the exaltation of Roldan. It must be remembered that Roldan is in no sense the hero of “Doce Pares.” There is no Filipino romance in which he is the leading character.

5. TENDENCY TO ELABORATION AND RECOMBINATION.—We have

mentioned the fact that the Spanish story of "Conde Irlos" was, in the hands of the Philippine redactor, expanded to nearly four times its original size. Not satisfied with the story's plunging *in medias res* (that is, at a time after the Count's marriage), the Pampango author must tell it all from the beginning, even if he has to manufacture the details,—Bencebais's youth, first encounters at arms, his mighty conquests, his winning of his bride, and the wedding ceremony. Nor does he hesitate to interpolate long passages later when he has begun to follow directly the Spanish original. "Baldovinos," too, is much longer than the five Spanish ballads on which it is based, only the proportion here is about 5 to 3 as against 4 to 1 for "Conde Irlos." Figures are hard to give in the case of "Doce Pares," for the original is in prose; but it is safe to say that nothing important has been omitted in the Philippine version. Moreover, the whole scene of the unexpected meeting of Gui and Florifes and her later taking the field against him at Rome (a passage of over 100 lines near the beginning of the romance) is not to be found in the "Historia del Emperador Carlo Magno."

Space does not allow of a detailed examination of the Philippine variations from Spanish originals and additions to them; but we may unhesitatingly conclude that such variations and amplifications tended toward chronicle completeness and away from the dramatic episodic structure of the ballads. Furthermore, the attitude of the Philippine narrators (and of the Spanish *juglars*, too) toward the *matière de France* is not the attitude of usurping Moorish heathenism, but of Spanish national militant Christianity.

II. AN ARTHURIAN ROMANCE.

"TABLANTE DE RICAMONTE."

The only Philippine representative of the Arthurian material is "The Story of Tablante de Ricamonte and of the Couple Jofre and Bruniesen, in the Kingdom of Camalor under the jurisdiction of King Artos and Queen Ginebra." This romance is in the Tagalog dialect,¹ and contains 468 quatrains of assonanced alexandrines. It is undoubtedly based indirectly, if not directly, on the Spanish prose "Cronica de los muy notables caualleros Tablante de Ricamonte, y de Jofre, hijo del conde Donason," the oldest known edition of which was that issued in Toledo in 1513. The most accessible reprint of this story is that of the 1564 edition, and may be found in Volume VI

¹ The title reads, "Dinaanang Buhay ni Tablante de Ricamonte sampo nang mag-asuang si Jofre at ni Bruniesen sa caharian nang Camalor na nasasacupan nang Haring si Artos at Reina Ginebra: Manila, 1902." A Pampango student says that he has read the story in his own dialect, but I have not been able to find any one else who has seen or heard of such an edition.

of the "Nueva Biblioteca de Autores espanoles" (Madrid, 1907). The text is divided into twenty-six chapters, and tells the story of Jofre's adventures while seeking Tablante de Ricamonte, who had challenged, defeated, and taken prisoner Arthur's knight Don Milian. Jofre's quest brought him many victories over strange knights, and secured for him a wife, the fair Bruniesen, niece to D. Milian.

Ticknor dismisses the "Cronica" with merely a reference to the title.¹ Menendez y Pelayo,² however, discusses in some detail the source of this early sixteenth-century prose Arthurian tale. He says, in part, "The remote original of this story is a Provençal poem of the thirteenth century, 'Jaufre e Brunesent' (published by Raynouard in Vol. I, pp. 48-173, of the 'Lexique Roman,' Paris, 1844). Brunesentz is the name of D. Milian's niece, whom Jofre marries after his victory. In the Provençal version Tablante is called Taulat de Rugimon. The Spanish prose form was not modelled directly on this poetic account, but on a redaction in French prose, attributed to the 'honrado varon Felipe Camus.'"

As the story of Tablante and of Jofre has never been printed in English, I may be pardoned for giving it here in some detail. (I follow the Tagalog version. The numbers at the ends of the paragraphs refer to the strophes in the text.)

One day when King Arthur (Artos) and his queen were at the window, they saw approaching them a strange, armed knight, who, after he had drawn nearer, issued a challenge to fight the bravest member of the Round Table. It so happened that just at that time all the knights were away except the sick Don Milan. Arthur proposed meeting the stranger himself, but, as the queen would not hear to this arrangement, Don Milan accepted the contest. Naturally, he was defeated; and the stranger knight carried him off as a prisoner to Ricamonte, where he was given fifty lashes a day in the public plaza, as an insult to Arthur. Thirty other knights were also at that time confined in Ricamonte as prisoners of the doughty Tablante. (7-29)

When the other knights of the Round Table returned to Camelot (Camarlor) and heard of the disgrace of Milan, they were unwilling to go to his aid. A young squire, however, Jofre by name, the only son of Count Donason, presented himself before the king and begged that he might be knighted in order to avenge the insult of Tablante. (Tablante had divulged his name after D. Milan accepted his challenge.) The queen seconded Jofre's request, and he was dubbed "the noblemost knight of Queen Guiniver (Ginebra)." (30-43)

Jofre immediately set out for Ricamonte. He passed the night in a wild forest. On the third day, while refreshing himself beside a silvery stream, he saw a horseman approaching. Although attacked suddenly and without a word, Jofre was victorious, and after accepting the stranger's explanation that he took Jofre for Diedis, his brother's murderer, spared his opponent's

¹ History of Spanish Literature, 4th Amer. ed., vol. i, p. 255.

² Orígenes de la novela, Tomo I, p. clxxxiv (Madrid, 1905).

life on the condition (which was accepted) that the vanquished go to Camelot and tell the king and the queen of the event. At the king's order, Jofre's victory was recorded among the marvellous exploits of the Knights of the Round Table. (44-65)

That night Jofre passed at an abbey. The next morning he entered upon a vast plain. After a two-days' journey across this treeless and desert waste, he saw in the distance a lone pine, and, hastening toward it, found a lance leaning against the trunk. As soon as he touched the spear, an ugly dwarf came suddenly from behind the tree, and shouted at the top of his voice. Not many minutes later the Knight of the Lance rode up and required Jofre to joust with him. He further said that if Jofre should be vanquished, he should either be hanged to the pine-tree or, if he asked mercy, should be imprisoned in a tower hard by. In this second encounter Jofre was victorious, and the Knight of the Lance was soon hanging at the end of his own rope. The dwarf begged for his own life so piteously, that Jofre spared it and sent him back to Camelot along with twenty captives rescued from the castle of the Knight of the Lance. On the arrival of this strange delegation at Camelot, the people were frightened, thinking they were to be attacked; but the dwarf soon explained Jofre's great victory. (66-123)

Meanwhile Jofre continued on his way towards Ricamonte. About midnight he reached a monastery; but, receiving no answer to his repeated summons at the gate, he was obliged to seek his rest on the open field. He unlaced his helmet, turned his horse loose to graze, and was about to make himself comfortable when he noticed a dark figure silhouetted against the sky. It approached, and proved to be a gallant knight, who greeted Jofre courteously. The stranger said that they were not far from the enchanted house of the giant Malato, in Albania, and that the Castle of Ricamonte was near. Then the knight told Jofre of a tournament that the King of Scotland was giving, and explained how they must go to reach Scotland. They had to proceed to Normandy, where they were to cross a toll-bridge over a deep river. Poor persons were charged eighty maravedies for the passage, but knights desiring to cross were to make their number five and fight the ten knight-guards of the bridge. Only if the five succeeded in defeating the ten guards and ten more on the other side of the river might they be free to cross the bay between Normandy and Scotland. (124-143)

At daybreak the Courteous Knight shared the contents of his wallet with Jofre, and after these two had been joined by a warrior called Diomedes, they set out for the bank of the river spanned by the bridge Perilous. Here they waited until they were met by two more knights. Jofre and his companions successfully made the crossing and hastened on to Scotland, arriving on the day before the tournament. They at once disguised themselves as peasants and for three days they kept out of the lists. But on the fourth day of the tournament Jofre and his four companions, reinforced by five other fresh knights, entered the lists together. Their opponents were the King of the Hundred Warriors and Galian, escorted by thirty of the hundred knights. After a two-hours' struggle, Jofre and his party triumphed, to the great joy of the King and Queen of Scotland. Next Jofre and his followers triumphed over the King of Ireland and his forty warriors, and were declared the winners of the tournament. On being asked his name, Jofre told it to the King of Scotland on the conditions that

it should not be divulged for three days and that a messenger should be sent to Camelot to inform the king and queen of their knight's prowess. (144-222)

Jofre now set out on his return. He reached the continent safely, and then came upon a narrow road leading to the beautiful spot Floresta, where Bruniesen lived. Ignorant of where he was, he went into a charming garden to rest, and, falling asleep, he was found by the gardener, who informed Bruniesen of the stranger's presence. She sent her man to summon Jofre, but the man soon came running back with the marks on him of a severe drubbing. Then Bruniesen herself went to see the bold intruder; and instead of carrying out her usual order of death upon any stranger found in her grounds, she fell in love with Jofre, who, in turn, surrendered his heart unconditionally to the fair damsel. He begged leave of absence, however, to finish first the king's business in Ricamonte, and promised to return to Floresta as soon as he had defeated Tablante and avenged Count Milan. (223-266)

On his way Jofre met a woman lamenting the loss of her daughter, who had been stolen that a bath in the blood of children might cure the giant Malato, lying grievously sick in his castle. On being directed to the giant's fortress, Jofre succeeded in killing the monster, but narrowly escaped the consequences of a powerful enchantment that the dying Malato cast over his slayer. Besides the woman's daughter, thirty other kidnapped children were rescued and restored to their mothers. Sayon, the giant's servant, was sent to Camelot to make known to Arthur this exploit. (267-308)

In the mean time the damsel whom Jofre had rescued from the castle of Malato conducted him to her home hard by the Iron Castle. The maiden's parents welcomed the two most joyfully, and after supper the host introduced himself as Count Rojano. When Jofre said that he was the son of Donason, the old count was doubly glad, for he had been a knight in arms with Jofre's father at the court of Arthur. (309-320)

The following day the young warrior set out for Ricamonte on the road shown him by Count Rojano. At noon he met an unarmed knight and a young girl crying bitterly. They were brother and sister. The proud Knight of the Bridge had insulted the two and threatened to carry off the maiden, for her brother was ill and could not defend her. After hearing their story, Jofre resolved to avenge them. He slew the proud knight, and requested the brother and sister to go to Camelot and proclaim to their majesties Arthur and Guinever his recent victory. (321-350)

That same afternoon, Christmas eve, Jofre reached Ricamonte. The prisoner knights were greatly amazed at the sight of this young hero seeking a meeting with the mighty Tablante. Tablante received Jofre courteously, and, admiring the youth and beauty of his guest, proposed that he live with him at Ricamonte as his brother. But Jofre replied that unless the thirty prisoner-knights and Don Milan were set free, he would listen to no talk of peace. As Tablante would not consent to these conditions, the two determined to decide the matter by arms. Accordingly, on Monday, the following day but one, the contest took place. After a nine-hours' fight Jofre and Tablante, worn out and exhausted, mutually agreed to rest a few minutes. During the armistice they laughed, ate together, and told funny stories, like good comrades. Then the struggle was renewed. Just

at sunset Jofre succeeded in giving his adversary the finishing blow, and Tablante declared himself vanquished. Jofre then proclaimed his name. All the prisoner-knights were released, and they with Tablante were sent to Camelot. Jofre went to Count Rojano's house to have his wounds dressed. When his strength was restored, he set out for Camelot, but stopped at Floresta on the way to express again his love to Bruniesen. (351-444)

After making known to King Arthur and Queen Guiniver his affection for the fair Bruniesen, Jofre requested that their majesties visit Floresta. They did so, were charmed with the lovely owner of the place, and brought her back to Camelot, where she was married to Jofre. After the ceremonies, the thirty prisoner-knights and Tablante, at Jofre's request, were declared free. Jofre and Bruniesen spent the rest of their lives in the famous gardens of Floresta. (445-468)

Cervantes' brief criticism of "Tablante de Ricamonte," ironical though it may be, is surely accurate. All that the author of "Don Quixote" says is, "A thousand blessings on the author of 'Tablante de Ricamonte' and that of the other book in which the deeds of the Conde Tomillas are recounted; with what minuteness they describe everything." One needs only to read Chapter IX of the "Cronica" (= Tag. strophes 124-222) to appreciate the exactness of Cervantes' term "minuteness." As the great Spanish writer implies, "Tablante de Ricamonte" could serve excellently as a guide-book to the novice in knight-errantry. The Tagalog version, condensed as it is, retains much of the detailed description and narration of the original.

Not all the adventures recounted in the "Cronica," however, are to be found in the Philippine form of the story; though, with the exception of a few omissions and one inversion of events, the two accounts are alike in the main. The following table shows approximately the corresponding passages in the Spanish prose "Cronica" and the Tagalog "Tablante:"—

Spanish.	Tagalog.	Spanish.	Tagalog.
Cap. I	strophes 1-29	Cap. XIV	strophes 268-297
II	30-45	XV	298-300
III	46-58, 66	XVI	308-320
IV	54-65	XVII	Omitted
V	67-104	XVIII	351-352
VI	105-123	XIX	321-340
VII }	Omitted	XX	Omitted
VIII }	Omitted	XXI }	353-416
IX to p. 475 b.	124-222	XXII }	353-416
X	Omitted	XXIII	417-424
XI }	225-267	XXIV } correspond roughly to 425-440	
XII }	225-267	XXV }	
XIII	Omitted	XXVI	441 to end

But the omissions and the inversion (events of cap. XIX preceding those of cap. XVIII) noted above do not constitute the most vital

variation of the Tagalog version from the "Cronica." It is in his handling of the adventures of Jofre and Bruniesen that the Philippine redactor overlooks an important unifying relationship: in the "Cronica" Don Milian is Bruniesen's uncle. In the Tagalog narrative the fair owner of Floresta is happened upon by chance, as it were, and only becomes connected with Arthur's court by her marriage with Jofre. It is highly probable that the Tagalog romance of "Tablante de Ricamonte" derives directly from some eighteenth or nineteenth century Spanish chap-book.¹

III. THE CONSTANCE-SAGA.

In all its forms, the Constance-Saga in the Philippines rivals in popularity the Charlemagne series. Besides two complete printed versions of the story,—*"Florentina"* and *"Adela,"*—there is current among the Visayans of Panay a long, very popular folk-tale, *"Estrella;"* and in various dialects occur three printed romances showing unmistakable influences of the saga,—*"Blancaflor,"* *"Maria,"* and *"Proceso."* Furthermore, there exists in Bicol a printed account of the remotely related *"Life of St. Eustace."* In many another tale is to be found the theme of the long-suffering calumniated wife sustained by divine aid: but the six secular stories just mentioned have more than general similarities. They are closely allied to the numerous pathetic narratives of the *Emare* or *Manekine* type.²

The typical course of events in the Constance-Saga, as determined by Suchier (pp. xxiii-xxiv) is this:—

An emperor (king), after the death of his consort, conceives a passion for his only daughter. He wishes to marry her (or seduce her). The princess refuses him. She is cast away (she makes her escape) in the forest (on the sea). She finds refuge in the palace of a king, who marries her against the wishes of his mother. During the absence of her husband, the new queen gives birth to a son (two sons). The mother-in-law substitutes for the letter to the king announcing the happy event, another informing him of the birth of a monstrosity (beast). The king replies that the mother and her offspring are to be well cared for until his return. A second time the mother-in-law exchanges the letter for a forged one, ordering the death of the queen and her infant. Again the heroine is exposed in

¹ Since the foregoing was written, I have come across an interesting corroborative bibliographical item in the Catalogue of the Ticknor Spanish Library (Boston, 1879), p. 298. In vol. ii of a bound collection of *Relaciones populares en prosa*, the seventh tale is a 24-page *"Historia de los valientes caballeros Tablante de Ricamonte y Jofre Donason. Nuevamente reformada,"* issued in Valladolid, 1845. I have not seen the text of this nineteenth-century Spanish prose version.

² H. Suchier, in *Œuvres poetiques de Philippe de Remi, Sire de Beaumanoir*, Tome I (Soc. des anc. textes français, vol. xvii), gives very useful summaries of nineteen literary European versions of the story (pp. xxv-liv), besides enumerating forty-two folk-tales treating the theme (pp. lviii-lxv). For some analyses in English, see Marian R. Cox's *Cinderella* (London, 1893), pp. xliv-lxvi.

the forest (on the sea). The king on his return, having discovered all that has taken place during his absence, punishes his guilty mother, and is finally re-united with his family. In one group of stories the heroine cuts off her hand in order to rid herself of the importunities of her father (or as a punishment she is deprived of her hands). The hand or hands are restored to her subsequently by a miracle.

Analyses of the several members of the Philippine group will reveal how nearly some of them approximate the outline of Suchier.

FL. "THE LIFE OF PRINCESS FLORENTINA IN THE KINGDOM OF GERMANY," a romance in octosyllabics printed and current in Tagalog (1804 lines), Visayan (2476 lines), Bicol (2468 lines), Pampango, and Ilocano.

Alfonzo, King of Germany, had a pious daughter Florentina. Her beauty attracted many lords of high rank. Every morning she prayed in the church for the repose of her mother's soul. Her father, falling in love with her, asked her hand in marriage, but she rejected his proposal with abhorrence. Some days later he sent his servant with a present and again asked for her hand. Florentina accordingly cut off her hand, which the servant carried on a covered tray to Alfonso. Enraged, the king had his soldiers put Florentina into a chest and cast her into the sea. The trunk had floated many days when an angel, in answer to the princess's prayers, opened the box and healed her wounded hand. Drifting to the shores of Navarre, Florentina was rescued and cared for by a fisherman. One Sunday the minister of the King of Navarre was hunting in the forest and happened to meet Florentina. Falling in love with her and realizing that she was no common person, he succeeded in abducting her, first making the fisherman drunk. In his home he attempted to win her favor, but for five months she put him off, begging for time. The minister's continual absence from the court finally caused an investigation by King Enrico, who, when he saw Florentina, was immediately smitten. She accepted him, and preparations for the wedding went forward at once. Don Pavo, the minister, could do nothing; but he planned with the king's mother, who opposed the match, to overthrow Florentina. For some months Enrico and his wife lived happily, until the king was called out to fight the Moors who were threatening his kingdom. Leaving his pregnant wife in the care of his trusty servant, D. Pascasio, he went to meet the enemy. During his absence a son, whom the mother named Federico, was born to him. The scheming mother-in-law intercepted the letter of good tidings to the king and substituted one saying that the queen had given birth to a monster. And the king's reply that his wife and his offspring should be given every attention until he returned was changed by the queen-mother into an order to Pascasio to put the queen and the infant prince to death. Pascasio disobeyed the command, however; he spared the lives of his charges, but set them adrift again in a chest. Florentina and her son were miraculously preserved from starvation, and after three months the chest was driven by the waves to the shores of Antioch. A guard at the port rescued the two unfortunates and cared for them as if they were his own daughter and grandson. King Enrico, on his return to

Navarre, was shown the letter received by Pascasio, and on investigating found that his own mother had forged the cruel death-warrant. He immediately imprisoned her, and, realizing the faithfulness of his friend, left his kingdom in Pascasio's charge and went to seek his wife and child. His search was in vain. Seven years after Florentina reached Antioch, a proclamation was issued that Princess Isabella, daughter of King Fernando of Antioch, was to wed King Enrico of Navarre, and that King Alfonzo of Germany was to be a witness of the marriage. Florentina immediately formed her plans. She taught her son to say, "Father, I kneel before you, bless me!" and "Grandfather, your grandson kneels before you." On the day of the wedding Florentina's benefactor took Federico to the church, and pointed out first Enrico, then Alfonzo. Both rulers were astonished at the child's salutation, and ordered that his mother be summoned. Naturally, after explanations were made, a general reconciliation took place. On reaching home, Enrico gave the crown of Navarre to his faithful Pascasio, then went with his wife and son to Germany, where, in time, Federico became king.

AD. "THE SORROWFUL LIFE OF PRINCESS ADELA, THE DAUGHTER OF KING CLOTARDO OF HUNGARY," — a metrical romance in alexandrines, printed in Tagalog and Ilocano.

Clotardo, the prince of Hungary, led a vicious life as a youth. Even after he became king he continued in his old courses. One day he saw the beautiful Aldemira and was immediately captivated. He soon expressed his love, and after some resistance on the lady's part was accepted. But the new queen's married life was far from happy. The king, more passionate than ever, sank deeper into vice. The tears and reproachful countenance of his wife, instead of working a reformation, only angered him the more, and at last he ordered her imprisoned in solitary confinement. Her food was passed to her through a barred window. While in this lonely state she gave birth to a child, whom she named Adela. When Adela was but three, Aldemira took sick and died. The child was cared for by the women of the neighborhood, and in time grew to be a beautiful young woman. One day while hunting, Clotardo saw the maiden and expressed his love to her; but she knew that he was her father, and refused him. When he seized her, she struck him, and her dog also attacked him. The king, however, was not deterred. A few days later she refused him again; but Clotardo sent word that he had made up his mind that she was to be his queen, and he gave orders to prepare for the wedding. In her despair, Adela thought that by maiming herself she should find salvation. Accordingly she cut off her hands; and when the king at the ceremony saw the bleeding stumps, he left her in wrath. He ordered her to be bound in a small open boat and cast upon the sea. After she had been drifting about for three days, she saw near her a floating object, which soon proved to be her faithful dog. The poor animal, nearly dead with hunger and fatigue, was able to free her from her bonds; and not long afterwards, to her great joy, the boat was blown to the shores of Provence. When she had been revived

and fed by the townspeople, Adela answered freely the questions of her rescuers and told them her life-history. They then took her to the ruling count, Conrado, who was noted for his kindness and charity. To him, too, she narrated the whole of her sad life. In his palace she found a welcome asylum. The count's interest in her soon grew into love; and to satisfy his mother, who objected to his marriage with Adela, he sent an embassy to Hungary for corroboration of the out-cast's story. Clotardo, through the messengers, gave his consent to the union of Adela with Conrado, but this news never reached Provence: a storm destroyed the ambassador's ship on the return voyage and all the members perished. However, Conrado married Adela without his mother's approval. Not many months after the wedding, the count was invited by the King of France to join in the Second Crusade, and, feeling it his duty to go, he left one day after bidding his wife an affectionate farewell. During his absence Adela gave birth to a son; but this circumstance only increased the wrath of the count's mother, who had always looked with disfavor on her son's wife. Finally the old woman grew so cruel as to order Adela bound in a boat once more. Accordingly the young wife and baby were again set adrift. At last the frail bark reached the shore of Marsella (Marseilles), where the people took care of her and afterwards conducted her to a convent. Because of her piety she soon became very dear to the prioress. One night an angel appeared to Adela in a vision and restored her her hands. Meanwhile the Second Crusade had proved to be entirely successful. Osmalic and Saladino had been defeated, and Jerusalem had been entered in triumph by the Christians. On his return to Provence, Conrado was dismayed not to find his wife. On hearing that she had been turned adrift on the sea, he at once set out in search of her, accompanied by her faithful dog. He took ship for Marsella, where he disembarked, and, upon asking a young child where he might find refreshment, he was directed to the convent. But the sagacious dog had gone on ahead. When Conrado and his party reached the nunnery, they found the animal playing with its mistress. Thus Conrado recognized his wife despite her restored hands. The count was even more joyous on beholding his robust son Enrico. After being blessed by the prioress, the united family returned to Provence. As Conrado had learned on the Crusade that Clotardo was dead (although early in the expedition to Jerusalem the Count had fallen in with the King of Hungary, who mentioned having received the embassy from Provence and having sent back his permission for Adela to marry Conrado), the Count and his wife soon set sail for Hungary, where they were accepted as the king and queen. Enrico, who was only fifteen years old, was left to rule Provence. He made an invasion of Tunis without delay, completely defeated the Moors, and won as his bride the Pagan princess Zoraima. Before marrying her, however, he took her to Hungary, where she was baptized under the name Vicenta. The young couple then returned to Tunis, and there reigned happily many years.

BL. "THE LIVES OF THE SHEPHERDESS BLANCAFLOR AND OF PRINCE FLORISTO," which will be discussed later as a variant of the popular mediæval tale "Floris and Blanchefleur," has a number of resemblances to AD. Without giving a comprehensive summary of the story at this place, I will merely tabulate details similar to those already recorded.

Don Carlos Diaz, King of Gran-Cayro, fell in love with and wooed the shepherdess Blancaflor, to whom his son Floristo was secretly betrothed. Blancaflor rejected the king's advances, and when he tried to force her she struck him. Humiliated, he ordered her manacled and imprisoned, and later his council commanded that her hands be cut off. Floristo, however, defended her bravely, and displayed so much animosity towards his father that the young prince was declared a traitor and was obliged to flee the country. Blancaflor's punishment was commuted, and she was sentenced to be locked in a chest and thrown into the Durano River. For days and nights she felt no hunger, and finally, as if in answer to her prayers, an angel disguised as a hermit rescued her and carried her to a place of refuge. She was subsequently captured and carried off to Alexandria by the infidel Balan; but she resisted all his overtures and was consequently imprisoned in a tower. After many freaks of fortune, Floristo learned where she was, gained access to her, and lived with her many months. Before their child was born, the prince left Blancaflor, promising to solicit the aid of his father (with whom he had become reconciled) in securing her release from the hands of the Pagans. After Blancaflor had given birth to a child, Balan, while making a tour of the castle, discovered her with her infant. He immediately ordered the mother to be beheaded and the child burnt to death; but his daughter, Floripes, plead for the lives of the two, and the sentence was commuted to drowning for the child and exposure on the Durano River for the mother. Floristo, warned in a dream of Blancaflor's danger, arrived in time to save her and his son. Blancaflor and Floristo were subsequently married by Pope Gimeno, brother of King Carlos Diaz, and the new wife was reconciled to her formerly harsh father-in-law.

MA. "THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF MARIA . . . IN THE KINGDOM OF HUNGARY," 1905, printed only in the Tagalog dialect (1312 alexandrine lines), is an interesting mixture of the Cinderella story with the Constance-Saga. Two oral versions of the life of Maria taken down from the mouths of Tagalogs in 1903 have already appeared in English.¹ The collector, Mr. Gardner, said that he had been unable to trace any printed form of the story, although he searched Manila book-stores carefully for one. The earliest Tagalog text of MA that I have seen is the one issued in 1905.² As Gardner's versions are easily

¹ Fletcher Gardner, Filipino (Tagalog) Versions of Cinderella (this Journal, vol. xix, 1906, pp. 265-272). Mr. Gardner's analyses are followed with a comparative note by the editor of the Journal, who points out the relation of this composite story — Cinderella + Catskin — to European versions (pp. 272-280).

² According to W. E. Retana, however (see *Aparato Bibliográfico*, Madrid, 1906, item No. 4364), the first edition of MA was issued in Manila, 1902, by the press of A. Nam & Company.

accessible, they need not be summarized or repeated here: we shall simply refer to them as GaA and GaB for purposes of comparison with MA and PR (see below). The story of MA runs as follows:—

In Hungary there lived a couple, Juan de la Costa and Dalida Catala. They had a beautiful and pious daughter Maria. When Maria was eight years old, Juan began to court Quicay, a handsome wicked woman with two daughters, Serapia and Felisa. Quicay promised to accept Juan as her husband if he would get rid of Dalida: so one day he took his wife out in a boat and drowned her. Quicay then married him, but Maria's life became very hard because of her step-mother. The little girl had to do all the drudgery,—washing, sewing, cooking. One day when Maria was drawing water from the well, a large Crab appeared before her, and said, "I am your mother whom your wicked father drowned. Bear your lot with patience." For many nights after that Maria was late reaching home, until the suspicious step-mother by spying found the girl talking to a crab. The crafty Quicay, feigning illness, told Juan that the only thing that could cure her was the crab in the well. Maria was sent to catch the crab and cook it. The transformed mother told the daughter to obey her father, but warned her to save all the refuse and scraps and to bury them near the well. From them, said the Crab, would spring a tree with magic fruits that would give Maria whatever she wanted. Maria obeyed implicitly. One day when the maiden was washing by the river, her *batia* (shallow wooden wash-tub) floated down the stream, and she was in despair. Suddenly an old woman appeared and told the girl not to cry, for her *batia* was at home waiting for her. Then the old woman touched Maria's forehead, and a star shone thereon. Maria tried in vain to conceal it, but its brightness could not be hid, and made Quicay all the more jealous of her step-daughter's beauty. A long time afterwards the promised tree grew up near the well; and Maria, remembering the injunctions of her mother, carefully preserved the fruits. When Maria was in her seventeenth year, King Enrico of Hungary won a decisive victory over the Turks under Bajazet. A great mass was held the day after the battle. Quicay and her daughters attended, arrayed in their best, but poor Maria had nothing to wear. Then a thought occurred to her; she remembered her magic fruits. Left all alone in the house, she spoke to them, and obtained from them rich clothes, jewels, two maids as attendants, and a beautiful coach. Then followed the amazement of every one at her appearance, the awakened love of King Enrico, Maria's sudden flight, the loss of the slipper, Enrico's proclamation that he would marry whomever the slipper fitted, the vain attempts of Quicay and her daughters, the discovery of Maria, and her wedding. The new queen graciously took her step-mother and step-sisters to live with her in the palace; but their hatred and jealousy only increased. Some months later, Enrico was again called to defend his kingdom against the Saracens. While he was away at the wars, three handsome sons were born to him. The wicked Quicay stole the infants, put three newly-born whelps in their place, and hired a man to carry the babies to the mountains, where they might starve; but, moved with pity, the agent gave them to

a shepherd, Urbino, who reared them as his own sons, naming them Fernando, Pedro, and Francisco. In time they became skilful hunters. Meanwhile Quicay was trying to marry her daughters to two nobles, Count Ernesto and Marquis Rodolfo; but these lords only deflowered the girls and abandoned them. Enrico, on his return from the front, was terribly angry at the news that his wife had brought forth puppies. He ordered her cast into a dungeon, where she languished many years. When the three princes were in their eighth year, King Miramon of Africa invaded Hungary with a Pagan horde that defeated and took prisoner Enrico and his nobles. News of the defeat reached the mountains, and Urbino decided to go to the war. The three princes persuaded him to take them along, and so extraordinary was their fighting ability that they soon rid Hungary of the infidels. Enrico was released; all the prisoners were set free. When Maria saw the youths, milk spurted from her breasts into their mouths. By this token Maria recognized her sons, and the king was convinced that treachery had been practised against his wife. An investigation of the affair was undertaken, but for a time further wars distracted the attention of all. The fleeing Miramon formed an alliance with Bajazet of Turkey, and again threatened Hungary. Enrico, supported by his three sons, easily met this attack, almost annihilating his enemies. After a nine-days' feast of celebration, Quicay and her daughters, who had been found guilty, were dragged to death by fiery horses.

This form of the story is very popular among the Tagalogs. Curiously enough, the next romance, which closely resembles MA in many respects, and was published only four years after it, is practically unknown.

PR. "LIFE OF A MERCHANT, PROCESO BY NAME, AND OF HIS DAUGHTER MARIA, IN THE KINGDOM OF HUNGARY; TAKEN FROM A HISTORICAL SOURCE AND CAREFULLY RENDERED INTO VERSE BY ONE WHO IS NEW AT WRITING ROMANCES. MANILA, 1909." This poem is short (1052 alexandrines), and has appeared only in Tagalog. Notwithstanding the author's declaration as to his source, the romance has little of the appearance of being founded on history; unless, indeed, the "history" was a Spanish chap-book. The following is an abstract of the story:—

In olden times there lived in Hungary a merchant, Proceso, and his daughter Maria. When his wife died, the question of giving up his trading or of re-marrying in order to provide a home for his little girl troubled him. Finally deciding that poverty was worse than a step-mother, he married a poor widow, Valentina, who had two daughters of her own. They had earned their living by sewing. Soon after his marriage, Proceso went to England, first asking Valentina and her daughters what they wanted him to bring them on his return. They requested beautiful clothes and jewels. Maria was not asked what she wanted. During her husband's absence, Valentina abused Maria, making her do all the hard work, for the two daughters envied their step-sister her beauty. Again Proceso prepared to go abroad, and this time he asked Maria along with the others what she should like. Maria

said that he might bring her some *cigaras* (a cheap vegetable). Her choice of gift raised a mocking laugh from the sisters. One day King Enrico saw Maria carrying water from the well. He was struck with her beauty, and afterwards he watched for her again. Soon his interest grew into love. He found out her home through a soldier set to watch her, visited the house, and was received by Valentina and her daughters, inquired for the "girl of the well," saw her by chance in the kitchen, and asked her to be his wife. Maria consented; the marriage was celebrated magnificently. The people began to love their new queen. Proceso on his return rejoiced to hear of his daughter's good fortune, but Valentina became more jealous than ever and planned Maria's ruin. Seven months after his marriage, King Enrico was invited by the King of Portugal to join an expedition against the Turks. Before leaving, Enrico secured the services of a nurse for Maria in her approaching confinement. In due time the queen gave birth to seven princes, but Valentina had already bribed the nurse to exchange the offspring for puppies. Ignorant of the deception, Maria thought it the will of Heaven that she should bring forth whelps. The seven infants were carried to the mountains to perish. Enrico, enraged on his return, ordered his wife shut up alive in an iron box to die of starvation. The seven princes meanwhile were found by a hermit (angel in disguise), who reared them on nothing but vegetables, so poor was he. The children waxed strong and grew to be handsome youths. One day the hermit found a large sum of gold, and, thinking it sent by Heaven for educating the boys, appropriated it. When Enrico declared a national festival of seven days, beginning Feb. 12, the hermit bought seven rich suits and seven handsome ponies. As the holiday drew near, he instructed the boys how they were to act in the coming ceremonies. He told them that they were the sons of Enrico and the queen, and that through the enmity of their step-grandmother Maria had been punished but was still alive. They were told to attend mass each of the seven days, but not to accept the king's invitation to the palace until the last day: then they should refuse to eat with the king until he took Maria from the box and seated her at the table. All went as the hermit had outlined. The queen was found alive and taken to the palace to dine. At the table milk flowed from her breasts to the mouths of the seven boys. The king recognized his wife's purity, and ordered Valentina and her accomplices to be dragged to death by fiery horses. The sentence was executed. (The last eleven strophes contain a moralizing application of the story, — a sermon against envy.)

Two folk-tales remain to be taken account of,—one Tagalog and one Visayan. The Tagalog narrative of "*Amelia*" is current in the province of Laguna; the other, "*Estrella, or the Unfortunate Princess*," is a favorite among the Visayans on the Island of Panay. Briefly told, the stories run as follows:—

Am ("*Amelia*"). While King Baricanosa was away on a hunt, his wife Amelia gave birth to a child. The king's sister, a bitter enemy of the queen, stole the infant from the still unconscious mother, bribed a

waiting-maid to substitute a suckling pig, and to cast the baby into a distant forest to die. The king on his return, enraged, ordered Amelia buried alive up to her neck just outside the window of the dining-hall. She was fed only on scraps of food left by dogs. The abandoned infant was found by a shepherd, who reared the child as his son, and named him Ereberto. One night the young prince was disturbed by a vision: an angel descended from heaven and told him to go to the kingdom of Baricanosa and liberate the king and his followers from the hands of the Pagans. Then the angel touched the youth on the shoulder, and his rustic clothes were immediately changed to shining armor. Besides, he was given a sword and a dagger. Thus equipped, he immediately set out on his journey, defeated the Pagans, took possession of the palace, released his father and the other Christian captives. A great feast was held in his honor. At the dinner, Ereberto's hat was blown from his head and out of the window. He ran to get it, and saw the pitiful figure of the queen. At his request that the poor woman be delivered from her punishment, the grateful king ordered Amelia's release. All her clothes had rotted from her body, and her husband ordered new garments brought. While Amelia was being conducted up the stairs of the palace, milk streamed from her breast into Ereberto's mouth. At the same time an unknown voice sang, relating the wicked deeds of the king's sister. The king and his wife were reconciled.

Es ("Estrella"). Long ago lived King Carlos with his little motherless daughter Estrella. He was very fond of his child, for she was the picture of her mother; and when she grew up, he declared that he could not live without her. One day an old beggar-woman asked for alms at the palace. The kind-hearted princess ordered food prepared, and when it was ready invited Tecla (for so the beggar was called) to eat with her. The king was much surprised to see his daughter at the table with the poor woman, and asked for an explanation. Estrella gave it and left the room. When they were alone, the beggar warned the king that unless he separated himself from his child she would die — and the old woman related her history to the king (her story is not given in my abstract of the tale), and persuaded him to follow her warning. Consequently the king ordered a splendid palace to be built, and told Estrella that she must live in it. She was always sad during her isolation, for she missed her father. The king, on the other hand, was gay, thinking that his daughter was happy. One day King Carlos, to test whether Estrella still loved him, wrote to her, saying, "If you love me, send me what you consider a most precious gift." Thinking a part of her own body most acceptable, the princess cut off her right hand and sent it to her father in a box of gold. King Carlos, misinterpreting the sacrifice and believing it to be a sign of his daughter's hate, determined that she should die. He ordered her locked in a trunk and taken to the river. There the chest was put into a little boat and rowed far out into the ocean, where it was thrown overboard. Seven days passed by, and the floating trunk was seen by the goddess of the sea, also named Estrella, who ordered it secured and opened. The rescued princess lived ever afterwards with her namesake the goddess.

There are current in the Philippines other oral versions of the Cinderella type (without the Catskin story attached), as there are likewise a number of printed tales in which the long-suffering and much-traduced wife is the heroine;¹ but these may be dismissed as having no vital connection with the Constance-Saga.

The stories analyzed above fall into two fairly distinct groups: (I) FL, AD, Es, BL; (II) MA, PR, Am, and GaA and GaB. The essential incidents to be found in these groups may be tabulated as follows:—

A king desires to marry his daughter, FL, AD (the betrothed of his son BL). The daughter, very religious, refuses with abhorrence the offer, FL (even strikes the king, AD, BL).

The king, on reaching the palace, despatches a servant with a rich gift to the princess, and asks her hand in return, FL.

The princess cuts off her hand (or hands), and sends it (them) to her father, FL, Es (Adela does not send her hands to her father).

The king orders his daughter placed in a chest and cast into the sea, FL, BL, Es (in a boat, AD).

The princess floats a long time and prays incessantly, FL, BL, AD, Es. An angel opens the chest and miraculously restores the heroine's hand, FL (in AD the two hands are restored after the second exposure).

The princess is rescued by a fisherman, FL (townspeople, AD; goddess of the sea, Es; hermit, BL).

She finds herself at Navarre, FL (Provence, AD).

The fisherman cares for the foundling as for his own daughter, FL.

A minister of the king, while out hunting, happens to see the heroine, FL (Saracen amiral sees Blancaflor).

He falls in love with her, believing her to be of higher rank than she seems, FL, BL.

He succeeds in kidnapping her, but by requesting delay she is able to resist his offers, FL, BL.

The king by chance sees the princess, woos her, and marries her, FL (Adela is conducted by townspeople to the palace of the count soon after her rescue).

The king's mother objects to her son's marriage on the ground that the girl is of ignoble birth, FL, AD.

The king later goes off to the wars, FL, AD, MA, PR, GaA, GaB (hunting, Am), leaving his wife pregnant and in the care of a faithful friend and adviser, FL (paid nurse, PR).

The queen-mother (step-mother) plots the young queen's overthrow, FL, MA, PR, GaA, GaB.

During the absence of her lord, the heroine gives birth to a son, AD, Am (three sons, Ma; seven sons, PR) and names her offspring, FL.

The faithful friend despatches a letter to the king, telling him of his good fortune, FL.

Substitution of a forgery by the queen-mother, saying that the queen has given birth to a monster, FL.

The king replies that the queen and her offspring are to be taken excellent care of, FL.

¹ For example, "Gricelda," "Gunlas," "Beatriz and Ladislao."

The intercepting of this letter by the queen-mother, who substitutes an order for the faithful friend to kill both the queen and prince, FL. The faithful friend disobeys the command, and, placing the queen and her son in a large chest, casts them into the sea, FL (Adela is cast away in a boat by the queen-mother).

The chest (or boat) floats three months, FL (a long time, AD); but the occupants are by a miracle kept from starvation.

Finally the chest (or boat) is washed ashore, and the queen and prince are rescued, but they conceal their identity, AD, FL.

The king returns from the wars and is stunned by the news of what has taken place during his absence, FL, AD.

He imprisons his mother, leaves his kingdom in charge of his faithful friend, and sets out to seek his wife; but he does not find her, FL (in "Adela," the heroine appears to be found without much difficulty).

The king and queen are restored to each other quite by accident, or Providence, some seven years after their separation, FL.

In Group II the following important variations from Group I are to be noticed. Whether the differences are studied or not, it is impossible to say.

("Cinderella" opening, MA, PR, GaA, GaB.)

The heroine, of ignoble birth, is married to a king, GaA, GaB (of Hungary, MA, PR).

The new queen's step-mother (sister-in-law) causes the royal offspring, born during the absence of the father, to be spirited away, and animals (a pig, dogs) substituted before the mother regains consciousness.

The queen is made to believe that the animal is her legitimate offspring. The prince (princes) is taken to the mountains (forest, seashore) to die.

Found and reared by an enchanter (shepherd, hermit).

The king, on his return, condemns queen to terrible death (locked up alive in an iron chest, buried in the ground up to her neck, or cast into a dungeon).

The queen's life is miraculously preserved in spite of her tortures.

{ Many years later the king meets with reverses in war and is taken prisoner by the Saracens, MA, Am.

{ The prince (princes), divinely guided, destroys his father's enemies and sets him free, MA, Am; or

{ The king declares a feast in celebration of victory. The princes visit the imperial city and are invited to dine in the palace, PR, GaA, GaB.

Their request that the tortured queen be released is granted.

Milk streams from the mother's breasts into the mouths of her offspring.¹

The wicked step-mother and her accomplices are torn to pieces by horses as a punishment for their crimes (nothing is said as to the fate of the king's evil sister in Am).

Group I represents the saga in its usual form; Group II appears to be a later modification. The Catskin opening is lost, and the Cin-

¹ This identification device seems to be native to the Philippines; it is found in the stories of a non-Christian tribe of northern Luzon. See Fay-Cooper Cole, *Traditions of the Tinguian* (Publication 180 of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, 1915), pp. 118, 153.

derella *motif* is supplied, furnishing what may be called the first trial of the heroine. After the beautiful girl of ignoble birth marries the king, the second testing comes. But it is her child that is exposed in the world to death: she herself is kept at the palace to experience punishment from the hands of her misled husband on his return from the wars. The exchange of letters is omitted altogether from these narratives. In Group I the absent king, on being informed by messenger that his wife has given birth to beasts or monsters, immediately sends back word that she and her offspring are to be given every attention till his return. In Group II he is shown the animals themselves, and straightway orders a terrible, lingering death for his wife. The denouement of the stories of Group I is the recovery of the long-lost wife and son, and the establishing in the queen's mind of the innocence of the king. The denouement of the stories in Group II is the recovery of the princes, and the establishment in the king's mind of the innocence of the queen.

As for the sources of the Philippine analogues and variants of the Constance-Saga, we shall have to be satisfied for the present with this general observation: The stories of Group I are probably derived immediately from European material brought into the Islands, most likely through Spain; the stories in Group II seem to represent a development that took place in the Islands themselves, and resulted either from an unconscious misunderstanding and subsequent confounding of the Constance and Cinderella stories, or from a studied departure from the fixed traditions for the purpose of emphasizing some particular phase of these essentially didactic *motifs*.

Only in one case — the story of Adela — can we point with any reasonable certainty to a particular European version as source, — the "Historia del Rey de Hungria;"¹ and even here may be seen the usual modifications and variations of the Philippine redactor. The heroine of the "Historia" is the daughter of the King of Hungary. Her father loves her especially for the beauty of her hands; consequently she has them cut off and sent to him on a silver platter covered with a cloth (cf. FL). Set adrift at sea in a small boat, she finally lands at Marseilles, where she becomes the wife of Peter (Conrado, AD), Count of Provence. Learning his wife's story, the count visits (sends messengers to, AD) her father, the King of Hungary, who receives his son-in-law warmly, and detains him so long at the court that the wicked mother-in-law — through the usual means of forged letters (not in AD) — has time to carry out her plot against the young coun-

¹ A Catalan prose tale dating from the end of the fourteenth century, and published by P. de Bofarull y Mascaro, in *Documentos literarios en antigua lengua catalana* (Barcelona, 1857), pp. 53-79 (vol. xiii of *Coleccion de documentos inéditos del archivo general de la corona de Aragon*).

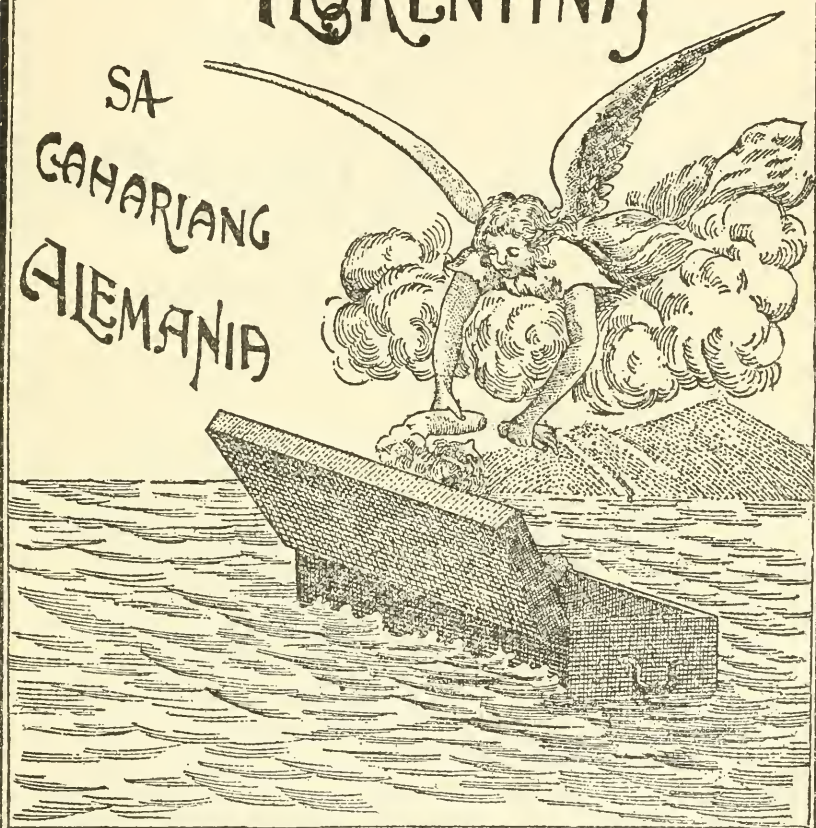
tess, who is set adrift on the sea again. She lands near a convent and is admitted by the abbess. Five years afterwards, by the grace of God and the Holy Virgin, she recovers her hands. Meanwhile the count had returned to Marseilles, but, feeling angered against his mother for her treatment of his wife, had determined to quit his estates altogether, and not to return until he had found the countess. After thirteen years' quest he finds her at the convent and takes her back to Marseilles.

This very brief abstract does not do justice to all the differences between AD and the "Historia:" it emphasizes rather the points of contact between the two. But these points of contact appear more significant than the points of departure. The localities and personages are practically identical,—Hungary, Marseilles, the Count of Provence, the convent, the abbess. In both stories the mutilation is voluntary, both hands are cut off, both exposures are at sea in a boat, the vessel drifts without oars, the heroine after her first landing tells where she came from, the count marries her against his mother's will, he communicates with the King of Hungary, and abandons his estates to look for his lost wife. Her two hands are miraculously restored in the convent after her second expulsion. The thirteen years' separation in the "Historia" corresponds approximately to the age of Adela's son when he is restored to his father. On the whole, it seems more likely than not that the main outline of the story of Adela was derived directly from the "Historia del Rey del Hungria."

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CORRIDO AT BUHAY
NA PINAGDAANAN NG PRINCESA
FLORENTINA

SA
GAHARIANG
ALEMANIA



MANILA: 1913.

Imprenta de J. Martínez
Estraude 7.—Binondo.



CORRIDO

AT BUHAY NA PINAGDAANAN

NANG

PRINCESA FLORENTINA

SA CAHARIANG ALEMANIA.

OH Dios na Poong mahal
Hari nitóng sangtinacpán,
acó po,i, iyong tulungan
magsabi,t, macapagsaysay.

At icao Virgeng mariquit
Emperadora sa langit,
tulungan mo yaring isip
matutong macapagsulit.

Iyo pong paliuanaguin
bait, isip cong madilim,
matutuhan cong sabihin
búhay na ipagtuturing.

Ng panahong una una
sa Imperiong Alemanía,
si D. Alfonsong monarca
may anác siyang dalaga.

Si Florentina ang ngalan
nitóng princesang marangal,
malaqui ang pagmamahal
ng amá niya,t, magulang.

Ang emperador na itó
ualáng asaua at báo,
pinagtatac-hang totoó
ng tanang mga vasallo.

Ipagparito co muna
sa princesa Florentina,
pagca-bata,i, naulila
sa mahal na iná niya.

Itóng princesang marangal
arao, gabi,i, nagdarasál,
naquiquinyig arao-arao
ng misa,t, di naliliban.

At ang caniyang devota
ang Virgen Santa María
ualang ibang gaua siya
cundi magdasál tuina.

Sa cariquitan ay sacdal
halos matulad sa Arao,
cun tigna,i, nacasisilao
yaóng muc-há niyang mahal.

STORY
OF THE EVENTFUL LIFE
OF
PRINCESS FLORENTINA
OF THE KINGDOM OF GERMANY.

[TRANSLATED FROM TAGALOG INTO ENGLISH BY DEAN S. FANSLER
AND SALVADOR UNSON.]

O God! great Lord of all,
King of the whole world,
Help me, Lord,
To speak out and to narrate!

And thou, beautiful Virgin,
Empress in heaven,
Help my understanding
That I may relate the matter easily!

Do thou, Lord, make clear
My blind judgment, my hazy intellect,
So that I may know how to set forth
The story that is here proposed.

Once on a time
In the kingdom of Germany,
Don Alfonso, the ruler,
Had a young daughter.

Florentina was the name
Of this illustrious princess;
Greatly beloved was she
By her father, her only parent.

For this emperor
Was a widower, without a wife.
Highly respected was he
By all his vassals.

I begin (my story) first
With the princess Florentina:
In her childhood she had lost
Her noble mother.

This excellent princess
Used to pray morning and evening,
Used to hear daily
The mass without fail.

And her particular devotion
Was to the Holy Virgin Mary.
No other interest had she
But to pray constantly.

Great was her beauty:
She almost resembled the sun;
That wondrous face of hers
Was dazzling to see.

— 2 —

Ang cariquitan ni Diana
ni Floripes mang princesa,
at sampuó ni Bersabé pa
hulí mandin sa caniya.

Marami ang nagsasadyá
hari at princípeng madlá,
duque,t, caballerong paua
sa pangangasaua ang tangcá.

Ualá cahiman at isá
na tinanguan ang amá,
at cun caya gayón pala
ay may lihim siyang dalá

Ini-isip gabi,t, arao
nang emperador na mahal,
ang sintá niyang sinimpán
sa princesa,i, ibig turan.

At ang ninanása bagá
ng emperador na amá
ang anác niyang princesa
caniyang maguing asaua.

Ay sa di rin mapiguilan
ang sintá niyang sinimpán,
naparoo,t, linigauan
sa torreng tinatahanan.

Ng maquita ng princesa
ang emperador na amá,
sinalubong agad niya
at lumuhód capagdaca.

Ay ng sa amáng matingnan
na luluhód sa harapán,
agad quinauit sa camay
sa silla,i, nangag-upuan.

Nag-uusap ang mag-amá
sa quina-uupáng silla,
ang tuá ay sabihin pa
pag-uulayao nila.

Dito na ipinahayág
sintá ng amáng iningat,
Florentina,i, maquimatyang
sa aquing ipahahayág.

Tantong mahabang arao na
ang hirap cong dinadalá,
ang nasa co,t, aquing pita
icaó ang maguing asaua.

Di naman maguing mahalay
sa consejo,t, cangino man,
at ito,i, caugalian
at útos ng catuiran.

Si Florentina,i, naguiclá
halos manao ang hiningá,
amá co po,i, baquin bagá
ganiyan ang iyong badyá.

Amá di aco,i, anác mo
galing tunay sa púso mo,
baquin bagá cun paano
ang mga uiniuica mo.

Di bagay sa camahalan
co pó ang uica mong iyan,
ang dapat at carampatan
aco,i, iyong papurihan.

Sa Dios ay matakot ca
magbago ng ala-ala,
sayang niyang caloloua
cundi magsising maganda.

Ang amá nama,i, sumagót
Florentina,i, huag matakot,
ipinag-uutos ng Dios
ang sacramentong tibobos.

Caya maglualháti ca
mag-isip, mag-alaala,
nasa co,i, di mag-iibá
na icaó,i, maguing asaua.

Hindi masabi ang hapis
nitong princesang mariquit,
nagtindig nasoc sa silid
emperador nama,i, nalis.

Agad lumuhód sa altá
banál na si Florentina,
lúha,i, nanalong sa matá
ng laquing tacot pangambá.

The beauty of Diana
And of Floripes,¹ the princess,
Together with that of Bersabe,²
Had yet to yield to hers.

Many waited upon her —
Kings and princes in large number,
Dukes and knights, all of them —
To ask for her hand in marriage.

But not even one
Was accepted by her father;
And it was subsequently discovered
That he had a secret in his heart.

This great emperor
Meditated night and day
On the love he had carefully guarded,
Which he wished to declare to the princess;

For it was indeed desired
By the emperor her father
That the princess his child
Should become his wife.

And because he could resist no longer
The love he felt for her,
He went to woo her
In the tower where she lived.

When the princess saw
The emperor her father,
She immediately went to meet him
And knelt before him.

And when the emperor saw
Her kneeling there before him,
He raised her by the hand
And they sat down in chairs.

Seated in chairs,
Father and daughter conversed together;
Great was the pleasure
They felt in each other's company.

Here he began to declare
His secret love for her:
"Florentina, pay attention
To what I have to reveal.

"For many long days
I have endured anguish;
My wish and my desire
Is for you to become my wife.

"It would not be wicked
In the eyes of the council, or any one.
For it is customary
And is sanctioned by justice."

Florentina nearly fainted,
She could hardly breathe;
"O my father!" she said, "why
Do you speak like that?"

"Father, am I not your child,
Sprung straight from your heart?
Why, then, in this manner
Do you speak these words to me?"

"Your words, my lord, are not
Appropriate to my purity;
It is right and fitting
That I should be respected.

"Have fear of God;
Change your intention.
I tremble for your soul
If you do not fully repent."

The father answered:
"Florentina, do not fear:
The true sacrament
Is ordained by God.

"Be comforted;
Think and remember
That my intention is none other
Than that you should become my wife."

The princess was suffering
Because she could not express her feeling;
She arose and went to her room;
The emperor also left.

At once the devout Florentina
Knelt before her altar;
Her tears poured forth,
She was in great fear and distress.

¹ The Saracen princess who marries Gui de Borgoña. See *Baldovino*.

² I.e., Bathsheba.

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Tumauag sa Virgeng mahal
itó ang siyang tinuran,
Virgen aco,i, itangcaal
sa tucsó,t, capanganibán

At huag ding mapatuloy
bantá ni amáng di ucol,
at nang hindi maparoól
ang púri co,i, ipagtangól.

Mahangá,i, ang mamatay na
siyang lalong ibig co pa,
huag lamang magcasala
púri co,i, maalimura.

Sabihin pa ang pagtangis
babaying cahapis-hapis,
sa gutom ay nagtitiis
at di nainóm nang tubig.

Ipagparito co muna
sa haring caniyáng amá,
di isa man nagbabaua
ang sinta sa anác niya.

Nag-gayac na nang regalo
ipinadalá sa criado,
itó aniya,i, dalhin mo
uicain mong padalá co.

At ang sabihin mo,t, turan
ganti niyang ibibigay,
ang mariquit niyang camay
ang siyang nása co,t, hintay.

Ang criado,i, lumacad na
at ang regalo,i, dinalá,
nang dumating doon siya
tumauag sa princesa.

Ang uinica niya,i, itó
tangáp po itong regalo,
ipinadalá sa iyo
emperador na amá mo.

At ang cagantihang hintay
dito sa regalong alay,
iyang mariquit mong camáy
ang nása niyang hauacan.

Nang marinig nang princesa
bilin nang caniyang amá,
naghimatáy capagdaca
sa malaquing hapis niya.

Ano,i, nang mahimasmasán
itong princesang marangal,
jay aniya capalaran
anóng iyong cararatnan!

O Ináng Virgeng marunong
Ináng dating mapag-ampón,
ácó po,i, iyo ring lingon
amponin mo,t, ipagtangól.

Cun cahit icaalis man
niyaring maraua na búhay,
huag lamang na macasal
sa aquing amá,t, magulang.

Sabihin ang hapis bagá
nang abang si Florentina,
aniya ay aquing amá
laqui nang iyong parusa.

Ang guinauá nang princesa
pinutol ang camay niya,
inilagay sa bandeja
pinagbuting tinacpán pa.

Bandeja,i, pinacariquit
at tinacpán nang manteles,
sari-sari ang colores
doo,i, pinagsalít-salít.

Tantong caliga-ligaya
pagca-gayác nang bandeja,
ipina-ibabao niya
telang mahal na bordada.

Tinauag na ang criado
itó aniya,i, dalhin mo,
na ganti co sa regalo
sa amáng panginoong co.

Ang criado,i, nalis agad
ang tacot ay dili hamac,
dugó ay nangalalaglá
sa lupa ay nangagcalat.

She called upon the Virgin
And opened her heart thus:
"Virgin Mary, save me
From temptation and danger!

"And may it not be realized,
My father's evil design;
That my virtue may not be lost,
Protect me!

"Rather death
Would I much prefer
To committing sin and
To having my honor debased."

Her anguish need not be described,
The agony of this woman —
Suffering from hunger and thirst
Yet unable to eat or drink.

I will speak now
Of the king her father;
Not a whit diminished
Was his lust for his child.

He made ready a present
And sent it by a servant:
"Deliver this to her and say
That it comes from me.

"And further say and tell her
That the return that she shall make
Is her beautiful hand.
I desire and expect it."

The servant departed
To deliver the gift;
When he arrived (at the tower),
He announced himself to the princess.

And he spoke thus:
"Accept this gift, my lady,
Sent to you
By the emperor your father.

"And the expected return
To be made for this gift
Is your beautiful hand,
Which he desires to have."

When the princess heard
The charge of her father,
She fainted at once
Because of her grief.

When she recovered,
This beautiful princess,
"O my doom!" she sighed,
"What will become of me?" —

"O wise Holy Mother,
Mother always sheltering,
Turn thy face towards me,
Shelter and protect me!

"If notwithstanding I lose
My unworthy life,
(It would be better) than to marry
My father and parent."

One could not describe the grief
Of the miserable Florentina;
She spoke thus: "My father,
Great is your punishment."

What the princess did
Was to cut off her hand;
She put it on a tray
And covered it up.

Then the tray she carefully
Covered with a napkin
That had many colors
Embroidered upon it.

Very beautiful indeed
Was the appearance of the tray;
Over it all she placed
A rich embroidered cloth.

She summoned the servant
And said, "Take this with you
To my lord, my father,
As my return for his gift."

The servant left at once
With great fear in his heart,
Because the blood was dropping
And spreading out on the ground.

Capagdating sa harapán
nang emperador na mahal,
ang bandeja,i, inilagay
at tambing niyang binuesán.

Hari pong panginoong co
ang gantí po ay narito
camay na hinibintay mo
ngayon po ay pagmasdan mo

Ay nang sa amáng maquita
camáy na na sa bandeja
nagtindig capagcaraca
ang galit ay sabihin pa.

Tumauag na nang soldado
hayo,t, sundin ang utos co,
ang tampalasang anác co
sa dagat itapon ninyó.

Isilid sa isang cabán
ihulog sa caragatan,
yaón ang dapat at bagay
sa anác cong tampalasan.

Agád nangang nagsipanao
soldados na inutusan,
humanap sila nang cabán
ang princesa,i, pinarunán.

Quinuha na ang princesa
sa cabá,i, isinilid na,
icaó po,i, huag maguicla
utos nang hari mong amá.

Tumangis na at umiyac
princesang caniyang anác,
at sa cabáng nagagayac
pinapásoc siyang agád.

Pinacabuting tinacpán
tulóy namang sinusian
at sa barca,i, inilulan
dinalá sa calautan.

Capagdaca,i, inahulog
cabá,i, lumitáo lumubóg,
princesang na sa sa loob
sabihin ang pagcalunos.

Gauá lamang ay dumaing
sa Ináng mahal na Virgen,
at siyang nananaimtín,
sa puso niya,t, panimdim.

Aniya ay devota co
Virgen Ináng del Rosario,
paquingan ang alipin mo
na tumatauag sa iyo.

Sa pagtauag at pagdaing
taós sa puso,t, panimdim,
nanaog ang isang ángel
súgo nang mahal na Virgen

Princesa,i, huag matakot
acó ang ángel nang Dios,
dito ay pinapanaog
sa iyo,i, pinatatanod.

Sa pagtauag mong mataman
ay tambing nang pinaquingan,
narito at aquing taglay
itóng pinutol mong camáy.

Ngayo,i, isasauli co
itóng putól na camáy mo,
at utos sa aquin itó
Ináng Virgeng masaclolo.

Loob mo,i, huag magbaua
sa Virgeng Santa María,
at ngayo,i, malapit ca na
tabíng pasig nang Navarra.

Sumayá ang loob naman
ni Florentinang marangal,
at ang putól niyang camáy
ay na-saolí sa lugar.

Sa áua ng Virgeng Iná
Poong si Santa María,
sinaguíp siya,t, quinuha
nang isang mamalacaya.

Dinalá siya sa bahay
princesa,i, nalulupaypay,
tulóy namang binihisan
basáng damít sa catauán.

When he came into the presence
Of the great emperor,
He presented the tray,
At the same time lifting the cover.

"O king, my lord!
The return is here,
The hand that you are expecting.
Look now upon it."

When the father saw
The hand on the salver,
He at once arose
In indescribable rage.

He summoned soldiers:
"Hear me and obey my orders.
Take my insolent daughter
And cast her into the sea.

"Put her into a chest
And drop her into the deep ocean;
'Tis what she justly deserves,
The impudent girl!"

The soldiers who had received the order
At once left;
They sought out a chest
And went to the princess.

The princess was seized
And put into the chest;
"Do not be astounded (they said),
This is the order of your father."

The princess his daughter
Lamented and wept;
Into the chest all ready for her
They placed her without delay.

They carefully closed it
And then locked it fast;
On a boat they loaded it
And took it far out to sea.

There they threw the chest overboard.
It sank and rose in the water;
The princess inside
Felt very great terror.

She did nothing but invoke
The Holy Virgin Mother;
Her heart and thought
Were ever directed toward her.

"O Virgin of the Rosary!
I am thy votary;
Hear thy poor slave
Who is calling upon thee!"

In answer to her entreaty and supplication,
Which truly came from the heart,
An angel descended,
Sent by the glorious Virgin.

"Princess, do not fear;
I am an angel of God,
Sent here
To guard you.

"Because of your sincere prayer,
Which was heard at once,
I am here, and have with me
Your hand which you cut off.

"The hand that you sacrificed
Now I will restore
At the command given to me
By the Virgin, your saviour.

"Do not lose faith
In the Holy Virgin Mary;
For now you are nearing
The coast of Navarre."

This illustrious maid, Florentina,
Was overjoyed in her heart;
The hand that had been severed
Was restored to its place.

By the favor of the Mother Virgin,
The gracious Saint Mary,
The princess was saved, and rescued
By a fisherman.

The princess, unsteady from weakness,
Was taken to his house;
There he changed
The wet dress she had on.

Siya,i, inalagaan na matandang mamalacaya, at pinarang anác niyá na di malingat sa matá.

Tumauag si Florentina sa matandang parang amá, alin pong lúpa bagá itóng quinalalag-yán tá.

Isinagót sa caniya lupa itó ng Navarra, ang haring quinquilala si D. Eoricong masiglá

Ng maguing tatló ng buan ang caniyang pagca-tahan, sa mamalacayang bahay di pagauin ng ano man.

Maraming nacaquiquita sa gandá ni Florentina, pauang nangaliligaya sa diquit ng asal niya.

Maraming nangagsasadyá manga matandá at báta, para-parang natutuá sa diquit niyang sagana

Isang arao ng Domingo yaóng sa haring privado gumayác siyang nangaso casama ay isáng criado.

Dito nga naquita niya ang diquit ni Florentina, ang privado,i, ualigaya sa cabutihan at gandá.

Umibis na sa cabayo itóng daquilang privado, inutusan na ang criado bilang niyang pa-aviso.

Ng sa matandang maquita inanyayahan pagdaca, mangagsituloy pó sila at sa bahay manhic muna.

Tumanong na ang matandá anó pó bagá ang sadyá, cami po,i, cahiyá-hiyá at icmó man cami,i, uala

Ang sagót nitong privado uala man po,i, aanhin co, núno,i, macatanóng acó sabihin mo ang totoó.

Iyáng mariquit na diosa sino ang may anác bagá, sagót ng mamalacaya ay amin pong anác siya.

Maniuala po,t, totoo na nagmulá sa púso co, ang magsabi po sa iyó ang manga cababayan mo.

Privado ay tumanong pa sino pó ang ngalan bagá, sagót ng mamalacaya abá póng si Florentina.

Tantong hindi maniuala ang privado sa matanda, itong mariquit na tála lagáy mahal na mistula.

Ang sa privadong nilaláng ang criado,i, inutusan, milí ng alac, tinapay masasarap na pulutan.

Ano nga,i, sa dumating na ang matanda,i, natuá na, palibhasa,i, ibig niyá siyang dating pinipita.

Pina-inóm nangang tambing nitong privadong butihin, at ang lahat na cacarin sa matanda,i, inihain.

Ang pag-inóm ay sabihin na hindi na napapiguil, ang nasapit ay nalasing sinungabán ng alipin.

She was taken care of
By the old fisherman;
She was treated as a daughter,
And they became inseparable.

Florentina asked the old man,
Who was like a father to her,
"What land is this
In which we are?"

He answered her,
"This country is Navarre;
The king who rules it
Is the brave Don Enrico."

During the three months
Of her life there
In the house of the fisherman
She was not allowed to do any work.

Many had noticed
The beauty of Florentina;
All were delighted
With the graciousness of her manner.

Many went to see her,
Both old people and young;
They were all charmed
With her great beauty.

One Sunday it happened
That a minister of the king
Went out hunting
Accompanied by a servant.

While hunting, he saw
The beautiful Florentina;
The minister was delighted
With her good manners and beauty.

He dismounted from his horse,
This exalted minister,
And ordered the servant
To announce his coming.

When the old man was aware (of the visit),
He at once invited (the minister)
To enter and to come up
Into his house for a little while.

The old man asked,
"What is the object of your coming?
We are ashamed to say
That we haven't even any *icmo*."¹

The minister answered,
"It really makes no difference.
Grandfather, I will ask you a question;
Tell me the truth.

"That beautiful goddess,
Whose child is she?"

The old fisherman answered,
"She is our own daughter.

"Believe me, it is the truth,
Which comes straight from my heart.
You may have it verified
By your fellow-townsmen."

The minister asked further,
"What is her name?"
The fisherman replied,
"She is the lowly Florentina."

Verily, the minister would
Not believe the old man,
Because this beautiful star
Seemed to be of royal blood.

This was the wicked plan of the minister:
He ordered his servant
To get from their larder wine and bread
And tasty cold viands.

When the things ordered came,
The old man was delighted
Because they were the things
That he had been longing for.

The old man was offered drinks
By the gallant minister,
And all the food
Was placed before the old man.

He drank heavily —
He was unable to restrain himself;
The result was that he became drunk
And was seized by the servant.

¹ *Icmo*, buyo-nut and betel-leaf prepared with lime for chewing. It is always offered to visitors as a mark of hospitality.

Ng malasing ang matandá
ang sa privadong guinauá,
sinungabán alipala
itong mariquit na tála.

Sa cabayo,i, isinacay
ng privadong tampalasan,
dinalá at itinanan
tuloy sa caniyang bahay.

Ipagsauli co muna
sa matandang parang amá,
mana nga,i, sa maguising na
ang anác ay quiniquita.

Sa di niya masilayan
anác niyang minamahal,
sabihin бага ang lumbay
hapis na di anó lamang.

Aquing ipagbalic muna
sa buhay ni Florentina,
pinipilit naman siyá
sa gauang hindi maganda.

Sa pagpilit na totoo
ng privadong si D. Pablo
ang princesa,i, na pa óo
at sumagót ng ganito.

Bunying D. Pablo aniya
hintay maghunos dili ca,
cacamtan mong ualang sala
caya maquinyig ca muna.

Hangang aco,i, naglulucsa
sa aquing ináng nualá,
iyo munang ipabaya
saca mo sundin ang nasa.

Cun dumating na ang arao
término cong hinihintay,
na hindi na mababalam
mga limang buan lamang.

At cun ito,i, maganáp na
ay saca pacasal quita,
caya maglualhátí ca
sa sabi co,i, tumalima.

Si D. Pablo,i, na pa óo
ang tuá ay mago,t, mago,
loób niyang naguguló,i,
tumiuasay na totoo.

Ala-ala,i, sabihin pa
sa mariquit na princesa
tuina,i, causap niyá
salang malingat sa matá.

Hangá ng mātahan dito
sa bahay nitong privado,
nalimutan ng totoo
catungculan sa palacio.

Nasiyasat nang consejo
ang privadong si D. Pablo,
na tatló ng buang hustó
na hindi naparirito.

Anang hari ay paronán
na cun anó ang dahilán,
isang criado,i, inutusan
maralí ca,t, iyong tingnán.

Ng dumating na sa bahay
ang criadong inutusan,
itóng dalaua,i, dinatnan
sa silla,i, nag-aagapay.

Sinabi na ng criado
bilin ng haring Enrico,
ang isinagót ay óo
at paririyán na acó.

Criado,i, ng dumating na
tinanong capagcaraca,
anó at di mo casama
si D. Pablo,t, nasaan pa.

Ang sagót nitong criado
pina-una na pó aco,
siya rao pó,i, paririto
susunód sa licorán co.

Si D. Pablo,i, lumacad na
casama si Florentina,
balang tauong macaquita
pauang nangaliligaya.

When the old man became senseless,
What the minister did
Was to seize at once
That beautiful star.

She was lifted on to the horse
By that profligate minister;
He took her and fled with her
Straight to his house.

Let me now consider first
The old man, her adopted father:
When he recovered his wits,
He looked for the maiden.

When he could get no sight of
His much-beloved child,
Indescribable was his grief,
His sorrow knew no bounds.

Now let us turn
To the lot of Florentina;
She was being urged to do
A dishonorable act.

In reply to the urgings and threats
Of the minister Don Pavo,
The princess consented,
And answered thus:

"Illustrious Don Pavo," she said,
"Wait, and consider the matter;
You will have your desire without fail,
But hear me first.

"So long as I am in mourning
For my dead mother,
Postpone your desire;
Then you shall have what you wish.

"When the day comes,
The day I mean.
It will not be very long —
It is only five months from now.

"At the end of that time
We shall be married;
Be considerate of me (therefore)
And grant my request."

Don Pavo assented,
His joy was beyond all bounds;
His fluttering heart
Calmed down truly.

His attention to the beautiful princess
Cannot justly be described:
They were always talking together;
Uncomfortable was he when she was out
of his sight.

During the time that she lived
In the house of this minister,
He forgot altogether
His duties at the palace.

The council noticed
That Don Pavo, the minister,
For full three months
Had not put in an appearance.

Accordingly the king ordered
One of his servants to go there
To look into the matter,
To find out at once what was the trouble.

When the servant who had been ordered
Arrived at the house,
He found the two
Sitting side by side.

The servant delivered
The message of King Enrico;
Don Pavo said, "Yes,
I am coming at once."

When the servant returned,
He was at once asked,
"Why did not Don Pavo come with you,
And where is he?"

The servant replied,
"I was told to go ahead;
He said that he was coming,
That he would follow behind me."

Don Pavo set out
Accompanied by Florentina;
Every one who saw them
Was greatly pleased.

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Lahat ay nagtatanungan
cun saan galing na bayan
carietá,i, di ano lamang
niyong princesang marangal.

Ay ano,i, ng dumating na
si Pabio,t, ni Florentina
ang hari tantong nagtacá
sa cariquitang naquita.

Pagdaca,i, inanyayahan
sa silla,i, naqui-agapay,
at agad ng hinandugan
ng sinta ng haring mahal.

Ang sagót ni Florentina
ó daraquilang monarca,
anong pangyayari bagá
mahal ca,t, acó ay mura.

Di munti po bagang halay
sa iyong consejong tanan,
ang tansóng libág-libagan
sa diamante ay ipisan.

Ualang daang mababago
ang sintang hayin sa iyó,
ang sumansala ma,i, sino
iisa itong uica co.

Ang haring Enrico bagá
ang iná,i, nabubuhay pa,
siyang malaquing pagcontra
sa haring pag-aasaua.

Ang iná,i, tantong aayao
cay Florentina,i, macasal,
sapagca,t, ang sabi,t, saysay
anác ng pescador lamang.

Palibhasa,i, hari siya
uica,i, di magcaca-iba,
arzobispo,i, tinauag na
napacasal capagdaca.

Ay ang bála nitóng iná
ang bahala ay siya na,
iquiquita co ng sala
itóng caniyang asaua.

At hindi co tutugutan
hangang hindi ipapatay,
at pangaco cong matibay
cahit anong casapitan.

Sabihin ang catuaán
ng boóng sangcaharian,
para-parang nagdiriuang
ng sa haring pagcacasal.

Itó namang si D. Pabio
ualang capalarang tauo,
di nacaquibong totoó
tacot sa haring Enrico.

Bála ni D. Pabio naman
hahanap siya ng daan,
hangang di maparusahan
ang reinang lilo,t, sucaban.

Ipagparito co muna
sa hari,t, mahal na reina,
pagsasama,i, sabihin pa
lahat ay naliligaya.

Palibhasa ngani guintó
galing sa linao na dugó,
baquit ualá namang quibó
totoóng dunong na manuyo.

At hindi magsabi lamang
dugó niyang pinagmulán,
ang caniyang hinihintáy
cun dumating na ang arao.

Pagsasama,i, mahinahon
mag-asaua,i, nagca-ucol,
áua ng Dios na Poon
namulaclác at nag-usbóng.

Ay ng buntis na cagampan
halos manganác na lamang
reino,i, agad na dinatnán
moros na mga caauay.

Ang embajador ng moro
nagtuluyan sa palacio,
sinabi cay D. Enrico
na sila,i, may dalang hocbó.

Each one was asking his neighbor
As to what town she came from;
The beauty of this exalted princess
Could not be concealed.

Well, when Don Pavier
And Florentina arrived,
The king marvelled much
At the beauty he saw.

He at once invited
Her to be seated.
And at once this great king
Proffered his love.

Florentina answered,
"O mighty monarch!
What will be the result?
You are noble; I am of humble origin.

"Not inconsiderable would be the indignity
In the eyes of your whole council
If you should place a diamond
In a crude copper setting."

"Nothing will alter" (he said)
"The love I offer you.

Whoever tries to prevent it
Will meet with failure."

Now King Enrico's mother
Was still very much alive;
She was strongly opposed
To the king's marrying.

The mother greatly objected to
His marriage with Florentina,
For it was said that she was
Only the daughter of a fisherman.

Because he was king, however,
His word could not be contradicted.
The archbishop was summoned,
And they were married at once.

The scheme of the mother now
Was carefully to look for
And discover in his wife
A cause for accusation.

"And I will not stop
Until she is killed,"
She promised to herself,
Whatever might be the consequences.

Great was the rejoicing
Of the whole kingdom;
Every one celebrated
The marriage of the king.

Now Don Pavier
Was entirely out of luck;
He could not protest
Because of his fear of the king.

Don Pavier's design
Was to find out a way [faithless,
By which the queen, treacherous and
Might be punished.

Let me refer now to the king
And to the illustrious queen;
Their life together, you must know,
Was full of bliss.

Because she was pure gold
And came of blue blood;
Furthermore, she was sensible
And knew how always to please him.

Nor would she say
That she was of royal blood;
She was waiting, in fact,
For the proper time to come.

Happily they lived, [genial;
Husband and wife: they were truly con-
And because of God's favor
Their union was to bear fruit.

During her pregnancy, [finement,
When she was close to her time of con-
The Moors, their enemies,
Marched upon their kingdom.

The ambassador of the Moors
Went straight to the palace,
And told Don Enrico
That they had brought an army:

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At cundi rao ibibigay
ang cetro,t, coronang mahal,
tantong ipag-uauasacan
ang Navarrang caharian.

Ang sagót ni D. Enrico
magtahan ca lilong moro
cun ualá na ang búhay co
inyó ang coronat, cetro

Hayo na cayo,t, maghintay
sa labas nang caharian,
búcas ay ualang pagliban
aco ay lalabas diyan.

Nagsi-alis at pumanao
embajadang inutusan,
ang haring Enrico naman
soldados niya,i, pinisan

Ipinagayác ang hoebó
ng haring si D. Enrico,
ang mga piling soldado
casama sa ejército

Aco ang siyang general
ejércitong palulual,
sabihin ang catuaán
ng mga soldadong tanán

Dumulóg na sa asaua
at niyacap capagdaca
poong co,t, aquing sinta
acó ay paalam muna.

Lalabasin co sa parang
ang mga morong sucaban,
poong co,i, huag malumbay
at di acó mababalam.

Nang ito,i, mapaquingan
nang reinang sinta at búhay,
sabihin bagá ang lumbay
hapis cadalamhatian.

Panginoon at esposo
haring mahal D. Enrico,
paano aniya acó
cun acó,i, papanauan mo.

Aco,i, ipagsama mo na
sa moro,i, maquipagbaca,
huag lamang ma-ulila
ang iyong sintang asaua.

At cung iyong papanauan
aco rito at iuan,
ualang salat, mamamatay
cun sa iyo,i, mahiualay.

Ang sagót ni D. Enrico
paano ang pagsama mo,
guerra ang paroronan co
malaquing lubhang peligro.

Caya guilio co at sintá
ay huag ca ng sumama,
ang cabuntisan mong dalá
tila di malalaon na.

Na cun icao ay manganác,
cahit aco,i, na sa hirap,
magpadalá ca ng sulat
at ng aquing matalastas.

Bayaning si D. Pascasio
siyang paglalagacan co,
dito sa real palacio
mag-aalaga sa iyo.

Siya,i, para cong catauan
susundin ng sino pa man,
cayá sintá co at búhay
sa iyó aco,i, paalam.

Manga soldadong casama
nároo,t, naghihintay na,
sa Dios catatauag cá,t,
sa Virgeng Santa María.

Reina naman ay nangusap
ang luha sabay nalaglág
diyata sintá co,t, liyág
iuan mo aco,t, sucat.

Acó at icao aquing sintá
uica ng hari sa reina
cung ualang palad aniya
di na quita magquiquita.

"If the sceptre and mighty crown
Are not surrendered,
The kingdom of Navarre
Will be entirely destroyed."

Don Enrico answered,
"Cease, base Moor,
As long as I live,
Sceptre and crown shall not be yours.

"Let your people wait
On the borders of the kingdom.
To-morrow without fail
We will meet you there."

The envoys who had been sent
Left and disappeared;
And Don Enrico, the king,
Called together his army.

The army was organized
By the king, Don Enrico;
The very best soldiers
Were included among the troops.

"I shall be the commander
Of the army that is going out."
Great was the satisfaction
Of the men (when they heard that).

He went to his wife
And fondly embraced her:
"My darling, my love,
I am going to leave you for a while.

"I am going to the country
To meet the infidel Moors.
My adored one, do not grieve,
I shall not be absent long."

When this was heard
By the queen, his love and his life,
Her grief and her sorrow
Were beyond all bounds.

"My lord and husband,
Exalted King Enrico,
What will become of me
If you go away?

"I should prefer to go with you
And fight against the Moors,
Rather than be left alone
Your beloved wife.

"And if you go away
And leave me here behind,
There is no doubt but that I shall die,
If I am separated from you."

Don Enrico answered,
"How could you accompany me
When I am going to war?
There is very great danger there.

"My dear, my beloved,
Do not think of coming with me:
It seems that very soon
Your period of pregnancy will be over.

"When you have given birth to a child,
Even if I am fighting,
Send me a letter,
That I may know about the event.

"To the brave Pascasio
I will entrust
The care of the palace
'And of you.

'He shall have the same power as I,
He is to be obeyed by all.
And so, my life, my love,
I must leave you.

"The soldiers going with me
Are ready, are waiting.
Pray to God
And to the Holy Virgin Mary."

The queen spoke
Through her falling tears:
"Is it possible, my love, my darling,
That you are going to leave me thus?"

The king answered the queen,
"You and I, my beloved,
Unless we have good fortune,
Shall never see each other again.

Caya quita ay mag-yacap
para ta ng pahimacás
cun aco,i, culanging palad
di na quita magea-usap

At sa pagyayacap bagá
sing ibig na mag-asaua,
ay naghimatáy ang reina
malaong hindi huminga.

Nang siya,i, mahimasmasán
asaua,i, niyacap naman,
na halos hindi bituan
huag manao sa harapán.

Sibihin pa ang pagtangis
ng reinang cahapis bapis,
hindi ibig niyang malís
ang asauang sinta,t, ibig.

Ang uica ng hari,i, itó
hindi mangyayari poong co,
na di ngayon labasin co
yaóng mga lilong moro.

Cayá acó ay paalam
asaua cong sintá,t, búhay,
poón co,i, pahintulutan
acó,i, hindi mababalam.

Ang hari ay gumayác na
nagecoletó,t, nagmanopla,
tambor, pífano, trompeta
ipinatugtóg pagdaca.

Nanaog na nagtuluyan
casama ang madlang caual,
malayo na,i, tinatanao
ni Florentinang may lumbay.

Nang di na matanao niya
ang sintá niyang asaua,
sa silid ay pumasoc na
nanieluhód capagdaca

O Virgen Ináng marangal
Iná ni Jesús na mahal,
ang asaua cong pumanao,
ipag-adyá sa caauay.

PRINCESA FLORENTINA.

Iyó rin pong ipag-adyá
sa mga morong cabaca,
yaóng campón ni Mahoma
mangatacot at mangambá.

Ipagparito co naman
sa haring Enricong mahal,
ang parating gunam-gunam
asaua niyang iniuan.

Ang mangá soldadong sama
para-parang nagsasayá
catuaá,i, sabihin pa
calugód-lugód maquita.

Bucód na ang hari lamang
ang may dalang calumbayan,
ala-ala niyang tunay
ang sa reinang cabuntisán.

Dito itiguil co muna
pinagdaanan sa guerra,
ang aquing ipagbabadyá
ang napagsapit ng reina.

Nang dumating na ang oras
ng caniyang panganganác,
áua ng Virgeng marilág
di map nagdaán ng hirap.

Nang málabas na ang bata
lalaquing catua-tuá,
ang tanan ay nahahanga
ng cariquitang sagona.

Sa cay Pascasiong maquita
ang reina ay nannganac na,
agad gumaua ng carta
sa hari,i, ipinadalá

Tinauag na ang-criado
nitó ngang si D. Pascasio,
magmarali cang dalhin mo
sa hari itong sulat co.

Ang nalalamán sa sulat
hari cong lubhang mataas,
matoua ca,t, pasalamat
sa reinang pagca-panganác.

"Let us embrace
As a sign of good-by;
For if I am unlucky,
We shall not meet again."

And while they were in each other's arms,
Their mutual love was perfect;
The queen fainted,
For a long time she ceased to breathe.

When she recovered,
She embraced her husband;
She was loath to release him,
Lest he should leave her.

Great was the grief
Of the sorrowing queen,
Because she did not want to lose
Her beloved husband, her soul.

Then the king said to her,
"My adored one, it will not do;
It is impossible that I should fail
To go against those faithless Moors.

"So I must leave you,
My wife, my love, my life;
My Goddess, I will return
Without needless delay."

The king made ready:
He donned his doublet and gauntlets;
He ordered sounded
The drums, fifes, and trumpets.

Directly he set out
With all of his many soldiers;
Even when he was far away,
Florentina was gazing after him.

After her beloved husband
Had disappeared from view,
She went to her room
And fell on her knees.

"O Virgin, sublime Mother,
Mother of Jesus our Lord,
Save from his enemies
My husband, who has just left me!

"Save him, I pray thee,
From his foes, the Moors,
Subjects of Mahomet!
Fill their hearts with fear and terror!"

Let me turn now
To Enrico, the noble king;
He was ever thinking
Of the wife he had left behind.
The soldiers who were with him
Were all feeling joyous:
So great was their happiness,
That it was a pleasure to see them.

Unlike all the others, the king
Was the only one who felt sorrow;
He was truly concerned
Over the condition of the queen.

Here I will break off
Telling about the war,
And will turn to relate
What happened to the queen.

When the time came
For her to give birth to a child,
Because of the mercy of the gracious Virgin
She did not suffer greatly.

The child that was born
Was a handsome boy;
All were amazed
At his great beauty.

When Pascasio saw
That the child had been born,
He at once prepared a letter
To send to the king.

Don Pascasio himself
Summoned a servant:
"Hasten!" he said, "and take
This letter of mine to his Majesty."

The letter read,
"O exalted king!
Be happy and thankful,
The queen is already delivered

Isang lalaquing mariquít
catulad mo po,t, cauangis,
uala manding caholilip
parang bituin sa langit.

Aua ng Virgeng marilág
mahal na reina,i, malacás,
di man nagdaán ng hirap
sa caniyang panganganác.

Ipagparito co naman
sa criadong inutusan,
dumaán at nagpaalam
sa iná ng haring mahal.

Mana ngani ng maquita
dalá ng criadong carta,
quinuha na capagdaca
binucsan niya,t, binasa.

At agád ng pinalitán
itong sulat na binucsan,
saca ang ipinalamán
catacot-tacot maturan.

Ang nalalamán sa carta
niyóng tampalasang iná,
haring daquillang monarca
matuá ca at magsayá.

Asaua mong reinang mahal
nanganác na mahinusay,
maluag ang pagdaramdam
at malacás ang catauán

Isang lalaqui cun anó
na dili mapag-isip co,
ay siyang naging anác mo
di maquilala cun tauo.

Anaqui,i, maching na hayop.
hichura,i, catacot-tacot,
balahibo,i, parang manóc
at usá mandin sa bundóc.

Di maquilala ang muc-há
cun hayop ó tauo caya,
alamíd mandin ó pusa
hindi sucat maunaua.

Ng sumapit na ang sulat
sa hari ay iguinauad,
ng mabasa,t, matalastas
ay guinantí niyang agád.

Ang hari sumulat naman
ng sagót na catungculan,
sa sulat na nalalaman
ganitó ang pagcasaysay.

D. Pascasio cong catoto
ang bilin co ay ganitó
cahit hayop ang anác co
tantóng pacamahalin mo.

At di malalaong arao
darating na acó riyán,
mahalín mo,t, alagaan
para ng aquing catauán.

Sinarhan na itong sulat
sa criado,i, iguinauad,
sabihin ang lumbáy sindác
haring Enricong mataas.

Capagdaca,i, nalis naman
ang criadong inutusan
ito ay nuling nagdaan
sa iná ng haring mahal.

Quinuha na namang agad
ang sa haring gauang, sulat,
palama,i, ng matalastas
ay pinalitán ding agad.

Ganitó ang pagcalagáy
sa cartang ipinalamán,
ang utos co,i, sunding tunay
Pascasio,i, huag iliban.

Itong utos co,i, totoó
capag hindi sinunód mo,
diya,i, capag dinatnán co
capalit ang iyong ulo.

Iyóng patayin ang reina
sampó ng anác nga niya
pagdamayin ang mag-iná
itóng utos co,i, talima.

Of a handsome boy,
Who looks like and resembles you;
He has no equal
Except the stars in the skies.

"By the mercy of the gracious Virgin
The exalted queen is strong;
She did not suffer much
In child-birth."

I turn now
To the servant, the messenger;
He went over and took leave
Of the mother of the king.

When she saw the letter
That had been entrusted to the servant,
She took it from him,
Opened it, and read.

She at once substituted another
For the letter she had opened;
The contents of it
Were fearful to relate.

Thus ran the letter
Of that inhuman mother:
"King, exalted monarch,
Be happy, and rejoice!

"Your wife, your beloved queen,
Has happily given birth to a child;
Easy were the birth-pains
And she is doing well.

"A male child — but what it is
I am unable to make out;
I cannot determine
Whether it is human or not.

"It resembles a monkey,
Its countenance is fearful;
It has the feathers of a chicken [tains,
And the hide of a wild deer of the moun-

"It cannot be distinguished
Whether its face is of a monster or man;
Whether it is wild-cat or tabby,
One cannot say for certain."

When the letter arrived
And was delivered to the king, [it,
And when he had read and comprehended
He answered it at once.

The king straightway wrote
An answer that was likewise an order;
This is what the letter said,
This the charge he had to convey:

"Don Pascasio, my friend,
I charge you with this:
Even if my child is a beast,
Give it the best of care.

"It will not be many days
Until I arrive there;
Love him and cherish him
As you would me."

He finished his letter
And delivered it to the servant;
Great was the sorrow and dread
Of his highness, King Enrico.

The servant, entrusted with the letter,
Left at once;
Again he stopped
At the home of the king's mother.

Again she easily took from him
The letter of the king.
When the traitress understood it,
She at once changed its contents.

This is what she
Substituted in the letter:
"Follow my order faithfully,
Pascasio, without delay.

"This is truly my charge;
And if I arrive there
And the order is not carried out,
Your head will answer for it.

"Have the queen put to death,
Together with her child;
Let them be destroyed, mother and child
Remember well this order of mine.

— 11 —

Ang pagcatotoó bagá
nitóng utos cong lahat na,
dito acó ay nagfirma
haring tunay sa Navarra.

Ibinigay na sa criado
hayo aniya,t, dalhin mo,
ibigay cay D. Pascasio
itóng sulat nang hari mo.

Ang criado,i, lumacad na
sulat ibinigay niya,
cay D. Pascasiong mabasa
natacot siya,t, naguiclá.

Anó cayá ang dahilan
ng sa haring cagalitan,
baquin at ipapapatáy
reinang ualang casalanan.

Ipinaquita sa reina
itong sulat na padalá,
poón co,i, cuba at basa
hiningá co,i, mapapaca.

Di co masabi,t masaysay
sa sulat napapalamán,
na cun anó ang dahilán
ng sa haring cagalitan.

Ano,i, sa reinang matingnan
ang sa sulat na palamán,
nalunusan at nahapay
at mistula manding patáy

Aua ng Virgeng María
pinagsaulán ng hiningá,
sabihin ang lumbáy bagá
ng caaua-auang reina.

Anang reina ay ganito
marangal na D. Pascasio,
marali ngayong sundin mo
utos ng hari sa iyó.

Narito ang aquing buhay
at di co isinusuay,
dapua,t, ang hingi co lamang
acó ay iyóng paquingan.

Diyata coming mag-iná
pinanaugang sentencia,
jabá ng anác cong isá
na di nagcamít guinhaua!

Ang sagót ni D. Pascasio
utos ng hari umano,
itó po,i, cundi sundin co
capalit ang aquing ulo.

Cayá nga po reinang mahal
pagsisi nang casalanan,
ngayo,i, hindi maliliban
itóng iyong camatayan.

Ang reina,i, agad humibic
hiningá,i, halos mapatíd,
sa anác siya,i, lumapit
quinalong niya,t, quinipquip.

O Federico nang iná
himbing nang tulog mo bagá,
ualá cang bali-balisa
bago tayo,i, may sentencia.

Malabis na camatayan
canitang pagdaraanán,
bangon sa pagcagulaylay
tupdin ta ang cahatulan.

O Enricong aquing sintá
panginoon nang asaua,
anó bagang aquing sala
ganito na ang sentencia.

At sampó ng iyong supling
na sa puso mo,i, nangaling,
hinatulan mong patayin
iraramay pa sa aquin.

Abá bunsóng Federico
guising na,t, icao,i, sumuso
magaling ding lasapin mo
gatas nang abáng iná mo.

Pagca ualang palad bagá
ng bunsó co,t, aquing sintá,
icao,i, bucód at caibá
na sa princípeng lahat na.

"And in witness
That this is all my order,
I hereby set my name,
Enrico, true king of Navarre."

She handed the letter to the servant:
"Hasten and deliver it;
Give to Don Pascasio
This letter from your king."

The servant set out,
And delivered the letter
To Don Pascasio, who on reading it
Was astounded, was fearful.

What can be the reason
Of the rage of the king?
Why has he ordered the death
Of the guiltless queen?

He handed over to the queen
The letter he had received:
"My exalted lady, take and read;
My breath is about to fail me.

"I cannot say or tell
From the contents of the letter
What is the cause of the
Rage of the king."

When the queen understood
The purport of the letter,
She fainted, she fell,
And she appeared as if dead.

By the mercy of the Virgin Mary
She recovered her breath;
Indescribable was the grief
Of the unfortunate lady.

This is what the queen said:
"Worthy Don Pascasio,
Obey at once
The order the king has given you.

"Here is my life;
I do not resist:
But I only request of you
To hear me.

"Can it be that we, mother and child,
Have been sentenced?
Alas, my only child,
Is he not to enjoy felicity?"

Don Pascasio answered, [to it,
"This is the king's order, and according
If I do not obey,
My head will answer.

"Therefore, illustrious queen,
Repent of your sins
Now, and we will not put off
This your death."

The queen screamed;
She almost lost her breath:
She went to her child,
Lifted it up and held it in her arms.

"O Federico!" the mother said,
"Sound is your sleep.
You feel no uneasiness, [sentence.
Although you and I are under heavy

"The extreme of death
We must suffer;
Wake from your slumber!
We must suffer the sentence.

"O Enrico! my beloved,
My lord and husband,
What is my guilt,
That I should thus be condemned?

"And also the offshoot
That sprang from your heart,
Why should your death sentence
Affect him also?

"Ah! Federico, my son,
Wake up and nurse [mother!
From the breast of your unfortunate
It is well that you should do so.

"In dire misfortune,
My son and my beloved,
You are distinguished
Above all other princes.

Di mo na bunsó natingnan
ang haring amát, magulang,
Federicong aquing búhay
ualáng hangang cahirapan

Esposo cong D. Enrico
búhay nang caloloua co,
ano bagát, ang anác mo
sa aqui, i, iraramay mo

Di ca na nagdaláng habág
dini sa bugtóng mong anác,
di mo na pinagsiyasat
hatol mo, i, gayóng carahás

Di ca na nagdalang aua
haring Enricong daquila,
caming mag-iná, i, capua
hinatulan mo nang biglá.

Yayacapin at hahagcán
anác na cahambal-hambál,
ang cataua, i, parang gulay
nang reinang nalulupaypay.

D. Enricong bunyíng hari
di mo na бага mabauí,
ang sentencia mong nayari
at nanaghóy namang nulí.

Cun iyo lamang maquita
ang anác mo at asaua,
banta co, i, mahahabág ca
dangan ang ualang áua ca.

Ang bagsíc nang iyong hatol
hindi na yata maúrong,
at uala na sa panahón
D. Enrico, i, ipatuloy.

Di aco nahihinayang
na maalís yaring búhay,
dapua, t, huag na lamang
ang anác mo, i, idinamay.

Panginoón co, t, asaua
D. Enricong aquing sintá,
ano bagang aquing sala
ang galit mo, i, ganito na.

Ito ang ganti mo бага
nang sa iyo ay pagsinta,
ang big-yán mo nang parusa
yaring abá mong asaua.

Sayang ng aquing pag-irog
ó haring Enricong bantóg,
at ang iyo palang loób
ualang pag-ibig na lubós

Sayang ng aquing pag-ibig
sa iyo haring mariquit,
gayón nang icaó, i, umalis
laqui nang aquing pagtangis

Di mo na hinalagahan
canitáng pag-iibigan,
nang aalis ca, t, papanao
di co ibig mahiualay.

Yaring malaquing pag-ibig
sa iyo hari cong fénix,
ay hindi mo nababatid
sampo nang hiras at sáquit.

Caya sintá co at búhay
patauad mo ay pacamtan,
asaua mo, i, mamamatáy
cami sa iyo, i, paalam.

Patauad, patauad acó
patauad ang asaua mo,
at patauad ang anác mo
na ualang sala sa iyo.

Cami nanga ay paalam
sa iyo sintá co, t, búhay,
bendición mo, i, siyang hintay
niyaring mag-ináng papanao.

Paalam haring Enrico
paalam ang esposa mo,
paalam sintá, t, búhay co
at papanao na sa mundo.

Paalam haring marangal
sa Navarrang caharian,
icaó naua, i, magtagumpáy
sa mga morong caauay.

"You never saw
Your father and parent;
Federico, my life,
There is no end to our misery.

"My husband Enrico,
My life and my soul,
Why is it that you are condemning
Your child with me?

"You did not feel any compassion
For your only child;
You did not even investigate
Before dictating your rash sentence.

"You did not feel any pity,
Exalted King Enrico;
Mother and child together
Were sentenced without consideration."

Embracing and kissing
Her poor little child,
Whose body was tender as grass,
The queen was on the verge of fainting.

"Enrico, noble king,
Could you not revoke
The sentence you have given?"
Again she began to wail.

"If you could only see
Your wife and child,
I think you would feel pity for them,
However merciless you might be.

"It looks as if your severe sentence
Were not going to be changed;
There is no more time for delay,
Let Don Enrico be obeyed.

"I do not regret
Losing my life,
But mercy! do not seek to destroy
Your son's life also.

"My lord and husband,
Don Enrico my beloved,
What is my guilt,
That you are so enraged?

"Is this your return
For my affection —
That you should punish
Your wretched wife?

"Wasted is my affection,
Far-famed Enrico,
For it is now revealed
That you have no true love for me.

"Wasted is my affection
For you, exalted king,
In spite of the fact that when you left
Great was my grief.

"You did not value
Our affection for each other;
When you were departing,
I was loath to be separated from you.

"This great love of mine
For you, my phoenix,
You could not appreciate,
Nor my suffering and anguish.

"So, my love, my life,
Grant us your forgiveness!
Your wife will die;
We take our leave of you.

"Forgive, forgive me,
Forgive your wife,
Forgive your child,
Who are without guilt towards you!

"Grant us, then, your leave,
You, my love, my life!
Waiting for your blessing,
We, mother and child, shall leave you.

"Farewell, King Enrico!
Farewell from your wife!
Farewell, my beloved, my life!
We are going to leave this world.

"Farewell, great monarch,
Of the kingdom of Navarre!
May you prove victorious
Against your enemies the Moors!"

Managhóy nama,t, yacapin
ang anác na sinta,t, guilio,
bunsó icao ay gumising
uala cang pani-panimdin.

Gumising ca na bunsó co
at imulat ang matá mo,
pagsauaang titigan mo
muc-ha ng abáng iná mo

Oh muc-hang caaya-aya
garing mandin ang capara,
ang quilay mo,t, pilic-matá
balangao mandin ng sintá.

Iyang dalaua mong camáy
sa liig co ay itangan,
ng may pagcaguinhauahan
ang hininga cong papanao.

Lumuhod cay D. Pascasio
ang reina,t, ang uica,i, itó,
marangal na caballero
aco po ay paquingau mo.

Cun mangyayari aniya
sa iyo ang aquing ola,
yaring anác cong iisa
timauin mo sa dusa

Cahit saang caparangan
ang anác co,i, ipalagay,
huag pong mamatáy lamang
na sa aquin ay maramay

Ito lamang D. Pascasio
ang aming ola sa iyo,
cun бага calooban mo
timauin ang anác co.

Yaring luha co sa matá
at madlang buntóng hininga,
D. Pascasio,i, mahabág ca
sa Dios na ala-ala.

Nahapay at napalugmóc
ang reinang luluhog-luhog,
ang lúha ay umaagos
ng tantong calunos-lunos

Ng cay Pascasiong maquita
lagay at asal nang reina,
nahabág siya pagdaca
sabay ang lúha sa matá.

Reina pong panginoong co
ano pang magagaua co,
utos nang hari umano
búhay co,i, capalit dito.

Acó po ay mararamay
sa iyo,t, ipapapatay,
caya po reinang marangal
pagsisi nang casalanan.

Ay ng maringig ng reina
sa cay D Pascasiong badyá,
nahapay na naman siya
hinimatáy capagdaca.

Nang siya,i, mahimasman
nang hininga sa catauan,
aniya,i, ó Virgeng mahal
cami po ay cauaan.

Cami,i, iyong calarahin
cay Jesús Anác mong guilio,
at nang aco,i, patauarin
sa mga gauá cong linsil.

Patauad Amá cong Jesus
yaring salaring tibobos,
ang alipin mo po,i, cupcóp
ipag-adyá sa demonios

Panginoong Jesucristo
patauad ang alipin mo,
caloloua,t, catauan co
inihahain sa iyo.

Hindi masabi ang hrap
ng reinang cahabag-habag,
cataua,i, di na mabuhat
ang paa,i, di mailacad.

Ang uica ni D. Pascasio
ó reinang panginoon co,
ang puso co,i, nanglolomó
ng pagcahabag sa iyo.

Bewailing and embracing
Her beloved and darling child,
"Wake up, my child!" she said,
"You have no sense of your danger.

"Wake up, my child!
And open your eyes;
Look your fill at the face
Of your miserable mother!

"O face lovely to contemplate!
Like unto pure ivory,
Your eyebrows and eyelashes
Are bows of Love.

"With your two hands
Clasp my neck,
In order to give relief
To my breath, that is about to fail me."

The queen knelt before Don Pascasio
And spoke thus:

"Exalted knight,
Hear me, I beg of thee!

"If it is possible for you
To grant my request,
Deliver my only son
From this suffering.

"In any jungle whatsoever
Cast the young boy away,
Only that he may not perish
And suffer death with me.

"This, Don Pascasio,
Is my one request of you;
Perchance you may be willing
To spare my child.

"These tears in my eyes,
And all my sighing, together
Take pity on, Don Pascasio,
Think on God!"

She tottered and sank to the earth,
This entreating queen;
Her tears flowed so freely
That any one would have had compassion.

When Don Pascasio saw [queen,
The state of mind and the behavior of the
His heart was touched at once,
And his eyes filled with tears.

"O queen! my lady,
What can I do,
When according to the king's order
My life is at stake?

"I should share with you
The penalty of death;
Therefore, exalted queen,
Repent of your sins."

When the queen heard
The words of Don Pascasio,
She tottered
And fell in a faint.

When she recovered
And her breath came back to her,
She prayed thus: "Great Virgin,
Take pity on us.

"Intercede for us
With Jesus Christ, your beloved Son,
So that I shall be pardoned
For all my faults!

"Jesus, my father, forgive
This sinful but faithful one!
Succor thy slave
And protect her from demons!

"Jesus Christ, my Lord,
Forgive thy servant!
My soul and my body
I commit to thee."

The suffering of the wretched queen
Cannot be described;
She could not move her feet to walk,
Or raise her body a whit.

Don Pascasio said to her,
"O queen! my lady,
My heart is touched
With pity for you.

Aco po,i, nag-aalangán
sa isang reina,i, pumatáy,
ililihim co po icao
ng dito,i, hindi ca datnan.

Sagót naman nitong reina
ay D. Pascasio anyá,
mga loob mong paquita
aco,i, siyang babala na.

Sa cay Pascasiong linaláng
humanap ng isang cabán,
ang mag-iná,i, inilulan
tinacpang pinacatibay.

Ano,i, sa maisilid na
itong dalauang mag-iná,
pagtangis ay sabihin pa
cahabag-habag maquita.

Ang cabáng quinasidlán
dinala sa caragatan,
pagdating sa calautan
capagdaca,i, binitiuhan.

Sa aua nang Virgeng liyag
di nacaramdam ng hirap,
di nagutom di napuyat
itong mag-ináng mapalad.

Parating nananalangin
sa mahal na Ináng Virgen,
ng sila,i, caauaan din
calarahin at amponin.

Sa pagtauag gabi,t, arao
sa Virgeng Ináng marangal,
ng mahustong tatlong buan
ay napadpád itong cabán.

Sa dalampasigang sadyá
ng reino ng Antioquia,
ay doon napadpad bagá
itong dalauang mag-iná.

Itiguil co muna rito
at doon co ipatungo,
sa haring cay D. Enrico
ng magtagumpay sa moro.

Ang hari ay nagbalic na
oui ang boong victoria,
tanang ejército nila
ang tuá ay sabihin pa.

Sabihin ang catuaan
nang mga soldadong abay,
para-parang nagdiriuang
pananalo sa caauay.

Ng dumating sa palacio
ang bunying haring Enrico,
tinanong si D. Pascasio
cun ang reina ay maano

D. Pascasio,i, natiguilan
sa tanong ng haring mahal,
anang hari,i, anong bagay
at icao ay napamaang.

Si D Pascasio,i, lumuhod
sa monarcang maalindóg,
sa tanong mo haring bantóg
aco,i, hindi macasagót.

Ang sulat po ay narito
na dalá nang iyong criado,
basahin mo na poong co
siyang magsabi sa iyo.

Ay ng sa haring mabasa
ang ualalaman sa carta,
binimatáy capagdaca
hari,i, naualang hininga.

Agad nangang dináluhan
nang consejeros na tanan,
ang hari ay pinag-agao
hangang sa mahimasmásan.

At nang macaalam tauo
ang haring si D. Enrico,
tinanong si D. Pascasio
sampo nang caniyang criado.

Sabihin ninyong dali na
sino sa inyong dalaua,
ang gumaua nitong carta
sa reina,i, nagpalamara.

"I am somewhat afraid
To put a queen to death;
I will therefore conceal you,
So that he will not see you on his return."

The queen replied:
"Don Pascasio," she said,
"I shall always be mindful of
The kindness you have shown me."

In order to carry out his plan,
Don Pascasio looked for a chest;
In it he put mother and child,
And fastened it firmly.

After the mother and child
Had been placed in it,
Their lamentation was indescribable,
And was most piteous to hear.

The chest in which they were put
Was carried to the sea;
And when they were far from shore,
It was thrown into the water.

By the mercy of the beloved Virgin
They suffered not at all:
They felt no hunger and lost no sleep,
This fortunate mother and child.

Often she called upon
The exalted Mother Virgin
To be gracious to them,
To protect and shelter them.

Night and day she prayed
To the exalted Virgin Mother.
After full three months
The chest was blown ashore.

Not without design, upon the coast
Of the kingdom of Antioch
Were these two, mother and child,
Carried by the wind.

I will stop with them now
And turn my attention
To King Don Enrico
Who was victorious over the Moors.

The king returned
And carried victory with him:
Great was the rejoicing
Of the whole army.

Great was the joy
Of the soldiers who accompanied him;
Each one was celebrating
Their victory over their enemies.

When the noble Don Enrico
Arrived at the palace,
He asked Don Pascasio
How the queen fared.

Don Pascasio was dumfounded
By the question of the king;
And the king said, "Why
Are you thus astonished?"

Don Pascasio knelt
Before the happy monarch, [king,
And replied, "Your question, illustrious
I cannot answer.

"Here is the letter
Delivered to me by your servant;
Read it, my lord,
And that will clear up the matter for you."

After the king had read
The contents of the letter,
He fainted at once
And ceased to breathe.

All the councillors immediately
Rushed to his assistance
And tried to revive him,
Until he recovered.

When the King Don Enrico
Was restored to his senses,
He thus questioned Don Pascasio
And also the servant.

"Confess at once
Which of you two
Invented this letter,
This treachery against the queen."

Ang sagót ni D. Pascasio
acó man po,i, patayin mo,
ualang masabi sa iyo
ang gumauá ay cun sino.

Tinanong ng hari naman
ang criadong inutusan,
ngayo,i, pag di mo tinuran
capalit ang iyong búhay.

Ng magmula ca sa guerra
saán ca nagdaán muna,
sinong sa iyo,i, cumuha
ng sulat na iyong dalá.

Sinabi na ang totoó
niyong inutusanang criado,
doon po nagdaan acó
sa iyong ináng poóng co.

Sa aqui,i, inagao niya
ang sulat na aquing dalá,
at pinapag-antay muna
sa silid doon binasa.

Ng sa haring mapaquingan
ang sa criadong sinaysáy,
aniya,i, ito,i, paraan
ng aquing iná,t, magulang.

Ipinatauag ang iná
cagalita,i, sabihin pa,
anó ay ng dumating na
itó ang uinica niya.

Baquin iná baquin bagá
ang galit mo,i, ganiyan na,
sa reinang aquing asaua
aná co,i, idinamay pa.

Yayang dating cahatulán
ng Dios na Poong mahal,
na cun ang utang ay buhay
buhay rin ang cabayaran.

Cayá ngayón ang hatol co
bilang parusa sa iyo,
matirá sa calabozo
bayad sa casalanan mo.

Hangang hindi co maquita
ang anác co at asaua,
iná co ma,i, magdurusa
hatol ng real justicia.

Asaua co,i, pinatáy na
aná co,i, idinamay pa,
munti bagang laquing sala
nitóng guinauá mo iná.

Acó man ay iyong anác
na sa puso mo,i, nagbuhay,
justicia nama,i, marapat
sa may utang magpabayad.

Ipinadalá ang iná
sa calabozo,i, magdusa,
siyang nayaring sentencia
consejeros na lahat na.

Sabihin ang calumbayan
ng haring lubhang marangal,
dahil sa hindi dinatnan
ang asaua,t, anác naman.

Olól ang siyang capara
bubuntó-buntóng hiningá,
halos mapatíd mapaca
sa pighating dinadalá.

Nasaan ca Florentina
ó Federico ng amá,
di na tayo nagquiquita
jay abáng abá co bagál

Saan co caya hahanapin
at saan co dudulangin,
ay Florentina cong guilio
cabiyaac niyaring panimdim.

Nasaan ca Federico
súla ng mga matá co,
saan hahanapin cayó
culang palad na amá mo.

Capagdaca,i, napalugmóc
ang hiningá,i, nangangapós,
pinag-agao ng consejos
sa silid ay ipinasoc.

Don Pascasio answered,
"Even though you kill me,
I cannot tell you
Who wrote this."

Then the king questioned
The servant who had received the order,
And said, "If you do not tell the truth,
Your life will answer for it.

"When you came from the battlefield,
Where did you stop first?
And who took from you
The letter you were carrying?"

The servant, who had been commissioned,
Told the truth:

"I stopped over there
At the house of your mother.

"She snatched from me
The letter I was carrying,
And she commanded me to wait
While she read it in her room."

When the king heard
What the servant had to say,
He said, "This was the wicked scheme
Of my mother, my parent."

In his great rage
He had his mother summoned;
And when she came,
He questioned her thus:

"Why, mother, why
Was your hatred so great
For the queen my wife,
That my child should suffer too?

"Since it is the ancient punishment
Of the divine Lord God,
That if you owe a life,
You will pay a life for it,

"So now my sentence
And my punishment for you
Is that you shall be put in a dungeon
In payment for your crime.

"Until I find
My child and my wife, [suffer
Although (you are) my mother, you shall
The sentence imposed by me.

"My wife was put to death;
My child suffered a like fate:
This is no small crime
That you have committed, mother.

"Although I am your child
And sprang forth from your body,
It is but right that justice
Should make you pay what you owe."

The mother was sent
To the dungeon to undergo
The sentence, (which was) ratified
By the whole council.

Great was the sorrow
Of this most worthy king
Because upon his return
He had not found his wife and child.

He was like one demented,
He was continually sighing;
He nearly choked
Because of his extreme anguish.

"Where are you, Florentina?
O Federico, my son!
We have not seen each other.
I am the most miserable of men.

"Where shall I seek
And where shall I find you,
O Florentina! my beloved,
The half of my life?

"Where are you, Federico,
Light of my eyes?
Where can you be found
By your unlucky father?"

At once he fell to the floor
And lost his breath;
The councillors straightway raised him
And carried him to his room.

Ng s ya,i, mahimasmasán
ng hiningá sa catauán,
nanangís at nanambitan
olól ang siyang cabagay.

Acó,i, ualang casalanan
Florentinang aquing búhay,
ang lubós may cagagauán
ang iná cong tampalasan.

Ang cahapisa,i, sabihin
hari,i, halos di cumain,
ang bantá sa panimdim
ang asaua,i, paghanapin.

Acó ngayón ay papanao
iiuan ang caharian,
anbin co ang camahalan
tantong ualáng cabuluhán.

Tinauag si D Pascasio
pili niyang consejero,
ipinagbilin ang reino
presidenteng interino.

O D. Pascasio aniya
ngayo,i, ihahalál quita,
presidenteng icalauá
dito sa reinong Navarra.

Susundin ca,t, igagalang
lahat cong nasasacupan,
at ang sa iyo,i, sumuay
ay agad mong parusahan

Caya ang tanong sa iyó
ang reina,t, sampong anác co,
cun totoong pinatay mo
sabihin mo ang totoó.

Sa cay D. Pascasiong badyá
hari po ay maquinig ca,
tuturan co pong lahat na
ang napagsapit ng reina.

Ang surat ng maquita co
dalá ng iyong criado,
ang catauan co,i, nanglomó
at nangatál yaring butó.

Ang bibíg co,i, di mabucsan
ayon po sa reinang mahal,
sapagca ang nalalamán
ay mabiglang camatayan.

Ibinigay co sa reina
at siya cong pinabasa,
manang sa matantó niya
naghimatáy capagdaca.

Ang reina,i, ng pagsaulán
ng hiningá sa catauan,
agád niyang linapitan
anác mong camuc-ha,i, Arao

Lalaquing sadyá sa quias
icaó rin pó ang catulad,
pinasúso at niyacap
luha,i, bahá sa pag-iyác.

Di maubos ang pagtangis
ng reinang cahapis hapis,
hiningá,i, halos mapatid
sa anác na sinta,t, ibig.

Aco po,i, nagdalang áua
sa reinang lulúha-lúha,
sa tacot cong di cauasa
sa útos mo pong gahasa.

Núha na aco ng cabán
ang mag-iná,i, inilulan,
saca po aquing tinacpa,t,
dinalá sa caragatan.

Ng anyó ng na sa laot
ay biglá cong inihulog,
dinalá agad ng agos
at ng along matatayog.

Hari pagcarinig nito
sucat na, sucat Pascasio,
mamamatáy lamang aco
ngayon din aalis dito.

Aco,i, magliligalíg na
hahanapin co ang reina,
jabá ng anác cong sintá
na di nagquitang guinhaua!

When he recovered,
And was able to breathe again,
He lamented and raved
Just like a madman.

"I am guiltless,
Florentina my life!
The one really to blame
Is my wicked mother."

His grief was so great
That he could hardly eat;
He was always planning in his heart
To seek for his wife.

"I shall now depart" (he said)
And leave the kingdom.
What should I do with royalty
When it is meaningless?"

He summoned Don Pascasio,
His favorite councillor,
And left him in charge of the realm
As president *pro tempore*.

"O Don Pascasio!" he said,
"I will now appoint you
The second in rank
In the kingdom of Navarre.

"You are to be obeyed and honored
By the whole country;
Punish at once
Any who shall disobey you.

"And I ask you one question —
Tell me the truth:
The queen and my child,
Did you really kill them?"

Don Pascasio said,
"O King! hear me!
I will tell you all
That happened to the queen.

"After I read the letter
That your servant brought me,
My body shook
And my bones trembled.

"Because of the fate of the queen
I could not open my mouth,
For the letter contained
A warrant for her immediate death.

"I handed to the queen
The letter, and let her read it;
When she understood it,
She immediately fainted.

"When the queen recovered
And regained her breath,
She at once went to her child,
Whose face was like the sun —

"A boy by nature handsomely formed,
Resembling you greatly, my lord;
She suckled him and embraced him,
While her tears fell in floods.

"The pitiful queen
Could not help but lament continuously:
Her breath nearly failed her
On account of her dearly beloved child.

"I took pity
On the weeping queen.
Because of my great fear
At your rash order,

"I obtained a chest,
Put mother and child in it;
Then I closed the lid
And took the box out to sea.

"When we were far out at sea,
I straightway had it cast overboard;
At once the current . . .
And the high waves swept it away."

After the king had heard this,
He cried, "Stop, stop, Pascasio!
I shall die if I hear more.
I will leave this place at once.

"I will wander about
And seek the queen.
Alas, my beloved child!
Who hast not enjoyed even comfort.

— 17 —

Abata na D. Pascasio
ngayon din aalis aco,
icaó ay iuan dito
presidente nitong reino.

Ang hari ay lumacad na
olól ang siyang capara,
ualá isa mang casama
cundi ang criado niya.

Ipagparito co naman
sa cay Florentinang búhay,
sa dagat lulútang-lútang
ng Antioquiang caharian.

Ng siya ay malapit na
sa tabi niyong aplaya,
tambing ang cabá,i, naquita
ng castellano sa fuerza

Pagdaca,i, ipinag-útos
doon sa mga soldados,
saguipin ninyo sa laot
cabán manding naaanod.

Sinaguip na capagdaca
sa castellano,i, dinalá,
ng mabucsán ay naquita
iyong dalauang mag-iná.

Malaqui ang pagtatacá
pagaquita sa mag-iná,
loob púso,i, naligaya
agad quinamayan niya.

Ang uica ng castellano
mahal butihing guinoo,
baquin po nagecaganito
at saan nagmulang reino.

Ang sagót ni Florentina
aco po,i, tauong mura,
doon sa bayang Navarra
itinapon ng asaua.

Anang castellano naman
dito ca na po sa bahay,
huag cang maalang-alang
para ng anác na tunay.

PRINCESSA FLORENTINA.

Ang sagót ni Florentina
salamat na po aniya,
sa mabuti mong anyaya
cun sa anác ipapara.

Ano pa ngani,i, minulan
ng castellanong marangal,
ang lubós na pagmamahal
di pagauin nang ano man.

Ang uica ng castellano
sa loob niya ay ganitó,
itong mag-iná,i, banta co
galing sa dugóng guinoo.

Sa lagay at asal niya
doon co naquiquilala,
tantó ngang hindi sasala
galing sa dugóng magandá.

Tumanong si Florentina
sa castellanong maganda,
dito,i, sino po aniya
ang haring quiniquilala.

Agad na sinagót naman
ng castellanong marangal,
ang haring iguinagalang
si D. Fernando ang ngalan.

May anác siyang princesa
sacdal ng diquit at ganda,
ang ngala,i, si Isabela
lahat ay naliligaya.

Doo,i, nangagcacapisan
iba,t, ibang caharian,
pangangasaua ang pacay
cay Isabelang carictán.

Sa caramihang guinoó
príncipe at caballero,
pinili ni D. Fernando
ang haring si D. Enrico.

Siya niyang tinangoan
na maguing esposong tunay,
ni Isabelang timtiman
anác niyang minamahal.

3

"Remain here, Don Pascasio.
 I am going to depart at once;
 You are to stay here
 As president of the kingdom."
 The king set out
 Like a demented person;
 No companion had he
 But one servant of his.
 I shall speak now
 Of Florentina's life:
 She was floating in the ocean
 By the coast of Antioch.
 When she came
 In the neighborhood of the coast,
 The chest was quickly seen
 By the castellan of the fort.
 At once he ordered
 His soldiers
 To rescue the chest
 That was being washed about off shore.
 It was at once taken hold of
 And brought to him;
 And when it was opened,
 They found the mother and child.
 The castellan was astonished
 To see the mother and child;
 He was glad at heart,
 And at once shook hands with them.
 The castellan spoke:
 "Exalted lady,
 How has this happened to you,
 And from what kingdom do you come?"
 Florentina answered,
 "I am a lowly person
 From the kingdom of Navarre;
 I was cast away by my husband."
 The castellan then said,
 "Remain here at my house;
 Do not fear,
 You shall be treated as my own daughter."

Florentina answered,
 "I thank you, sir,
 For your kind invitation,
 If you will include my son."
 From the very beginning
 This excellent castellan
 Cherished her,
 And would let her do nothing.
 The castellan thought
 In his heart thus:
 "This mother and child, I believe,
 Have royal blood in their veins.
 "I can judge
 From their appearance and conduct,
 Which prove unmistakably
 That they are of illustrious birth."
 Florentina asked
 The kind-hearted castellan,
 "Who here is the king
 To whom you all owe allegiance?"
 The worthy castellan
 At once made answer,
 "The king to whom we do homage
 Is Don Fernando by name.
 "His daughter the princess
 Is full of beauty and grace;
 Her name is Isabella,
 She is the delight of every one."¹
 There are many in the capital,
 Come from many other kingdoms;
 Their intention is to woo
 The beautiful Isabella.
 Out of this multitude
 Of princes and knights
 Don Fernando selected
 Don Enrico, the king.
 He was the favored one,
 Chosen to be the husband
 Of the chaste Isabella,
 The king's beloved child.

¹ Between this stanza and the following a lapse of some years must be understood.

Ng ito ay maalaman
duquet, caballerong tanan,
napasintabi ng galang
at sila ay napaalam.

Si Isabela, i, tinauag
ng haring lubhang mataas,
bunsó co ay maquimat-yag
sa aquing ipabahayag.

Sumagót si Isabela
magsabi na po si amá,
ang anác mong sinisinta
susunód po, t, tatalima.

Ang uica ng hari, i, ito
ó Isabelang bunsó co,
aco ngayon ay sundin mo
sa sasabihin sa iyo.

Si D. Enricong marangal
sa Navarrang caharian,
dito, i, ang ipinaglabay
pangangasaua ang pacay.

Sa naritong caramihan
duquet, caballerong tanan,
ang napili co, t, nahirang
si D. Enricong marangal.

Aco, i, agad napa-óo
sa haring cay D. Enrico,
caya anaquin bunsó co
aco ay paayunan mo.

Sumagót si Isabela
sa haring caniyang amá,
sunód po aco, t, talima
sa balang loob po niya.

Ang hari, i, agad nag-gayác
cacasangcapaning lahat,
sa arzobispo, i, sumulat
na siyang magdesposadas.

Aquin munang ipagbalic
cay Florentinang mariquit,
arao, gabi, i, tumatangis
sa hiraq niyang nasapit.

Parati niyang ala-ala
ang sinta niyang asaua,
ang bagap ng loob niya
uala camunti mang sala

At ang nasoc sa acala
sa sinapit na dálita,
ang nagpacana, t, may gaua
ang bienan niyang matanda.

Hanga ng matahan dito
sa bahay ng castellano,
anác niyang Federico
minamahal na totoo.

Lalaquing saedal ng diquit
calugód-lugód ang tindig,
ang catulad at caparis
si Marte ó si Adonis.

Nagsabi ang castellano
na sa arao ng Domingo
ó Florentinang anác co
huag acong hintín ninyo.

Ang sagót ni Florentina
ay baquin po caya amá
ano ang ligalig niya
sabihin mo, t, ipagbadyá.

Anang castellano naman
may malaquing caguluhan,
ang hari naming marangal
ang anác ay icacasal.

Ang tugón ni Florentina
sinong maguiguing asaua,
anang castellano бага
yaong hari sa Navarra.

At ang mag-aanác naman
emperador na alemán,
si D. Alfonsong marangal
pilit na dadalong tunay.

Ang uica ni Florentina
diyata sa lingo amá,
mahanga, i, iyong isama
ang anác cong sinisinta.

When this became known
To all the dukes and knights,
They courteously begged leave to go,
And took their departure.

Isabella was summoned
By his highness the king:
"My child, pay close attention
To what I shall say."

Isabella answered,
"Speak, my honored father;
The child you love [mands."
Will obey, and remember your com-

The king then said,
"O Isabella! my child,
Be obedient now
To what I am going to say.

"The illustrious Don Enrico
From the kingdom of Navarre
Has come here
As a suitor for your hand.

"Out of the crowd here
Of dukes and knights
I selected and singled out
The exalted Don Enrico.

"At once I accepted
The king, Don Enrico;
So I say, my child,
Agree with my choice."

Isabella answered
The king, her father:
"I obey, and agree to
Whatever are your wishes."

At once the king prepared
All the furnishings they would need.
He wrote to the archbishop
To come and unite the couple.¹

Isabella shall now return
To the beautiful Florentina:
Day and night she wept
On account of the suffering she endured.

She was always thinking
Of her beloved husband;
In the bottom of her heart
He was not a whit guilty.

And she suspected,
During the suffering she underwent,
That the scheme was conceived and carried out
By her old mother-in-law.

From the time that she first began to live
In the house of the castellan,
She dearly loved (and trained)
Her child Federico.

A child of great beauty,
His form was a delight to see;
He looked like and resembled
Mars or Adonis.

The castellan (one day) said,
"Florentina, my child,
Next Sunday
Do not wait for me."

Florentina answered,
"Why, father,
What is the cause of this change of routine?
Say, and relate it to me."

The castellan answered,
"Great revelry will take place
Because the child of our honored king
Is about to be married."

Florentina asked,
"Whom is she going to marry?"
The castellan answered,
"The king of Navarre."

"The groom's-man
Is to be the Emperor of Germany,
The great Don Alfonso,
Who will take part without fail."

Florentina then said,
"Perhaps, father, it would be well
For you next Sunday
To take along with you my dear son,

¹ The Tagalog is somewhat obscure here, but the general sense is clear.

Ng macapanood naman
fiesta ng caharian,
at ang haring icacasal
sa bata,i, ituro lamang.

Ang hari sa Alemania
ituro mo rin po amá,
ang bahala ay icao na
na magdala sa caniya.

Ang sa castellanong uica
ito,i, malaquing hiuaga,
cay Florentinang acala
di co sucat mapaghaca.

Ang uica ni Florentina
ano caya nariyan na,
ang hari sa Alemania
sampong hari sa Navarra.

Anang castellano naman
nariya,t, nagcacapisan,
iba,t, ibang caharian
mga caballerong tanan.

Paalam muna bunsó co
maraming gagauin aco,
si Federicong anác co
sa lingo,i, isasama co.

Ipatabas mo ng chupa,t,
casangcapang mahalaga,
at ibilí ng espada
saca susunduin siya.

Caya paalam na aco
Florentina,i, igayác mo,
at sa arao ng Domingo
ualang pagsalang totoo.

Nanao na ang castellano
naparoon sa palacio,
mag-iná ni Federico
iniuan na niya rito.

Anang iná,i, parini ca
bunsó,i, tuturuan quita,
tandaan mong para-para
sasabihin cong lahat na

Sumagót ca Federico
cun icao ay matututo,
uiuicain co,i, ganitó
saca naman uicain mo.

Aco po poon co,t, amá
nahalíc sa iyong paá,
ipagcaloob po niya
ang bendición mahalaga.

Ang sagót ni Federico
hayo,t, matatandaan co,
anang iná ay ganito
uicain mo,t, paquingan co.

Aco,i, nahalíc sa paá
ng poong co,t, aquing amá,
aco,i, bendicionan niya
ng bendición mahalaga.

Ang uica ng iná,i, ito
ganiyan nga Federico,
bunsó co,i, tandaan mo
mga aral co sa iyo.

At ang isa,i, ito naman
ganito,i, iyong paquingan,
bunsó co,i, pacatandaan
huag mong calilimutan.

Lumuluhod po sa iyo
núno itong iyong apó,
patauarin ang iná co
at sampó ni Federico.

Siya mo namang uicain
anang iná,t, aquing dinguin,
huag mo sanang limutin
ang lahat cong mga bilin.

Cun yaon po lamang iná
aquing matatandaan na,
ang uica ni Florentina
hayo,t, uicain mo muna.

Lumuluhod po sa iyo
núno itong iyong apó,
patawad po ang iná co
at sampó ni Federico.

"That he might have a chance
To see the festivities of the kingdom.
Point out to the child
The king who is to be married.

"Point out also, father,
The King of Germany;
Do you look after the boy
And take him there with you."

The castellan said,
"This plan of Florentina's
Comes as a great surprise;
I cannot make it out."

Florentina spoke again:
"Do you think that they are here now —
The King of Germany
And the King of Navarre?"

The castellan made answer,
"They are together there now
With many knights
From other kingdoms.

"Good-by, my child!
I have many things to do.
My daughter, I will take
Federico along with me.

"Order a dress-coat
And all the other paraphernalia,
And buy a sword for him;
Then I will come back for the lad.

"So farewell, Florentina!
Have everything ready,
And next Sunday
I shall surely come."

The castellan then went out,
And proceeded to the palace;
Federico and his mother
Were left behind.

The mother said, "Come here,
Child! I am going to teach you;
And you must remember
Everything that I say.

"Answer, Federico,
So that you may learn:
I will say something,
And you must repeat it after me.

" 'My lord and father,
I kiss your feet;
Grant me
Your priceless blessing!' "

Federico said,
"Go on, I can remember it."
The mother replied,
"Repeat the words: I want to hear them."

(He said) "I kiss the feet
Of my lord and father;
Bless me
With your priceless blessing."

The mother continued,
"Do it just like that, Federico;
My child, do not forget
What I have taught you.

"Another speech is like this:
Listen closely, my child,
Remember it well,
And do not forget it.

" "Grandfather, this your grandson
Kneels before you;
Forgive my mother
And also Federico.' "

[The mother said] "I want to hear
You repeat the words.
It would be well for you not to forget
What I have taught you."

"If it is only that, mother,
I shall remember it."
The mother answered,
"Go on and repeat it." [grandson
(Federico said) "Grandfather, this your
Kneels before you;
Forgive my mother
And also Federico."

Anang reina ay ganitó
tatandaan mo bunsó co,
ang sagót ni Federico
opo aniya iná co.

Iná co cun yaon lamang
di co po calilimutan,
cahit maguing ilang arao
aquin pong matatandaan.

Ng dumating ang Domingo
tinauag si Federico,
guinayacan nanga rito
damit isang caballero.

Ng masootan ng damít
ang bata,i, lalong dumiquit,
ang catulad at caparis
ang balitang si Adonis.

Niyon ngang masootan na
nang sombrero at espada,
lalong dumiquít gumanda
calingas-lingas maquita.

Ang uica ni Florentina
amá,i, bahala icao na,
na magturo sa caniya
sa hari po sa Navarra.

At ang emperador naman
na si D. Alfonsong mahal,
ituro mo rin po naman
ang bahala na po,i, icao.

Na magsabi at magbadya
ng lalapitang lahat na,
caya nga po icao amá
ang bahala sa caniya.

Yao na ang castellano
casama si Federico,
lacad aniya bunsó co
cumanit ca sa camay co.

Ano,i, ng macaalis na
castellano,t, anác niya,
sa silid nama,i, nasoc na
tumauag sa Virgeng Iná.

Aniya,i, ó Ináng Virgen
Ináng dating maauain,
aco po ay iyong dinguin
niyaring aquing panalangin.

Huag mong itulot naman
ang asaua co,i, macasal,
samantalang aco,i, buháy
sa aquin din maquipisan.

Sapagca,t, ang asaua co
ay ualang salang totoo,
huag nauang tulutan mo
macasal sa ibang tauo.

O Virgeng aquing devota
maauaíng ualang hanga,
ang cagalitan ni amá
mapauí sa loob niya.

Di co maubos sabihin
ang sa reinang panalangin,
ang aquin munang salitin
anác na napasa piguing.

Ng pumasoc sa simbahan
ang emperador na mahal
at sampo ng icacasal
at boong caguinoohan.

Dinala si Federico
nitong bunying castellano,
yaong haring daco rito
siyang unang luhuran mo.

At ang na sa icalaua
na hari ring may corona,
luhuran din capagdaca
at sa camay humalíc ca.

Si Federico,i, sumunód
ng sa castellanong utos,
capagcaraca,i, lumuhód
sa haring Enricong bantóg.

Aco,i, naluhod sa paá
ng poong co,t, aquing amá,
aco,i, bendicionan niya
ng bendición mahalaga.

Then the queen said,
 "Do not forget it, my child."
 Federico replied,
 "Very well, mother, I shall not.

"Mother, if that is all,
 I shall not forget it;
 Even after some days
 I shall still remember it."

When Sunday came,
 Federico was summoned,
 And he was clothed
 In the garments of a knight.

After he was apparelled,
 The child was even more handsome;
 He resembled and seemed to be
 The Adonis of well-known fame.

After they had put on
 His hat and his sword,
 He was still more handsome and lovely:
 He shone to the eye.

Florentina said,
 "Father, take care
 To point out to him
 The King of Navarre!

"And also the emperor,
 The exalted Don Alfonso,
 Be sure, likewise,
 To point him out!

"Tell the boy
 Which ones he is to approach;
 And do you, father,
 Take good care of him."

The castellan left
 With Federico,
 (And said) "Come along, my boy,
 And take my arm!"

When they had departed,
 The guard and her son,
 She likewise went to her chamber
 And invoked the Virgin Mother.

"O Holy Virgin!" she said,
 "Ever great compassionate Mother,
 I pray thee hear
 This my prayer!

"Do not permit
 My husband to marry
 While I am alive!
 May we be united again!

"Because my husband
 Is truly altogether blameless:
 Do not allow him, I pray thee,
 To marry any other!

"O Virgin! my devotion,
 Merciful without end,
 Efface from his heart
 The rage of my father."

Without staying to relate in detail
 The petition of the queen,
 I will hasten to speak
 Of her son who was at the feast.

When the mighty emperor
 Had entered the church,
 Together with the betrothed couple
 And all the nobility,

Federico was conducted there
 By the worthy castellan:
 "That king who is nearest to us
 Is the first to whom you are to kneel.

"And the next one,
 The king with the crown,
 Kneel before him likewise
 And kiss his hand."

Federico complied
 With the order of the castellan,
 And at once knelt before
 The illustrious King Enrico.

"I kneel before the feet" (he said)
 Of my lord and my father;
 Bless me
 With your priceless blessing."

Ng maquita,t, mapagmalas
haring Enricong marilág,
ang luha,i, agad nalaglág
si Federico,i, tinauag.

Quinalong agad ang báta
na tumutulo ang luha,
si Federico,i, bumabá
dumulóg sa núnong biglá.

Ano,i, nang siya,i, maquita
nang hari sa Alemanía.
naguiclahanan pagdaca
sabáy ang lúha sa matá.

Tumatangis lumuluhog
ang batang calugód-lugód,
sa paá agad lumuhód
nang emperador na bantóg.

Lumulúhod po sa iyó
núno itóng iyón apó,
patauad po ang iná co t,
apó mong si Federico.

Emperador ay nahabag
luha sa mata,i, nalaglág,
ang tua, hapis at sindác
sa loob bumabagabag.

Quinalong na at sinapó
ang batang si Federico,
at tinatanong cun sino
ang may anác бага rito.

Ito,i, malaquing hiuaga
ibig cong mapag-usisa,
castellano,i, pagsalita
nang amá,t, iná nang bata.

Sumagót ang castellano
sa emperador Alfonso,
ang iná po,i, uala rito
at natira sa bahay co.

Hayo at biglang tauaguin
ngayon din dito,i, dumating,
aquing pag-uusisain
ito,i, hiuagang magaling.

Mga mahal aba tayo
at magbalic sa palacio,
ngayo,i, tatalastasin co
ang amá,t, iná cun sino.

Sabihin ang capal бага
ng madlang tauong sumama,
manonood na talaga
sa hiuagang napagquita.

Di naman lubhang nabalam
malayo pa,i, natatanao,
ang castellanong marangal
si Florentina,i, caacbay.

Reina namang lumalacad
tala manding sumisicat,
ualang capara nang dilág
sa cagandahang di hamac.

Ay ano nga,i, nang maquita
ang sinta niyang asaua,
hinimatay capagdaca.
ang reinang si Florentina

Dinampot capagcaraca
nitóng hari sa Navarra,
niyacap quinalong niya
ang sinta niyang asaua.

Aco,i, ualang casalanan
sa iyo sinta co,t, buhay,
ang may gaua,t, may laláng
ay ang iná cong sucaban.

Dito sa pagcalong niya
sa sinta niyang asaua,
hinimatay capagdaca
itong hari sa Navarra.

Ipagparito co naman
sa emperador na mahal,
nagtindig at pinarunan
ang anác ay nilapitan.

Ito ang uinea niya.
sa harapan ng lahat na,
ito,i, anác co aniya
princesang si Florentina.

When he was observed and seen
By the illustrious King Enrico,
Tears rolled down the monarch's cheeks,
And Federico was summoned to him.

He took the child in his arms
While the tears were flooding his face;
Then Federico escaped from the embrace
And went to his grandfather.

And when he was seen
By the King of Germany,
That monarch was greatly surprised,
And tears diffused his face.

Weeping and entreating,
This beautiful boy
Knelt at once at the feet
Of the renowned emperor.

(Hesaid) "Grandfather, this your grandson
Kneels before you;
Forgive my mother
And also Federico."

The emperor pitied the child;
Tears fell from his eyes;
Happiness, sorrow, and surprise
Disturbed him in his heart.

He raised and embraced
The child Federico,
And asked
Who were the parents of the boy.

"Here is a great mystery
And I should like to investigate it.
Guard," he said, "tell
Who are this child's father and mother."

The castellan answered
The emperor, Don Alfonso:
"His mother is not here,
She is living at my house."

"Go and summon her
To come at once;
I want to find out the truth
Of this great mystery.

"Nobles, come!
Let us return to the palace!
I am going to find out
Who his father and mother are."

Very great was the crowd
Of people who went with him
With the purpose of seeing the end [them,
Of this mystery that had appeared among

It was not long
Before there could be seen from afar
The faithful castellan,
And Florentina by his side.

As the queen walked along,
She was like a shining star:
Nothing could compare with the brilliancy
Of her extraordinary beauty.

When she saw
Her beloved husband,
She immediately fainted, —
The queen Florentina.

She was at once lifted up
By the King of Navarre;
He took in his arms and embraced
His beloved wife.

"Against you, my life,
I have committed no fault; [crime
The one who conceived and executed the
Was my treacherous mother."

While he had his dear wife
In his arms,
This King of Navarre
Fainted straightway.

I will speak now
Of the great emperor.
He arose and went
To his daughter.

He declared before
All the people there,
"This is my child,
The princess Florentina."

Ang panaghóy niya,i, ito
ó Florentinang anác co,
patauad yaring amá mo
sa naging sala sa iyo.

Ipagparito co muna
sa dalauang mag-asaua,
aau nang Virgen María
pinagsaulan nang hininga.

Ang tua,i, sabihin pa
nang capisanang lahat na,
sampó nang nacaquiquita
nanguilalas sa canila.

Itó muna,i, aquing lisan
na manga pananambitan,
sampó nang tuang quinamtan
at canilang pagca-buhay.

Napahintó ang abala
pagcacasal sa canila,
si D. Enrico,i, nagbadyá
sa hari sa Antioquia.

Sinabi,t, ipinagsaysay
sa haring Fernandong mahal,
daan nang pagca-hiualay
sa asauang sinta,t, búhay

Ang tua,i, sabihin pa
nang hari,t, consejos niya,
at ang daang pagquiquita
mapalad na mag-asaua.

Catuaa,i, ualang hangan
nang guinoong napipisan,
sa pagquiquitang hinusay
sa Dios na calooban.

Ualang hangang catuaan
nang boong sang caharian,
para-parang nangag-alay
nang pagcaing bagay-bagay.

Nang itó ay matapos na
nangagpaalaman sila,
ang magbienenan ay nagsama
nu-ui sa cani-canila.

Ng dumating sa Navarra
ang dalauang mag-asaua,
tua ay ualang capara
boong reinong sacop niya.

Nagfiestang nuli nama,t,
novenas na bagay-bagay,
nag-ulí pang isang siyam
sa pagquiquitang hinusay

Sacá ang sinunod dito
ng haring si D. Enrico,
ang corona niya t, cetro
isinalin cay Pascasio.

Itó ang gantí at bigay
sa iyong mabuting asal,
at ang isa pang dahilan
asaua co,i, di namatay.

Caya nuli pang nagfiesta
caharian nang Navarra,
dahil sa pagcocorona
ni D. Pascasiong masigla.

Siyam na arao ang guló
tanang grandes at guinoó,
tuing gabi,i, luminario
doón sa loob ng reino.

Ang haring si D. Enrico
ang reina,t, si Federico,
naisipan nilang tatló
pa sa Alemaniang reino.

Ang imperiong Alemania
nangatua,t, nangagsaya,
ang manga tauong lahat na
nang doo,i, dumating sila.

Ang emperador Alfonso
catuaa,i, mago,t, mago,
sa pagquiquitang ganitó
sa reina,t, cay Federico.

Ang uica niya,i, ganitó
sa boo niyang consejo,
yayang ngayo,i, naparito
ang manga anác co,t, apó.

This was his lament:
 "O Florentina! my child,
 Forgive your father
 For the wrongs he has done you."

As for the husband and wife
 (Florentina and Don Enrico),
 By the favor of the Virgin Mary
 They recovered their breath.

Indescribable was the happiness
 Of all who were there;
 All who had witnessed the scene
 Were astonished by the couple.

Now I will turn aside
 From the relation of my story, [enjoyed,
 And also (will pass over) the pleasure they
 And their life thereafter.

The marriage ceremony
 Was at once stopped.
 Don Enrico went to see
 The King of Antioch.

He related to the
 Noble King Don Fernando
 How he had been separated
 From his beloved wife.

Great was the joy
 Of the king and his councillors
 At the way in which [again.
 This fortunate couple had been united

There were no bounds
 To the happiness of these gentlemen;
 The reunion of husband and wife
 Was by the favor of God.

Very, very glad
 Was the entire kingdom:
 All the people made presents
 Of food in great variety.

After the feast was over,
 They took leave of each other:
 Son-in-law and father-in-law both
 Returned to their own kingdoms.

When the husband and wife
 Arrived in Navarre,
 Their faithful subjects
 Were greatly delighted.

They had another celebration,
 And novenas of various kinds;
 And then another nine-day prayer
 In honor of the happy reunion.

After this was completed,
 King Don Enrico
 Bestowed the crown and sceptre
 On Don Pascasio.

"This is the reward
 For your good judgment,
 Which was the chief means
 Of saving the life of my wife."

Accordingly another feast
 Was held in the kingdom of Navarre
 On the occasion of the coronation
 Of the diligent Don Pascasio.

For nine days there was revelry
 Among the grantees of the kingdom;
 Every night there was illumination
 Throughout the realm.

The King Don Enrico,
 The queen, and Federico
 Determined, all three of them,
 To go to Germany.

When they arrived there,
 All the people
 In the German Empire
 Made merry and celebrated.

The Emperor Alfonso's
 Delight was boundless
 At seeing together
 The queen and Federico.

He spoke thus
 Before all his councillors:
 "Since my children and grandson
 Have come here,

— 23 —

Ang aquing talaga ngayon
yamang tayo,i, natitipon,
sa apó co,i, ipuputong
cetrong pagca-emperador.

Pagca,t, aco,i, matanda na
ibig co nang magpahingá,
caya cayo,i, manalima
at umayong para-para.

Sagót ng lahat ay itó
ualang susuay sa iyó,
sapagca,t, si Federico
tunay mo rin pong apó

Siya ang dapat magmana
imperio ng Alemanía,
sapagca,t, malapit siya
sa iyong cetro,t, corona

Ipinutong na sa ulo
ang corona sampóng cetro,
sa príncipe Federico
anác ng haring Enrico.

Ang pinagparunan co
ang uica ni San Cirilo,
ang culang ay magpahustó
yaó,i, siyang lalong docto.

Ito,i, siyang naguing hangá
ng búhay ni Florentina,
anác ng bunying monarca
sa imperiong Alemanía.

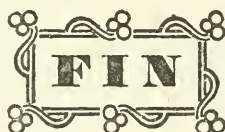
Caya sino mang dalaga
cay Florentina,i, pumara,
sa pagtatangól ng honra
mabuti ang naguing hanga.

At huag ninyóng tularan
ang reinang naguing bienan,
pag lililo sa manugang
namatáy sa cahirapan.

Pag masamá ang pananím
masamá ang aanihin,
cun mabuti ay gayón din
aanihin ay magaling.

Ito,i, siyang catapusan
corridong aquing tinuran,
cun sacali at may culang
punán ng naca-aalám.

J. M.



"I have decided,
Now that we are all together,
To bestow on my grandson
The imperial sceptre.

"Since I am old,
I desire to rest:
Therefore give your consent
And agree to it, all of you."

They all answered thus:
"No one will disobey you,
Because Federico
Is your true grandson.

"He should inherit
The empire of Germany,
Because he is next in line
For your crown and sceptre."

On the head of Federico,
Son of King Enrico,
The crown was placed,
And he was given the sceptre.

This is the end
Of the life of Florentina,
The daughter of the famous king
Of the German Empire.
Any maiden whatsoever
Who will follow Florentina's example
In preserving her honor
Will come to a good end.

Do not imitate
The queen, the grandmother-in-law,
Who, because of her treachery,
Died in suffering.

If the plant is bad,
The fruit will be bad;
But if the plant is good,
The fruit will be good.

This, then, is the conclusion
Of the *corrido* I have related;
If there has been any omission,
Let it be supplied by those who see it.

I take as my authority
The words of San Cirilo:
That if there is any gap,
It should be filled by the wise.

J. M.

End.

AVOIDANCE IN MELANESIA.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

CONCERNING those enigmatical practices commonly described under the rubric of avoidance, Dr. Rivers is our most recent contributor. In his "History of Melanesian Society" he gives us new facts and new interpretations.

Brother-sister avoidance Rivers notes in Guadalcanar and in Lepers' Island. In Guadalcanar, brother and sister¹ may not say each other's name; and if one is in a house, the other may not enter. If a man wishes to give anything to his sister, he must put it down and go away, and the sister will come to take it.² Of the practice on Lepers' Island, Rivers differs in his account from Codrington. According to Codrington, it is the boy who leaves home to go to live in the clubhouse.³ According to Rivers, it is the girl who leaves home. She goes to live with her mother's brother. After this separation, if sister and brother meet on a path, the girl will get out of the way, and both will look down to avoid seeing each other. Never do they mention each other's name or speak of each other. After the girl is a mother, if her brother calls to see her son, she will leave her house before her brother enters. The avoidance continues after death, the survivor not entering the house where the corpse lies, but mourning outside. In Lepers' Island there is also a trace of avoidance between brother and brother. "If a man is one of a crowd, all of whom are laughing, and the brother of the man comes on the scene, the man at once leaves off laughing and becomes quiet."⁴ To the avoidance between mother and son on this island as described by Codrington, Rivers does not refer. In the Banks Islands there is no definite rule of avoidance between brother and sister, but they do not chaff each other.⁵ In Guadalcanar a father's sister may not be touched or named by her nephews and nieces. There is name avoidance of this relative in the

¹ Terms of relationship I use throughout in the individualist or so-called "descriptive" sense, not in the classificatory. Although the classificatory system prevails in Melanesia, both the authorities I cite—both Rivers and Codrington—appear, in their discussions of avoidance, to be using the individualist terms (compare, however, *The History of Melanesian Society*, vol. i, p. 41, Cambridge, 1914). It is regrettable that in this connection they are not more explicit.

² *The History of Melanesian Society*, vol. i, p. 255.

³ *The Melanesians*, p. 232 (Oxford, 1891).

⁴ *The History of Melanesian Society*, vol. i, p. 213.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 36. Hence Rivers suggests, unwarrantably I think, that a greater degree of avoidance may have once existed between them.

Banks Islands and in Pentecost, and of the mother's brother in Guadalcanar.

Between relatives by marriage there is avoidance in Reef Islands (between a man and his wife's brother), in Santa Cruz (between a man and his mother's brother's wife, between a woman and the elder brother of her husband and the husband of her younger sister), in Tikopia (between a man and his wife's brother or sister and his parents-in-law, between parents-in-law and son or daughter-in-law¹), in Torres Islands (between a man and his parents-in-law, name avoidance with all his wife's relatives), in Banks Islands (between a man and his parents-in-law,² his brother's wife and his sister's husband,³ and name avoidance between a woman and her father-in-law), in Pentecost (between a man and his wife's sister). There is name and touch avoidance of wife's mother and husband's father in Ysabel, and name avoidance of brother's wife in Guadalcanar.

In his theoretical discussion of these facts, Rivers holds in part to the incest hypothesis, and in part to an hypothesis of group hostility, — a twofold interpretation that I for one find hard to follow. Between avoidance practices and the potentiality of sexual relations there is, he says, the clearest evidence of association; but, bearing in mind that avoidance occurs between members of the same sex, "customs of avoidance between various relatives in general probably had an origin depending on some fundamental feature of social structure in which both sexes were involved."⁴ This "fundamental feature," he suggests, — in the case of the Banks Islands, at any rate, — is the condition of hostility between the exogamous moieties. But he probes still deeper. "If this suggestion holds good, it would not follow that the avoidance has been the consequence of this hostility; it is possible that both are consequences of some more deeply-seated condition." This condition, he holds, is the incoming of another race, and marriage between the immigrant men and the indigenous women.⁵

By this method of stratification, refractory facts are conveniently handled. Facts that withstand explanation by the incest theory are explained by the group-hostility theory, and *vice versâ*. Take, for example, the avoidance of the wife's parents in Torres Islands or Banks Islands. The avoidance of the mother-in-law points to the

¹ If people are joking, and the son or daughter-in-law of one present comes, some one will say, "Do not laugh; the *tautau pariki* is here" (The History of Melanesian Society, vol. i, p. 344).

² As to his father-in-law, he will not pass him sitting down, according to Rivers; he will not step over his legs, according to Codrington. Stepping over a person's legs, at any rate, is in island etiquette a liberty, adds Codrington (The Melanesians, p. 43).

³ With this brother-in-law he will not sleep, observes Codrington (*Ibid.*, p. 43).

⁴ Mel. Soc., vol. ii, pp. 333, 334.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 135.

fact, according to Rivers, that sexual intimacy with her was once allowed,¹ whereas the avoidance of the father-in-law points to the ancient hostility between the island moieties.

Incidentally, let me ask, since these exogamous moieties are in the Banks Islands matrilineal, how is it that a man and his father-in-law belong, as Rivers implies, to different moieties? If they belong to the same moiety, does not the group-hostility theory of their avoidance practices fall to the ground?² Unless Rivers has made a slip here that it were a bit presumptuous to suspect him of, he must have in mind, not the mere dual organization of the Banks Islanders, but the more or less hostile groups whose formation he hypothecates upon the arrival of those immigrants who play so large a part in his interpretation of Melanesian society at large. But here another difficulty besets his avoidance theory. It is obvious that a custom like avoidance cannot be set up by conditions in one generation only, to quote Rivers himself;³ and yet this immigrant theory of avoidance would necessitate that one-generation origin — *unless exogamy was based on patrilineal descent*; and it is not, it is matrilineal. It is matrilineal now, and, I infer, Rivers thinks it always has been matrilineal.⁴ Matrilineal exogamy and avoidance developing through several generations of hostile sons-in-law seem to me two utterly incompatible facts — unless the stream of immigrant men was unbroken from generation to generation,⁵ and the descendants of immigrants kept to the immigrant attitude of hostility, whatever the descent of the parent-in-law, — suppositions hardly tenable.

Another difficulty in the way of the group-hostility theory, of the theory in its immigration version, Rivers himself recognizes; i.e., the fact that the woman avoids her husband's relatives, as well as he hers. To overcome this difficulty, Rivers suggests that, since avoidance by the daughter-in-law is less strict than that by the son-in-law, it may be due to a mere process of generalization.⁶ The theory of avoidance by the daughter-in-law stands or falls, then, with the theory of avoidance by the son-in-law.

¹ In Torres Islands, Rivers finds corroborative evidence; in Banks Islands he does not. Nevertheless he holds to the incest hypothesis for Banks Islands. Why, may I ask, does Rivers not apply his group-hostility theory to the Banks mother-in-law? She is avoided more drastically than the father-in-law, and she belongs to the moiety other than her son-in-law's.

² The History of Melanesian Society, vol. ii, p. 169. Likewise the conclusion drawn from it? — the conclusion that hostility between the moieties was once more widespread (a conclusion which is at best a bit of the circular fallacy Rivers himself warns against).

³ *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 335.

⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 354.

⁵ Rivers thinks the immigration extended over long periods, but he does not argue for unbroken continuity.

⁶ Mel. Soc., vol. ii, p. 334.

As for the contradiction between avoidance as the outcome of hostility and that function of mutual helpfulness which is characteristic of the Melanesian relationship through marriage, Rivers states it, but fails to support his analysis of it, remarking merely that the coexistence of hostility and helpfulness is just what you might expect in connection with immigrants. Perhaps it is, and yet not quite for the psychological reasons Rivers implies. We are apt to like those we help or those who help us. Is the Melanesian so very different? But like or dislike would play little part, I think, in any relation through marriage between indigene and immigrant. The feeling would be rather anxiety in each about the recognition by the other of his status. Avoidance, then, in the case of immigrant sons-in-law or of non-immigrant, is a way of asserting status. More later of this view.

How fares the incest theory among these Melanesian facts? The use of the personal instead of the kinship name between the sexes indicates, Rivers believes (and on good evidence), sexual intimacy; and so where there is name avoidance between kindred he infers a potentiality of sex relations. In the Torres Islands inference is unnecessary. There, if a man has had sexual intercourse with his wife's sister or mother, he must to the day of his death address her and speak to her by her personal name.¹ Ordinarily in these islands, however, it is not only the women relatives of his wife whose names a man may not use; but the male relatives too, the names of all her relatives, are taboo. Evidently, although name avoidance has some connection with sexual intercourse, it has some other significance as well.

May it not have the same significance as it has among us? The use of a personal name is an assault, so to speak, upon the status relationship. Among us, if a man calls a woman by her own name, it does not mean that he has been sexually intimate with her; but it is somewhat of a recognition of her personality apart from her status, and it is a step towards a personal relationship. And so, wishing to be formal, as we say, John Smith refers to his wife as "my wife" or "Mrs. Smith." Jane Smith, in her turn, may even address John as "Mr. Smith." Her daughter she will introduce as Miss Smith; and when the young man who has been introduced begins to call the girl by her "first name," making no reference to her status either as the daughter of Smith or as one of the unmarried, he thinks he knows her quite well. And he does; he knows her better in one way, in fact, than she will ever know her own parents or her grandparents, — senior relatives whom she never calls by their personal names. Personal names are disrespectful of or indifferent to status relationship: hence personal names are avoided whenever the status relationship is intact or for the time being paramount.

¹ The History of Melanesian Society, vol. ii, p. 132.

If this view of the meaning of name avoidance between kindred ¹ is acceptable, it is obvious that the custom does not justify in itself the inference of the potentiality of a sexual intimacy; although it may justify the minor inference that, when the personal name is used contrary to custom, sexual intimacy has occurred. The use of the personal name between relatives of opposite sex may indicate that the kinship status has been encroached upon by sexual intimacy. A sexual approach, like the use of a personal name, breaks down or precludes a status relationship.² It is therefore natural enough for the ignorer or violator of kinship status to make use of the personal name.³ Let us not forget, however, that the use of the personal name may also mean that no status relationship has ever been established.⁴

Name avoidance is, then, a recognition of kinship status, of the status of kinsmen as well as of kinswomen, and among both particularly of the seniors. Details of avoidance practice bearing upon seniority, Rivers disregards; and yet in several instances they raise a question. In Santa Cruz a woman does not speak to her husband's elder brother. His younger brother, if she is widowed, she may marry. Similarly a man may speak freely to the younger sister of his wife; the elder sister he may neither see nor address.⁵ In the Banks Islands the rules of avoiding a wife's parents apply also to a junior generation, to a brother's wife and a sister's husband, but *they apply less strictly*.⁶ Whereas a man may not speak to his wife's mother, and, if he has to pass, must not go near her, to his wife's sisters he may speak, if he speak respectfully and avoid certain expressions he would use to his wife.⁷ From these instances and from instances outside of Melanesia — for I confess I cannot free my mind from comparative facts as completely as Rivers — I infer that avoidance is a prerogative of seniority, — one of those many observances of respect exacted in

¹ It seems hardly necessary to point out that the orthodox view of the relation between name and personality supports this theory, or that name avoidance occurs between those of different ranks or spheres. When a new status is created, too, name avoidance may be in order. For example, in the Masai covenant of brotherhood, after each has given the other the ceremonial red bead, the covenanters call each other *patureshi* ("the giver and receiver of a bead") instead of by their proper names (A. C. Hollis, *The Masai*, p. 323, Oxford, 1905). Herein lies the explanation, too, of taboos on naming the dead, — a type of name avoidance, we may note, very common in Melanesia.

² Unless the sexual approach is destined to become itself a status relationship.

³ Or of sexual intimacy. The Navaho and the Wahehe marry or lie with a mother-in-law in order apparently to preclude the mother-in-law taboo (J. G. Frazer, *Totemism and Exogamy*, vol. iii, p. 247, London, 1910).

⁴ Calling the wife's sister by name suggests to Rivers sexual communism, whereas to Codrington it suggests merely a lack of familial status — "she is nothing to him" (*The Melanesians*, p. 44).

⁵ *The History of Melanesian Society*, vol. i, pp. 222-223.

⁶ *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 169.

⁷ *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 133.

primitive society by seniors from their juniors. Why the seniors account it a prerogative or due, I shall try to explain later.

Just as Rivers appears to me to shirk this question of seniority, so, I take it, he shirks the general question of sex relations when he discusses avoidance on his incest hypothesis. "Customs of avoidance cannot be wholly explained on these lines," he writes, meaning as indicating potential sex relations; "but whenever they are practised between those of opposite sex, the possibility of sex relations between those who avoid one another is implied, though in many cases this is only one of a number of implications."¹ One of a number of implications: that is just the point. Where among them does it stand? That it is an implication, one readily admits, for such always exists in early society whenever any relation between a man and a woman is to the fore. Still it is not in any such general sense that Rivers is speaking or — unfortunately, it seems to me — thinking.

Sexual intimacy breaks down the kinship status; but unformalized it also tends to break down the sex status, the status of each sex, ignoring that separation of men and women so characteristic of early society. Respect for this general sex segregation influences the practices of family avoidance. It is a pity that the ethnographers who tell us about brother-sister avoidance do not also tell us to what degree a youth associates with girls other than his sister. The avoidance of his sister may be part of the avoidance of girls at large; and the ethnographer may accentuate the sister avoidance, because in his own culture he has seen the kinship association overcome the sex shyness. Partly overcome it, I should say, not wholly; there have been boys among us who would not play with their sisters because they did not want to have anything to do with girls.

But I would not suggest, however, that in primitive culture the accentuation of sister avoidance is wholly in the mind of the observer. As there are parents among us who are troubled if Harry or Jack plays too much with girls, is entirely too much with his mother or sisters, and send him away to boarding-school to get over the habit, so among savages the seniors no doubt insist upon rules of conduct that will check the familiarities of family life and break up childish habits of association. By separating the boy from his sister they make a man of him. There is no apprehension of incest here: it is merely that the women relatives are to form no exception in applying the general rule of manly conduct, avoiding women.

There is here, if you like, a certain measure of purposefulness in the brother-sister taboos, the pressure of seniors upon their juniors; but it is, after all, a far more instinctive than deliberative kind of pressure, and its implications are far less legalistic than those of anti-incest theorizers.

¹ *The History of Melanesian Society*, vol. ii, p. 154.

In discussing the brother-sister avoidance of old-time Fiji, Rivers, let me note incidentally, surpasses most legalists. Fijian avoidance was a remedy, he argues, against the laxity induced by the arrival in the island of outsiders, and the consequent general lowering of moral standards. It was a reform measure against a late tendency to incest. From this point Rivers generalizes as follows: "So far as sexual relations are concerned, customs of avoidance seem to be due to a social effort to limit, and later to abolish, practices which were at one time habitual."¹ A highly legalistic theory indeed!

In so far, therefore, as Rivers is psychological, he is rationalistic; but he seldom strays into psychology. For explanation in general, he looks to social structure; in the case of avoidance, to sexual communism, exogamous moieties, and conditions due to immigration. A given relationship he would explain by a prior relationship; an existent status, by a pre-existent status. That this is an effective ethnological method, there is no gainsaying; but at times it has limitations, and some of its most striking limitations Rivers demonstrates in his analysis of avoidance.

Avoidance can be explained, I think, only through the psychology of sex, of age-class, and of attitude towards new-comers. To sex and seniority I have referred; a word about attitude towards new-comers. The new-comers I have in mind are the new-comers into the family rather than into the group at large, — not the immigrants Rivers refers to, but the new members of the family to whom Tylor refers in his well-known discussion of avoidance. The son-in-law or the daughter-in-law is "cut," according to Tylor,² we recall, because merely as strangers in the family they arouse suspicion and irritation. They are, I should say, embarrassing or disconcerting; and so the family, in self-protection, — notably its senior members, — makes rules for their conduct, particularly rules against seeing too much of them or seeing them at awkward moments. This familial attitude in favor of an impersonal relationship is, however, much less deliberative or even purposeful than the term "cutting" implies, or than Tylor, perhaps, wished it to imply. It is indeed only necessary to glance at the particulars of avoidance to appreciate the instinctive character of the "rules," — to turn your back on a man, to go around him, not to go into a house where he is, not to look him in the eye, can behavior be more instinctive?

A sense of embarrassment is not a sense of hostility; and Tylor erred, I think, in not distinguishing the two feelings. When he forsook the psychological explanation for the social-structure explanation, he erred again. In making avoidance dependent upon residence, he

¹ The History of Melanesian Society, vol. ii, p. 154.

² Journal of the Anthropological Institute, vol. xviii (1888-89), pp. 247-248.

developed his theory along a line not substantiated¹ by the facts. The family may be embarrassed by the new-comer, whether he or she lives with them or not. The situation becomes more strained, of course, given a common residence,² and the avoidance necessarily more marked—just as Tylor found it in his numerical survey. The psychological part of Tylor's theory still holds, even when the social-structure part of it falls to the ground.

But there is more to the avoidance of relatives by marriage than a means of holding a new-comer at arm's length, of shirking a personal adjustment: it is a means of showing him his place, and making him recognize the family status. It is the old story that familiarity breeds contempt. There we have the real key to the relation between avoidance and explicit familial rights and duties. The former is a guaranty of the latter. Formality insures the fulfilling of obligations. In Melanesia, at any rate, a marked avoidance and a well-defined status appear to go together.³ From this point of view is to be considered not only avoidance between relatives by marriage, but avoidance or quasi-avoidance between brother and brother or between father and son.⁴ Eating together or joking were too familiar, too "personal," too disregarding of the status relationship.⁵ Avoidance, as natives themselves say, is a matter of respect, an upkeeping of family dignity.

Certain variations or modifications of avoidance, as well as avoidance in its crasser forms, may readily be understood from this point of view, — prescriptions, for example, upon conversation, when conversation is allowed at all. In Tikopia, brethren-in-law may be conversed with *at a distance*. The conversational distance between a Torres Islander

¹ As Frazer in part points out (*Totemism and Exogamy*, vol. i, p. 503).

² Or given immigrants for sons-in-law.

³ Compare the coincidence of the obligation upon the Blackfellow to supply his parents-in-law with food, and his avoidance of them. Frazer's inference from these practices, that the Blackfellow may have once lived with his wife's parents, appears dubious, and, in support of the essential part of Tylor's avoidance theory, uncalled for (*Totemism and Exogamy*, vol. i, pp. 504-505).

⁴ In Banks Islands, father and son do not eat together, because, Rivers suggests, they belong to different moieties, — hostile moieties. A Reef Islander does not chaff (*bakada*) his own brother (*Mel. Soc.*, vol. i, p. 230), nor, as we have noted, does a Lepers' Islander laugh in the presence of his brother, because, according to Rivers (*Ibid.*, vol. ii, pp. 154-155), brothers once had their wives in common, and, he adds (unnecessarily, I think), the transition from that community caused constraint. Neither inference is incompatible with my theory; but, according to my theory, neither inference is called for. Nor let us forget that formal constraint between father and son and between brothers is not an uncommon attitude where there are no hostile moieties and not a trace of sexual communism.

⁵ Between the sexes as well as in the family. In the Reef Islands, for example, a woman is never chaffed. Were a man and woman heard to joke each other, they would be suspected of sexual intimacy (*Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 230). In the Banks Islands, in Mota, if a woman carried the *poroporo* custom too far, it was said, she would have to be taken as wife by her sister's husband (*Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 45).

and his mother-in-law is five or six yards; a Banks Islander may talk to his father-in-law, but he will not *poroporo* (chaff) him or address him or his wife's sisters *familiarly*; the Torres Islander who addresses any of his wife's women relatives *familiarly* raises a suspicion of sexual intimacy; restrictions upon chaffing between Banks brother and sister we have already noted. Nor does a Banks Islander chaff his father's sister. In this connection we may cite the manners of Lepers' Island mother and mother-in-law as described by Codrington. If a woman talks to her son, she sits at a little distance and turns away. She speaks to him in the plural, in a distant manner. "Come *ye!*" she calls. To her son-in-law she refers to herself in the plural. "They want Tanga to go to them," she says, meaning, "I want Tanga to come to me."¹ Let us compare this observance with the use of the plural by a Fijian brother. As "those women" he addresses his sister. In Fiji too, we may note, a man and his mother's brother always speak to each other in a slow and gentle manner,² — a mode of address helpful no doubt in maintaining their important relationship, the notorious relationship of *vasu*. These variations in conversational manners Rivers not only does not undertake to account for, he offers no explanation of the taboo from which they vary, — the taboo in general on conversation.³

Nor does Rivers account for the taboo on personal names. Name avoidance in general I have already discussed on my own hypothesis. A word about teknonymy. So widespread is this custom, that, to undertake to account for it as the outcome of immigration, seems to me a little absurd;⁴ and even Rivers undertakes it half-heartedly. It may well be, he thinks, a custom known to the immigrants prior to their arrival.⁵ Accepting the immigration hypothesis, to call a man the father of his child might well be a recognition of his paternity, — a recognition of the status he as a new-comer is particularly anxious about. But why, then, is a woman also called the mother of her child? Because teknonymy is not only a part of the system of avoiding personal names; it is not only a ready device of that system; of itself it emphasizes the status relationship. Emphasis on the parental relationship is a kind of buffer against any personal reference, against any disconcerting⁶ reference.

¹ The Melanesians, pp. 45, 232. In Mota, in general, respect is shown by using a dual pronoun in addressing or speaking of a single person.

² The History of Melanesian Society, vol. i, pp. 291, 293.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 335.

⁴ A stricture applicable also, of course, to avoidance practices in general.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 336.

⁶ The explanation of both name avoidance and person avoidance given by the natives themselves should not be overlooked. Avoidance is due, they say, "to a feeling of shyness and respect," to an "inward trembling" which prevents their mentioning their own names

Nowadays when a Banks woman wants to be disconcerting or *personal* (i.e., disrespectful to her husband), what does she do but up and flout him by calling him by name. "I was told," writes Rivers, "that there are no less than three women in the district of Veverau . . . alone who address their husbands by name, thus showing that they do not respect them;"¹ — showing too, one might add, that the status relationship has begun to break down. Whenever that happens, avoidance taboos, I surmise, are neglected. Let me cite another striking illustration of the process in the Banks Islands. "It is a sign of the times that children now sometimes call their father's sister by name in order to annoy her, and I was told of a case where a woman was made to cry by her nephews and nieces treating her in this uncere- monious fashion."²

Is it rash to suggest that, as in the breaking-down of status, so in its building-up, avoidance may have played a special part and been a peculiarly effective instrument? The avoidance or pseudo-avoidance of the father or father's sister in the Banks Islands may point to a comparatively late assertion of paternity—quite in accordance with Rivers's hypothesis.³

Our theory of avoidance as a means of establishing status — an unconscious means, mind you, rather than a conscious means — our theory should not overlook the *ictus* of the avoidance, so to speak, where the burden of responsibility falls. In general we may say that he who is the more anxious about the recognition of his status is the one who exacts the avoidance. Its negative forms he may practise himself; but its more positive forms he exacts of the other. In general, then, we expect seniors to exact a positive kind of avoidance from juniors, and men from women. When women are the seniors, the practices may be mixed. As for new-comers, the more positive forms would be expected of them too; but here, again, sex might be a complicating factor, likewise age, likewise special intergroup conditions.

Do the Melanesian facts warrant these assumptions? For the most part, as far as they go,⁴ they do appear to — with a few cases somewhat questionable. In the Torres Islands, a man only crouches when he also (Codrington, pp. 44-45). A Torres Islander would be "too shy," Rivers was told, to take a load directly from the shoulders of his father-in-law (The History of Melanesian Society, vol. i, p. 182).

¹ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 41.

² *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 39.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. ii, pp. 163-165.

⁴ The degree of reciprocity in avoidance is hard to estimate from the usual form of statement. The ethnographer observes or states in a most one-sided way, describing only what is incumbent upon one of the two parties to the practice. His phrasing about the practice as a right or as a duty is also misleading. Even Rivers is not altogether free from these failures in observation or statement, probably because he so little appreciates the value of the psychological interpretation of avoidance.

passes his mother-in-law; whereas the mother-in-law, even at a greater distance, goes down on her hands and knees. Again, and this fact is less explicable, in Pentecost, where avoidance between brothers-in-law is not reciprocal, it is the sister's husband who is taboo; there are prescriptions against going behind him or taking anything from over his head.¹

For the psychological theory of avoidance — in Melanesia and elsewhere — do I claim too much in submitting that it explains why seniority figures so often in the practice, why it is practised between those of the same sex, why it is accompanied by definite familial rights and duties, why it may be modified in set ways, why it lapses with the neglect of family feeling or ties, why it is not fully reciprocal, — all queries which the incest theory and the group-hostility theory alike fail to meet or to meet fully?

NEW YORK.

¹ The History of Melanesian Society, vol. ii, p. 335. The taboo about the head is Polynesian, Rivers argues, inferring from this case that it was the immigrant Polynesian brother-in-law who objected to too close intercourse with his wife's brother. From my point of view, it was the immigrant brother-in-law who was more concerned about his status than the brother of the indigenous wife was concerned about his, — a highly speculative hypothesis, indeed, but is it any more speculative than that of Rivers? As it taking anything from above the head of another, let us note that this is a disrespectful act on the part of any junior, according to Codrington (*The Melanesians*, p. 43). In Lepers' Island the act were especially disrespectful to a *brother* (*Ibid.*, p. 45). In the Banks Islands the act is taboo to a woman in connection with her parents-in-law (*The History of Melanesian Society*, vol. i, p. 42). Is it not difficult to think of the act with Rivers as due to apprehensiveness of attack?

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL.

BY JOSEPHINE MCGILL.

AMONG recent additions to the list of American versions of British ballads is "The Cherry-Tree" (Child, No. 54). This quaint and beautiful carol was found by the present writer in the mountain region of Kentucky near Hindman, Knott County.

The text is based on an apochryphal story in the Pseudo-Matthew Gospel, xx. The earliest English version is to be found in the fifteenth-century mysteries, where, as in all English versions, the cherry-tree figures. In some Continental versions the date-tree, which has the authority of the Apochrypha, is preserved (see Child).

1. When Joseph was an old man,
 An old man was he,
 He married Virgin Mary,
 The Queen of Galilee.
2. As Joseph and Mary
 Were walking one day:
 "Here are apples, here are cherries
 Enough to behold."
3. Then Mary spoke to Joseph
 So meek and so mild:
 "Joseph, gather me some cherries,
 For I am with child."
4. Then Joseph flew in anger,
 In anger flew he:
 "Let the father of the baby
 Gather cherries for thee."
5. Then Jesus spoke a few words,
 A few words spoke he:
 "Let my mother have some cherries;
 Bow low down, cherry-tree."
6. The cherry-tree bowed low down,
 Bowed low down to the ground,
 And Mary gathered cherries
 While Joseph stood around.
7. Then Joseph took Mary
 All on his right knee:
 "O, what have I done?
 Lord have mercy on me!"

8. Then Joseph took Mary all,
All on his left knee:
"O, tell me, little baby,
When thy birthday will be."

9. "On the sixth day of January
My birthday will be,
When the stars in the elements
Shall tremble with glee."

So far as the present collector knows, this lovely antique carol has not hitherto been tabulated among the versions of British ballads found in America.¹

Significant in connection with the last stanza is the fact that in certain sections of the Kentucky mountains Christmas is still celebrated on January the sixth (Old Christmas).

LOUISVILLE, KY.

¹ Professor C. Alphonso Smith reports a version from Miss Ellen Dana Conway, Spottsylvania County, Virginia, sung by an old negro who originally belonged to a family in Orange County, Virginia (*Virginia Folk-Lore Society, Bulletin*, vol. ii, No. 4, March, 1916). The first stanza only is printed:

"Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
And he married Mary,
The Queen of Galilee." — Eds.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

THE twenty-seventh annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Dec. 30, 1915, in the New National Museum in Washington, D.C. The Society met in affiliation with Section I of the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress, the American Anthropological Association, the International Congress of Americanists, the American Historical Association, and the Archæological Institute of America.

A meeting of the Council of the Society took place at noon of the preceding day, Dec. 29, 1915, in the New National Museum in Washington, President Goddard in the Chair. Present: Messrs. Boas, Goddard, Fewkes, Lowie, Peabody, Tozzer, also Messrs. Michelson and Kidder. At this meeting the Secretary reported as follows:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The membership of the Society, and the libraries subscribing to the Journal, present the following statistics: —

	1914.	1915.
Honorary members	12	12
Life members	10	10
Annual members	<u>333</u>	<u>389</u>
	355	411
Subscribing libraries	149	162

The Secretary announces with great regret the death of Professor Frederic Ward Putnam, a past President and the President of the Boston Branch from its inception in 1890 till his death

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary*.

The Secretary's Report was accepted as read. Reports of the Editor and the Treasurer were then read and are here given in full.

EDITOR'S REPORT.

During the year 1915 four numbers of the Journal were issued. The last number of 1915 will be devoted to Hispanic folk-lore, and will be issued in co-operation with the Hispanic Society of America.

The efforts made during the year to organize work on French folk-lore in America have been successful, and, thanks to the co-operation

of Mr. C. M. Barbeau, beginning with the year 1916, the Journal will contain material on this subject. Through the efforts of Mr. Barbeau it has also been possible to increase the membership of the Society in Canada, based on the assumption that particular attention will be paid to the subject in question.

The preparation of the index volume, which is in the hands of Miss M. L. Taylor, has proceeded during the past year. Owing to the European war, the printing of the volume will have to be somewhat delayed, and for this reason it seemed desirable to extend the index over the first twenty-five years. The material for the additional five volumes has been extracted and co-ordinated with the preceding material.

Since the Journal has been so developed that North American Indian, English, French, and Spanish folk-lore in America are all well represented, it seems desirable to take steps to develop the field of Negro folk-lore, which heretofore has received only slight attention, and it will be the endeavor of the Editor to devise means of accomplishing this object.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor.*

TREASURER'S REPORT, 1915.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1914.....	\$525.58	
Membership: Boston Branch.....	276.00	
Cambridge Branch.....	150.00	
Canada Branch.....	133.00	
North Carolina Branch.....	66.00	
Texas Branch.....	51.00	
Missouri Branch.....	18.00	
At large.....	312.45	(1006.45)
Publication Fund.....	132.00	
Sale of Memoirs and Journals.....	649.75	
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., melting plates.....	18.48	
Charles Peabody, contribution to Index.....	150.00	
Hispanic Society.....	350.00	
Interest.....	18.60	
Total receipts.....	<u>\$2,850.86</u>	

EXPENSES.

The New Era Company, for manufacturing Journals (4).....	\$1,091.54
Rebates to Branches.....	95.00
Postage.....	15.11
Typewriting and clerical work for Mr. Remick.....	7.59
Collections.....	2.38
Miss Taylor, for work on Index.....	<u>150.00</u>
Amount carried forward.....	<u>\$1,361.62</u>

Amount brought forward.....	\$1,361.62
Printing.....	3.00
Total expenses.....	<u>\$1,364.62</u>
Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1916.....	<u>\$1,486.24</u>
	<u><u>\$2,850.86</u></u>

Audited Feb. 5, 1916.

A. V. KIDDER.

ALFRED M. TOZZER, *Treasurer*.

Professor Dixon and Dr. Kidder were appointed Auditors.

The Editor was given authority to issue during the ensuing year six numbers of the *Journal* and a *Memoir*, subject to the consent of the President and the Secretary consulting.

The President was authorized to appoint Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons upon the Editorial Board to assist in the publication of material on Negro folk-lore.

The Treasurer was given authority, with the Secretary's consent, to enter into an arrangement with Messrs. G. E. Stechert & Co., for the taking-over of the collection of subscriptions of members on a ten per centum basis.

The Council became a Nominating Committee, and prepared nominations for presentation to the Society, after which the Council adjourned.

The nominations prepared by the Council were unanimously elected, and were as follows:—

PRESIDENT, Robert H. Lowie.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, G. L. Kittredge.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, J. Walter Fewkes.

EDITOR, Franz Boas.

ASSISTANT EDITORS, G. L. Kittredge, C. M. Barbeau, A. M. Espinosa.

PERMANENT SECRETARY, Charles Peabody, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY, A. V. Kidder.

TREASURER, A. M. Tozzler, 7 Bryant Street, Cambridge, Mass.

COUNCILLORS, for three years, Phillips Barry, C. M. Barbeau, A. M. Espinosa.

The Editor moved a rising vote of thanks to the Secretary for his assistance to himself in securing clerical work. This was given to the great appreciation of the Secretary.

In accordance with the Resolution adopted Dec. 30, 1914, at Philadelphia, no special section devoted to the reading of folk-lore papers was announced on the programme (see "*Journal of American Folk-Lore*," Jan.-March, 1915, p. 101).

The following papers were announced on the official programme of the Nineteenth International Congress of Americanists.

C. ALPHONSO SMITH, "Ballads surviving in the United States."

G. G. KING, "Two Notes on Spanish Folk-Lore."

JAMES MOONEY, "The Sacred Literature of the Cherokee."

PHILLIPS BARRY, "The Oracles of the Saints."

SR. FEDERICO ALFONSO PEZET, "Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Peruvian Indians."

FRANK G. SPECK, "Herb Medicine Practices of the Northeastern Algonkins."

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*

LOCAL MEETINGS.

KENTUCKY BRANCH. — The Kentucky Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society held an open meeting in Louisville at three o'clock on the afternoon of April 21. About seventy-five people were present. The following programme was given: Presidential address, Professor L. L. Dantzler, University of Kentucky, Lexington; "Survival of the Traditional Ballad in Kentucky," Mrs. Ewing Marshall, Louisville; "The Modern Mountain Song," Professor John F. Smith, Berea College; "Bad-Luck Superstitions in Kentucky," Professor D. I. Thomas, Centre College, Danville; "A Note on Folk-Wit," Professor E. C. Perrow, University of Louisville. At the close of the literary programme a business meeting was held. After routine business had been taken care of and thirteen new members had been received, the following officers were elected: *President*, Professor E. C. Perrow, University of Louisville; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. Ewing Marshall of Louisville, and Miss Alice A. Cassity of Mount Sterling; *Secretary*, Professor D. I. Thomas, Centre College, Danville; *Treasurer*, Professor John F. Smith, Berea College.

VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.—The following are the officers of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society for the year just begun: *President*, James M. Grainger, Farmville; *Vice-President and Archivist*, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, University; *Vice-Presidents*, E. H. Russell (Fredericksburg), Miss Martha M. Davis (Harrisonburg), Miss Jane Rutherford (Richmond), Evan R. Chesterman (Richmond), Professor W. E. Gilbert (East Radford), Miss Juliet Fauntleroy (Lynch Station); *Secretary-Treasurer*, Professor Walter A. Montgomery, Richmond College, Richmond.



THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. XXIX.—JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1916.—No. CXIII.

EUROPEAN TALES FROM THE UPPER THOMPSON INDIANS.

BY JAMES TEIT.

I. STORY OF SPIŌLA.¹

THERE was a white man who had a wife and daughter. The wife died, and he married another woman, who also bore him a daughter. The step-mother was always angry with her step-daughter, and accused her of being lazy. One day in the winter-time, when there was much snow on the ground, she told her to go and pick berries. The girl knew that no berries could be found at that season; but she was so hurt by the nagging of her step-mother, that she said she would go. She put some food in her basket and wandered off, saying to herself, "I will continue wandering around until I die." After a time she saw the smoke of a lodge, which she approached and entered. Four young men lived there, who were her relatives, but she did not know it. They gave her food to eat, and asked her why she travelled in the snow. She answered that she had a bad step-mother, who always scolded her, and had sent her out to pick berries in the snow. They gave her a snow-shovel, or scraper of some kind, and told her to go up on the roof of the house and dig away the snow. When she had removed the snow from the roof of the house, she saw that it was covered with earth, in which grew many strawberries of large size. The men passed up her basket, and she soon filled it with the finest strawberries. When she had come down and was about to leave, the men said, "What shall we do for our sister?" She answered, "If by any means you can help me, I shall be glad. I am very poor, and have only rags to wear." Now, the youngest brother told her to spit; and when she spat, the spittle became a nugget of gold. The next brother made shoes for her

¹ The meaning of the word is unknown. The story is also called "Who spits Gold," "The woman who spat Gold," "The Woman who picked Strawberries in the Winter-Time," "The Woman who was said to have had a Cat for a Child." However, the common name for the story is "Spiŏla" or "Piŏla."—J. T.

See Johannes Bolte and Georg Polívka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. i, p. 99.—F. B.

of very fine material, which fitted her perfectly, and would never wear out. The third brother made a dress for her in the same way. The eldest brother said, "I will make a robe for her which will always look well and new, and will never wear out."¹ As the brothers in succession made their awards, each article in turn appeared on her person, while her old clothes disappeared. She returned home with the basketful of strawberries, and delivered them to her step-mother, who was much surprised. She noticed that the clothes of the girl were all changed and of very fine material, and that she had the power of spitting gold, which she would gather up and put in a sack. This made her angry.

She said to her own daughter, "You see what your elder sister has brought us. She managed to find some berries. Go and get some too." She told her secretly to follow the tracks of her sister. She would then be sure of reaching the same place, and learn how she had obtained the strawberries, the fine clothes, and the power of spitting gold. The girl took her basket and departed. When she arrived at the house of the four brothers, they gave her food to eat, and asked her why she was travelling at that time of year. She answered, "My mother ordered me to go and gather strawberries, although it is winter-time and no berries are to be found. However, my sister found some, and my mother said I could get some at the same place." The men directed her as they had her sister; and after removing the snow from the roof, she found strawberries growing profusely underneath. When she had filled her basket and was about to return, the brothers said, "What shall we do for our sister?" The youngest man asked her to spit, but she felt insulted at the request. She was vain and haughty. She thought they were fooling her. They intended to help her, but became disgusted on account of her vanity, and decided to give her nothing good. At last she spat, and the spittle turned into a toe-nail and smelled like toe-nails. The other brothers refused to help her in any way. She returned with the strawberries, and gave them to her mother. The latter noticed that she had no new clothes, and felt disappointed. She asked her to spit, but instead of gold she spat a bad-smelling toe-nail. She told her not to spit again.

One day the chief's son was passing, and saw the elder girl busy washing clothes. He liked her looks and her dress. His father, whom he told of his admiration for the girl, encouraged him to visit her and make her acquaintance. He said, "You may change your mind when you see her again." The young man visited the girl and held some conversation with her, during which she coughed and spat on the ground several times. He returned and told his father that the girl he fancied could spit gold nuggets. His father would not believe it,

¹ Some say the third brother "made leggings" and "dress" for her; and the eldest brother, a "robe" and a "handkerchief for the head or neck."

and went to see for himself. During his conversation with her, she spat repeatedly, and picked up the gold nuggets and put them in a sack she carried. He asked her to spit again. He picked up the spittle and satisfied himself that it was really gold. Then he advised his son to marry her, saying, "She is a valuable woman, she is worth many."

Now, it was reported that the chief's son was to marry the girl who could spit gold. All the white people came to the great wedding. At the end of the wedding feast the bride spat out much gold, so the wedding guests carried away some to their homes. Thus the bride provided them all with presents, and became renowned, and well liked by all.

In due time She-who-spat-Gold became pregnant. When she was about to be delivered, her husband was called away to an important meeting in a distant place, from which he could not return for a month. The chieftainess asked her husband to request his mother to attend her when her time came, as she had no faith in her step-mother, who might use the opportunity to do her harm. Her husband, however, assuaged her misgivings, and insisted that her step-mother, who was an expert midwife, and her half-sister, should assist her.

When¹ she was about to give birth, her step-mother made a hole in the floor, placed the young woman over it, and, when the child was born, she cut the navel-string and let the infant fall through the hole. Then she put a cat in its place; and when the mother sat up and asked for her child, the step-mother put the cat in her arms. The woman said, "It is strange that I should give birth to a cat!" The step-mother said, "Odd people have odd children." The young woman reared the cat as if it were her own child.

Her husband was disappointed when he returned, but said nothing. Again the woman became pregnant, and again her husband was called away about the time of her delivery. She was again attended by her step-mother, who dropped the child through a hole in the floor. This time she gave the woman a snake, telling her that she had given birth to it. She added, "How strange are the children to which you give birth!" On the return of the husband, the step-mother told him that he ought to kill his wife, because she was giving birth to cats and snakes. She told him that he ought to marry her own daughter, who was a good woman, and would give birth to proper children. The chief and all the people held a meeting, and decided that his wife should be killed. They bound her with iron, took her in a canoe to the middle of the lake, and cast her overboard.

Now, the four brothers knew what was happening, and were there

¹ The following incidents belong to the group of stories "*De drei Vügelkens*" (Bolte and Polívka, *l. c.*, vol. ii, p. 380). Here belongs also the incident of the speaking bird.—F. B.

under the water to intercept her, and prevent her from drowning. They untied her, and after telling her that her real children were alive, and that things would come well in the end, they transformed her into a goose, and she swam about on the lake. The chief's son did not like his new wife, because she was disgusting and smelled nasty.

Now, She-who-spat-Gold had a favorite dog called "Spiōla," which she had not seen since the time of the birth of her first child. He lived or slept underneath the house; and when the step-mother dropped the baby through the hole, he had taken charge of it. He licked off the blood, got some white cloth to make a bed for it and to cover it. He had gone to town and got milk to feed it. Later he gathered other kinds of food and fed it, thus rearing the boy successfully. He had done the same with the younger boy. When the boys were large enough to run about, they came out of their house, and often played near the lake, watching the goose, which frequently approached them, crying. Spiōla had to go on trips to gather food, and always warned them not to go too far away during his absence, or let any one see them.

One day, however, the old step-mother noticed them, and tried to capture them; but they disappeared in a small hole under the house, and blocked it with a stone from the inside. She made up her mind to poison them. She scattered some fine food, which the children ate and then died. When Spiōla came home, he missed the boys. After a while he took their scent, found them, and carried their bodies into his house.

As¹ he could not resuscitate them, he started off to the Sun to seek help. He ran continually day and night, for Sun lived a long way off. On the way he passed an old horse, who asked him where he was going. He answered, "To the Sun," but did not stop or look around. The horse shouted, "Ask the Sun why I am growing old!"

At another place he passed an apple-tree, which in like manner addressed him, and called on him to ask Sun what made it dry up and its wood turn dead.

Again he passed a spring of water, which also called on him to ask the Sun why it was drying up. After running many days and nights, he came to the edge of the earth. There he saw a stretch of water, and on the other side the house of the Sun. He jumped into the water and swam across. He was almost exhausted before he reached the opposite shore, and his body was reduced to almost nothing but bones, owing to his arduous journey.

When he arrived at the Sun's house, an old woman, the mother of the Sun, met him, and asked him why he had come there. She said, "No one comes to see us unless he is in great trouble and requires

¹ See Bolte and Polívka, vol. i, pp. 282 *et seq.* The following part of the story belongs to the cycle of the youth who goes to get three golden hairs of the demon.—F. B.

help and wisdom." Spióla told her that his two foster-children were dead, and he had come to ask help, so that they might be restored. He told her all that had happened. She fed him, and he immediately began to gain strength on the good food used by the Sun people.

The old woman advised him what to do. He must watch the Sun when he spat. He would spit twice, — the first time for the elder boy, and the second time for the younger one. Spióla must carefully gather up the spittle, and keep the one apart from the other. The questions he wished to ask in behalf of the people he had passed on the road, she would ask the Sun herself, and Spióla would hear the answers.

The Sun spoke of the dead children, and spat twice on the ground. Spióla gathered up the spittle carefully, and wrapped each separately in thin bark. Sun said the children would become quite well if treated within four days; but after that it would be too late, for their bodies would begin to decompose.

Now, the old woman asked Sun the questions. She said, "A horse wants to know why he is growing old." Sun answered, "Because he is lazy. He feeds too much in one place. He is too lazy to search for good nutritious grass, and he is too lazy to go to water regularly. He will stand for days in one place rather than go any distance to get water." She said, "The apple-tree wants to know why it is drying up." Sun answered, "Because it is too lazy, and because it has a nail in its trunk. If it removes the nail, and loosens the ground around its roots and spreads them out to gather moisture, and prunes off the dead and useless wood, then it will retain its youth; but it is too lazy to do this." She said, "The little spring wants to know why it is drying up." Sun answered, "Because it is too lazy. If it removes all the dead twigs and leaves which choke it up, if it makes a clean channel for itself to run in, and drains the neighboring moist places into itself, it will always run and be healthy."

Spióla was in despair when he learned that he had to be back in four days to save the lives of the two children. It had taken him more than double that time to reach the abode of the Sun. The old woman consoled him, and told him he could reach home in time by taking another route. She said, "You will start early to-morrow morning, and follow the Sun on his journey. You must travel as fast as you can. The way he takes is a very straight and short course, and you may reach home in one day."

Spióla started the following morning, and, following the Sun's tracks, he arrived at home about nightfall. As he passed the small spring, the apple-tree, and the old horse, he informed them without stopping what the Sun had said.¹

Now, Spióla rubbed the spittle on the mouths of the children, and

¹ Some say they acted on the advice, and became healthy and lived a long time.

at once they returned to life. It was the same as if their breath had come back. When they became alive, each boy showed a luminous spot on the forehead: on the forehead of one shone a sun, and on that of the other a bright moon. Both were beautiful to behold.

Spiōla told their mother the Goose that he was now going on another journey to see the wise Bird,¹ and she must warn her children of approaching danger. He told the boys, "When you hear the Goose on the lake calling loudly, you must go home at once and hide, for the people may see you and kill you again." Spiōla ran with all swiftness to the house of the Bird who talked all languages, knew the future, and never told a lie. He dwelt on the top of a pinnacle of clear ice in a snowy region. Spiōla rushed at the cliff, and just managed to climb to the top of the ice before his claws had worn off. He told the Bird what he had come for, and asked his help, for every one believed what he said. The Bird answered, "I know your need is great, and I pity you." Spiōla put the Bird under his robe, and slid down the ice. He brought him to the children, and the Bird seemed to be very glad to see them.

The day after the Bird had arrived, the father of the boys heard talking underneath the house, and resolved to investigate its cause. Some of the voices were like those of children. He found the entrance to their abode, but was unable to throw down the stone which blocked it. Spiōla removed the stone, and asked him to come in. He said, "The passage is too small. I cannot pass through." Spiōla replied, "If you try, you will manage it." He squeezed through, and was surprised to find himself in a large room, well kept and clean, and full of many kinds of food. When he saw the Bird there, he knew something important was going to happen, for he never came excepting when required to settle a serious difficulty which the chief himself and people could not decide properly. When Spiōla told all that had happened, the chief's son became exceedingly sorry that he had killed his first wife, and had believed her step-mother. He told his father what he had learned, and a meeting was called for a certain day to inquire into the truth of the matter. Meanwhile the chief gave orders that the toenail woman, or She-who-spits-Toe-Nails, should be kept a prisoner in her house with her mother. The doors and windows of the house were all battened and nailed up. Now, Spiōla went to the lake, and called the Goose, whom he shook until her goose-skin fell off. She-who-spits-Gold was restored to her natural form. She and her sons, the wise Bird, and Spiōla, all attended the meeting when the people were gathered. The Bird told the true story in all its details, and every one believed him. He praised Spiōla for his courage in running to the

¹ It seems this bird was old and lived all alone. From his house he could hear and see everything. The narrator said perhaps the bird was a parrot, but he did not know.

house of the Sun for the breath of the children. The chief ordered the two women to be taken out and hanged publicly. This the people did. The chief's son took back his wife, and they lived thenceforth in a great house, which was richly ornamented with gold by his wife. He became chief after his father, and his son became chief after him.

2. STORY OF EIGHT-HEADS.¹

This story is a combination of many of the incidents in the tale of Snānaz and Seven-Heads² and that of the Grizzly Bear boy (Skelāuna). It contains no incidents not found in these. All the adventures occur in the underground world, into which the lad is lowered by his companions. Here he kills several monsters, who prey on the people on earth. At last he kills Eight-Heads and rescues the chief's daughters, who are hoisted up by his companions. Thinking they might kill him, he puts a stone in the basket. They cut the rope, and there is no way for him to get up. He finds Bald-Headed Eagle, who eventually takes him up on his back. He proves himself to be the savior of the chief's daughters by going through a number of tests, and exhibiting tokens, and obtains a large reward for the killing of Eight-Heads, which he proves by showing his eight tongues. The girls recognize the lad, and further prove that he is their deliverer. He marries them, and becomes a celebrated chief. The incidents narrated in the first part of the Shuswap story of Snānaz and Seven-Heads are not related.

3. STORY OF THE THREE BROTHERS AND THEIR DOG.³

There were three brothers who went travelling.⁴ The youngest was still a small boy, and the eldest carried him most of the time. They had a small dog that followed them. They met a horde of ants migrating from their hill. The elder brothers thought they would kill the ants; but the youngest brother advised them to desist, saying, "The ants are our friends, and will some day assist us." They travelled on, and came to a gray snake, which the brothers wanted to kill; but the youngest told them not to do so, as the gray snake was their friend. They met the striped snake, the garter snake, the bull snake,

¹ Compare also the following story of the three brothers and their dog, which contains another version of Eight-Heads. The story belongs to the group of tales of "John the Bear."—J. T.

See Bolte and Polívka, vol. ii, p. 297; F. Panzer, *Untersuchungen zur deutschen Heldensage*, vol. i.—F. B.

² See James A. Teit, "The Shuswap" (*Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, pp. 705, 754-755). Leyden, E. J. Brill.

³ Compare the preceding story of Eight-Heads.—J. T.

See Bolte and Polívka, vol. i, p. 134; vol. ii, p. 21.—F. B.

⁴ The narrator had forgotten the previous history of the boys, the reason why they went travelling, and also their names.

and all other kinds of snakes, which the brothers wanted to kill. They desisted, however, at the request of the youngest one. Last of all, they met the rattlesnake. The elder brothers wanted to kill it; but the youngest told them to desist, as it was their friend, and some day would assist them.

Finally they came to a village of people who were in dread of a cannibal called Eight-Heads,¹ who lived near the top of a butte in the neighborhood. They told many tales of this ferocious monster. Near the butte was a tree which many people had tried to chop down. For a long distance around no other trees grew. As soon as any one began to chop the tree, Eight-Heads appeared and killed him. It was believed that, if the tree were killed, Eight-Heads also might die, or at least would leave the place. For this reason the chief offered a large reward to any one who would chop down the tree, and a still larger reward to any one who would kill Eight-Heads. The brothers said they would go and try. When near the tree, the youngest boy called on their friends the ants² and snakes to come to their assistance. The snakes encircled and entwined the tree, thus killing it. Eight-Heads appeared, and attacked the brothers; but the youngest drew a short sword, and cut off his heads one by one. As each head dropped, the little dog licked up the blood until the ground was dry. Thus he killed the heads and prevented them from joining the trunk. Eight-Heads had been decapitated before, but always came to life again, because the heads grew on to the body. The lads returned to town, and were paid the reward, after the chief had satisfied himself that both the tree and Eight-Heads were dead. He went to the hill and viewed the remains.

4. STORY OF BEAR-BOY; OR, JACK THE BEAR.³

A man's wife strayed away⁴ in the mountains or woods, and was met by a Grizzly Bear, who took her captive and made her his wife. He locked her up in his den, which was a cave in a cliff, and would not let

¹ Also called Four-Heads by some.

² The narrator had forgotten the rôle played by the ants. He said this was a long and very interesting story, but he had forgotten most of it. He was not even sure if he had related correctly any of the incidents given.

³ This tale (from two informants, an old man and a young man) is comparatively full, it seems, as it contains all the incidents in the Utámqt story of "Jack," also known as "The Wonderful Boy" and "Grizzly-Bear Boy" (see *Mythology of the Thompson Indians*, Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, vol. viii, pp. 292-294), and most of the incidents of the stories of Bear-Boy and Earth-Transformer. Compare also *Mythology of the Thompson Indians*, pp. 358-360, 380, and 390. Also known simply as "Jack," and "Jack the Traveller," and "Grizzly-Bear's Son."—J. T.

See note 1, p. 307.—F. B.

⁴ Some say she was digging roots.

her out. Her husband searched for her, but could not find her. There she was kept by the Bear for many years, and at no time was she allowed to go out. The cave had four doors, each of which consisted of a heavy boulder. These opened and shut automatically at the approach of the Bear.

After a year the woman bore a son,¹ who soon grew up to be a young man of extraordinary strength. He also was never allowed outside. His mother told him her story, and the boy promised that he would set her free. One day when the Bear came home, the boy attacked and killed him.² Then he donned his skin and approached one of the doors, which mistook him for the Grizzly Bear and let him out. It was about to close again on the approach of his mother, but he held it open by main strength until she had passed through. He carried the grizzly-bear skin with him; and whenever he put it on, he became a bear.

They travelled to his mother's home. It took her former husband some time to recognize her,³ and he was very glad to see her. He thought she had long been dead. He had turned very old, for time went faster in the outside world than in the Bear's den.

They discussed what they should do with their son, and agreed that they would make a priest of him. They sent him to school; but his schoolmates always abused him, making remarks about his size, fingers, and personal appearance. They also called him a bastard and Bear's son. At last he became angry at this treatment; and one day he donned his bear's skin, went to the school, and killed all the boys excepting three of the best ones, who begged for mercy and were spared. They said they would be his servants and do whatever he told them.

Bear-Boy, or Jack, went home and told his parents that he intended to travel all over the country, but before leaving he would procure sufficient food for the years of his absence. For four days he went looking for work. He had taken his father along. Whenever they came to a house, Jack hid himself, and only the old man applied for work. The white people laughed at the idea that the old man should be able to clear the large trees that were on their land. At last they showed the old man the fields that had to be cleared, and named the amount they would pay, and said he might try it if he wished. Jack had a huge axe made by a blacksmith, and with this he chopped down all the trees in one day. The old man went for his pay, but the owners would not believe that he had cut all the timber until they went and looked. They were surprised, and asked him to put up a log-fence

¹ Some say she was pregnant when taken away.

² The narrator said he had forgotten exactly how he killed him. He had heard more than one version.

³ The narrator said there was some mark by which he recognized her, but he had forgotten. He thought it was a mark of some kind on her face.

around the entire clearing. This Jack also finished in a single day. Then they asked him to pile and fire all the trees and brush, and to pull out the stumps. These two tasks Jack accomplished on the third and fourth days. The proceeds of these four days' work were ample to maintain his parents in food and other necessities for several years.

Jack joined his three companions, who were very strong men, and half bears.¹ When they put on their skins, all were exceedingly strong and fierce.² They came to a place where white people lived, who wanted a large tract of land smoothed and levelled. It was all humps and hollows. The four strong men accomplished this in one day, earning a large sum of money. Then they went to another place, where some whites wanted a large tract of land cleared of stones. This they also accomplished in one day, earning much money. They went to another place where a large tract of land required ploughing, and to a fourth place where sowing and harrowing were required. There they earned large sums of money in like manner.

They went on and came to a log-cabin, which appeared to be inhabited, for everything was neat and clean inside, and cooking had been done there lately.³ Pots and pans and food in abundance were there, also a bed and chair and a gun. They thought they would stay there for a time, as everything looked comfortable. They saw no one around, but thought the owner of the cabin would appear later. Jack said they would hunt next day and leave one man behind to cook. The youngest one staid at home. While he was cooking, a small and very ugly man⁴ suddenly appeared in the cabin and ordered him out, saying that the place belonged to him, and that he would kill him if he did not leave. A quarrel ensued, in which, after a long encounter, the stranger thrashed his antagonist severely and then left. When the others returned from hunting, they found their friend in bed, and nothing cooked. He would not answer their queries as to why he acted thus. Jack cooked, and they all ate.

On the following day the next youngest staid behind to cook, and the same thing happened. Then the eldest one remained at home, and on the fourth day Jack himself. Jack fought with the mysterious stranger, and hurt him so badly that he ran away, leaving a trail of

¹ The narrator had forgotten their exact names, but one was named because he had power over earth and could remove it with the greatest ease. In the same way another could remove stones, and the third had power over trees and wood.

² From here the story is very similar to that of Earth-Transformer.

³ Some say an inviting meal was cooked and ready to be eaten. The man who owned the house was a cannibal, who used it as a trap for people who were hungry or tired. If they ate of the meal or rested in the bed, and fell asleep, the cannibal killed them and carried them off to his home underground. The house was near the trail. Jack threw out the contents of the dishes.

⁴ Some say he had a long beard and long nails, others say he was of a dark or black color.

blood. Jack cooked, and had everything ready for his companions when they came home.

On the next day they followed the tracks of the wounded man, and found that they led to a covered hole in the ground. They discovered a rope leading down. They shook the rope. At once a small bell rang, and the rope moved rapidly, bringing up a basket,¹ which stopped just below the entrance to the hole. Jack proposed that they should all go down; but his companions were afraid, and said they would stay above and watch until he returned. If anything went wrong, they would haul him up. Jack entered the basket, which immediately descended. On reaching the bottom, it stopped, and Jack stepped out. Here he saw blood, and knew it must be from the wounded man. He followed the tracks, and came to a house, which he entered. Here he was accosted by a man, who was lying near a small fire, and appeared to be sick. When Jack's eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he noticed that the man was very ugly and black, and had a big wound in his side. He was covered with soot. The man arose and ordered Jack out. The two quarrelled and fought; but Jack ran him through with an iron spear² which he carried, and killed him.

When Jack looked around, he discovered an iron door which led into another room. He forced it open with his iron spear. Inside he found four boxes full of valuables. One contained gold coin, another silver coin, another bank-notes, and another copper coin. In another place he found a barrel,³ which contained ornaments of jewelry and gold, silver, and precious stones. The jewelry and money had belonged to the victims whom the cannibal had killed. The bones of these people were scattered about in the outer chamber. Jack found another door leading into a third chamber. He burst it open and discovered three beautiful girls, who were overpowered with joy to see him. They said they were daughters of a chief, and had been held captive for several years. They called him their husband, and thanked him for liberating them. They took off their rings, which had their names inside, and gave them to him as tokens that they were his wives. They also said he might need the rings if misfortune should befall him. They carried the money and jewelry to the entrance. Jack put one of the women in the basket, shook the rope, and she was hauled up. His friends were surprised to see a woman appear instead of Jack. They learned that two more women were to come up. When the last one had been pulled up, the three men thought, "There is one for each of us. If Jack comes up, there will not be enough women for all." When the basket had gone down again, Jack filled it with money and jewelry. The bell rang, and the basket began to ascend. When half way up,

¹ Some say a golden bucket.

² Some say a spear tipped with iron, others say a staff.

³ Some say a box or trunk.

they cut the rope, and basket and all fell down to the bottom. They thought they had killed Jack, and were sorry; but the desire to have the women was too great a temptation.

They went to the nearest town, where the chief recognized his daughters. The three Bear men claimed the girls as their wives, saying they had liberated them from a cannibal who lived in the underground world; but, as the women declared that they were not their true liberators, the chief refused to give up his daughters. He said if the real liberator did not come and claim the women within a year, then he would marry them to the three.

Jack could find no way of escape, and travelled about in the underground world until he came to a lake, where he saw a Crane,¹ who was very poor, because he could not eat properly, owing to a bone which stuck in his throat, and which he could not remove. Jack removed it for him. Then he told Crane of his plight, and the latter promised to help him in reward for what he had done. Crane told him where to find animals and fish, and Jack went hunting and fishing every day. He fed Crane abundantly, and the latter began to get fat. After he had regained his strength, he told him he would try to fly up and out of the hole. He said, "I will test myself by flying with a load."² Jack gave him a load of paper money, with which he managed to reach the top. When he was stronger, he gave him a heavier load, and thus in time he sent all the money and jewelry to the top. Now Crane was very strong, and thought he would try to take up Jack. He told Jack to fill four hoofs with meat, so that, if he became exhausted in the flight, he could be strengthened by food. Jack did as directed, and fed Crane when he became exhausted. When Crane approached the top, the meat was finished, and he began to sink down. Then Jack cut off some of his own flesh and fed it to Crane, who was thus enabled to reach the top. Jack jumped off and thanked Crane, who now returned.

He went to town and bought materials and hired men to build a house. He built it on a lot which he bought within sight of the chief's house. The women recognized him from their window, and told their father, who sent for him. Jack showed the rings and proved that he was the deliverer of the women, who became his wives. He met his companions, and gave them most of the money. To one he gave the copper, to one the silver, and to one the bills. He gave the jewelry to his wives. The gold he kept for himself. Now he bought a horse and buggy, and drove home to his parents' house with his wives. There he built a fine new house, and lived thenceforth with his wives and parents. He had many children and was wealthy.

¹ Some say Bald-Headed Eagle.

² Some say he tried a stone first, and flew across the lake. At Crane's request, Jack placed a flat stone on his back. It was nearly too much for Crane, who was still weak.

5-II. STORIES OF JACK.

The narrator stated that although stories of Jack were rather common, he did not know them well. Certain persons knew them and related them. Some people knew certain stories better than others, and the ones they knew best they generally told and were asked to tell. Two men might have a number or even most of their stories in common, and would relate them nearly alike; but each would have certain stories he knew more fully than the other, and a few stories the other did not know. Some men and women had knowledge of a great many stories, many of which they could relate very fully, while other individuals could hardly tell a single story quite fully. Some new stories were introduced by men from time to time; and some old stories once common would go out of vogue, and lingered only in the memory of a very few. No doubt, a number of stories have been lost, and others have been changed by people relating them, who did not know them well, and who did not have a large knowledge of stories, so that they could differentiate between details of stories that were somewhat alike. Thus incidents belonging to one story were attached to another, and different versions arose. The stories of Jack (or John) have been told in the tribe at least for sixty or seventy years; how much longer is difficult to say. Some people considered them to be white man's stories, although they could not state how they came to be told by the Indians. Others considered that Jack (the hero of these stories) was an Indian who travelled to the country of the whites; and therefore the scenes of most incidents occurred in the white people's country, or on the borders thereof. Some people claimed there were several Jacks: such as Jack the trickster, as in the story of Jack that fooled the priests; and Jack the hero, who went abroad; and probably others. One of these Jacks was also a grizzly bear. Some of the Jack stories were told at great length. He narrated some incidents of the trickster stories, the only one he knew, but he said there were many others that he had heard but forgotten.

5. *Jack and the Priest.*¹

Jack was travelling along a hillside, and saw a priest coming up a trail. The priest was dressed in black, and was riding a horse.² He was holding a book, probably the Bible, which he was reading. Jack thought, "I will fool him and get his horse." He ran ahead to where the priest would pass. There was a large boulder there on a very steep part of the hillside, immediately below the trail.³ Jack put his back against it, and pretended to be holding it back. He pretended to be greatly fatigued by the effort. The priest noticed him, and asked him what he was doing. He said, "Come here quickly and help me! I am almost overcome. I noticed this boulder was about to roll, so

¹ Nos. 5 and 6 were related by one informant.—J. T.

This tale is of particular interest, since it belongs to the characteristic Spanish-American and American negro rabbit cycle. See Franz Boas, "Notes on Mexican Folk-Lore" (this Journal, vol. xxv, p. 250, note 5).—F. B.

² Some say a black mare, others say a mule.

³ Some say near a bridge.

I ran here to hold it. If it rolls down the side-hill, it will kill the people below.”¹ There were many people working in a hay-field directly below. The priest jumped off his horse, and ran to his assistance. Jack told him to push hard against it with his back. He said, “You can hold it for a while. I am very tired. I will take your horse and run up the hill quickly to a place I know, where there is a block of wood. I will bring it back, and then we can block up the boulder so that it will not roll.” The priest assented, and Jack rode up the hill at a fast pace. When he was out of sight, he headed the horse to a town near by. There he saw a race going on, and at once entered for it. He won the race and a considerable amount of money. The people said, “That horse looks just like the priest’s horse; but it cannot be the same, for the priest’s horse is no racer.” They offered to buy the horse, and Jack sold it at a high price. Then he went on to the next town, and gambled with the money. He had a good time. Meanwhile the priest began to sweat and tremble, holding the boulder. He thought he felt it move when he slackened his exertions. At last he became thoroughly exhausted, ran to the side, and lay down. He found the boulder was quite stable. He had no horse, and walked back to town, which he reached very tired after midnight.²

6. *Jack and the Hat.*³

Jack was passing along a road near a village. He saw a man⁴ coming who was wearing a very fine hat. Jack’s hat was very old and shabby. He thought, “I will get that hat.” He defecated on the road, and covered his excrement with his own hat. He pretended to hold the hat down. The man asked him what he was doing. He said, “I caught a pretty bird on the road, and am holding my hat over it so that it may not escape. The bird is worth money. If you will hold it down for a short time, and loan me your hat, I will run to the nearest store and get a cage to put the bird in. We will share the value of the bird. Do not lift the hat to look at the bird, for it might get away.” The stranger agreed, and Jack ran off wearing the stranger’s hat. When he came to the store, he sold the hat, getting a new hat and some money for it. The stranger at last got tired holding down the supposed bird, and, lifting the hat, saw nothing but excrement underneath.

¹ Some say “it would spoil or block the road.”

² Some say the priest called for help. Coyote (or some one else) came along, and asked him what he was doing. The priest told him, and asked him to hasten and help him. Coyote said, “You fool! that stone does not move.”

³ I have heard versions of this story in Europe.

⁴ Some say he was a policeman, others that he was a chief.

7. *Jack and the Church.*¹

Jack was travelling along, and came to a fine church which the priests had just finished. He defecated near it, and then went away. The priests and the frequenters of the church were very much annoyed at the evil smell. They discovered the source of the smell, but knew not how to get rid of it. They all held a meeting, and discussed what they should do about it. They proposed to move the church to beyond the reach of the smell; but, as this entailed much money and labor, they offered a reward to any one who would enlighten them as to the best thing to do. Jack attended and claimed the reward, telling them that the proper and easiest way was to move the excrement, and not the church. Having done this, and there being no more smell, he was paid the reward.

8. *Jack and the Pot.*²

Jack travelled along, and came to a house belonging to a woman who did washing. He was very hungry, and said he would fetch water and split wood for her if she would feed him. She fed him, and he staid with her for a considerable time. One day the washerwoman sent him to the village store to procure an iron pot. On the way back he set down the pot, saying, "Let us have a race! You have four legs, and ought to be able to run fast." He started to run fast, and ran some distance before he noticed that the pot was not near him. When he looked back, he saw the pot where he had left it. He thought, "Perhaps it is because it has four legs that it cannot run." He returned, and broke off one leg. "Now we will race," he said. On looking around, he saw the pot still there. He thought, "Because it has three legs it cannot run." Thus he broke off one leg after another, but the pot still did not run. Then he broke it up, saying, "Of what use can a thing with legs be if it cannot walk or run?" On reaching home, the woman asked him where the pot was, and he told her how he had broken it. He said, "It was of no use. It had legs and could not run."

9. *Jack and the Fat, or Lard.*

Some time afterwards the washerwoman sent him to the village store for a tin of lard. On the way back he saw a clay puddle, which had dried up, and was full of cracks. He said, "O my friend! you

¹ This tale is known to some of the Indians, but was not related by the man who told the preceding two. I do not remember from whom I heard it first. I have heard it lately among whites in British Columbia, I think French, but do not remember exactly.

² Compare for this and the following tale the Shuswap story of Snánaz (The Shuswap, Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, vol. ii, pp. 753 and 754). Stories 8 and 9 were related by one informant.—J. T.

See "Der gescheite Hans" (Bolte and Polívka, vol. i, p. 315).—F. B.

must be sore having all those cracks!" He emptied out the lard, and smeared the cracks until all the lard was gone. On returning home, the woman asked him where the lard was. He told her he had come on a man who had cracked feet, and had used the lard for smearing them.¹

10. *Story of Jack the Thief.*²

Jack and his two brothers set out to travel.³ They came to a white man's town where many people dwelt. The chief asked them what they wanted, and they said they were looking for work. He asked them what they desired to work at. One said he was a carpenter, and would do that kind of work; the other brother said he was a blacksmith, and would work at that trade. Jack said he would not work at all. The chief asked him what he would do, then, and he answered that he would steal. The chief said he could not stay there if he was a thief, and drove him out of town. Jack went on to another town, where he was summoned before the chief, who asked him what he wanted there. Jack said, "I want only one thing, and that is to steal. I do not work, I only steal." The chief said, "I am glad you are a thief. I can employ you." He was an enemy of the chief whom Jack had first met. He told Jack, "I want you to go to him and steal his purse,⁴ which he keeps in his house guarded by soldiers." Jack took four bottles of whiskey, and visited the soldiers, who were glad to see him, for they had not seen anybody for some time and felt lonely. They all got drunk and fell asleep; so that Jack went into the house and stole the purse without difficulty. Jack returned to his master, who was delighted with his success. He said, "You are a good thief." Now he sent Jack to steal the ring belonging to the chief's wife. Jack went to the window of the room where the chief and his wife slept. He hid below the window, and pushed up a figure of a man that he had made, so that the chief should see it. The chief thought it was a robber looking in through the window. He took his gun and shot the figure which Jack let fall. The chief ran outside to finish off the robber;

¹ The narrator said he had heard two more incidents in the story of Jack the Trickster besides the above, but he had forgotten them. One was of Jack fooling a policeman; and the other, of Jack becoming a priest or acting as a priest.

² Compare later part of Butcetca and White Chief story (The Shuswap, Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, vol. ii, p. 735). The name Butcetca is undoubtedly Petit Jean of French-Canadian folk-lore.—J. T.

Compare "Der Meisterdieb" (Brüder Grimm, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* [Göttingen, 1843], No. 192, p. 478); "Le Franc Voleur" (E. Cosquin, *Contes populaires de Lorraine*, vol. ii, pp. 271, 364).—F. B.

³ The narrator said he did not remember the beginning of the story, but thought that Jack could not get along with his father, because of his propensity for stealing, and playing tricks.

⁴ The narrator was not quite sure if it was a purse.

and his wife, who was afraid, ran into another room. Jack quickly entered a window (or door) at the opposite side of the house (or room), and stole the lady's gold ring, which was on the bedroom table. When Jack returned with the ring, his master was surprised at his success.¹

The chief learned of Jack's thefts, and sent soldiers to watch and catch him. He was captured while stealing in a house, and was ordered to be drowned. He was sewed up in a stout sack loaded with rocks, and four men were ordered to carry him to the middle of a bridge, and throw him into the river. They carried him suspended from a pole. When they reached the middle of the bridge, they put him down, and said to one another, "We will go to the saloon first, and have a drink, before we drown him." When they had gone, a man crossed the bridge driving a drove of hogs. Jack began to laugh inside the sack. The man asked him what he was laughing about. Jack said, "I feel so happy because I am going to the land of gold beneath the water." The man asked if he might go too, and Jack said he might. The man, at Jack's request, opened the sack and let Jack out. Jack told the man to get inside, and he would go for another sack for himself. After sewing the man in, Jack drove away the hogs. The four men came back, and, thinking Jack was still in the sack, they threw it into the river. Jack sold the pigs in town, and the chief heard about it. He wondered how Jack had come back to life, and ordered him brought before him. Jack told the chief he was very glad that he had been thrown into the water, for he had found a fine country below, and had driven the hogs up from there. He added, "They did not throw me exactly in the middle of the river, but a little to one side. Had I been thrown exactly in the middle, I should have driven up a herd of oxen with golden horns."² If you care to throw me exactly in the middle next time, I will go again." The chief said he would go himself, and drive up the golden-horned oxen. He ordered his men to sew him in a sack and throw him in mid-river. This they did, and the chief was drowned.³

¹ Here, the narrator stated, Jack was sent to steal something else from the chief, in which he was also successful, but he had forgotten what it was.

² Some say with golden horns and golden hoofs, others say with gold-tipped horns.

³ The narrator did not remember any more of this story. He thought there was some more. He thought that Jack was chosen chief in place of the late chief. Another informant stated that this story, when told fully, was very long. The story ends with the election of Jack as chief in place of the chief who was drowned. The people said, "It is well our chief is dead, he was too foolish. Jack is very smart, and we will elect him as our chief." Jack was given the chief's wealth and his wife, and acted wisely afterwards. He gave up thieving.

II. *Story of Jack and his Brother.*¹

Jack and his elder brother² lived with their parents, who had a cook. They were enormous eaters; and when food was put on the table, they rapidly ate it all up, so that their parents had not enough. As they grew, they ate more; and at meal-time, even when the table was loaded with food, their parents had only eaten a few mouthfuls before all the food was finished. Their parents made up their minds to get rid of them. They told the cook to provide them with a large lunch each, take them to a rough part of the mountains, and leave them. Jack read his parents' minds, and told his elder brother what was proposed. That day he went to a wise and friendly old woman³ who lived near by, and asked her for advice. She gave him a large reel of thread and told him what to do. Next morning the cook provided them with packs of food, and told them he would take them to hunt grouse. They followed him; and as they went, Jack unrolled the thread unobserved by the cook. When the thread was almost all unrolled, the cook halted in a wild spot, saying, "We will camp here for to-night. I am going over yonder to shoot some grouse, and will be back before dusk." As soon as he was out of sight, the lads followed the thread back to their home, and arrived there shortly after the cook, and just as their parents were going to eat. Having left their lunch in the mountains, they were very hungry, and ate up the supper almost before their parents had commenced. Their parents told the cook to take them farther away next time. Jack knew what they had arranged, and went to see the old woman again. She gave him a sack full of fine powder,⁴ which shone both by day and by night, but was brightest at night, and she told him what to do. On the following morning the cook said he would take them hunting. As they followed the cook, Jack sprinkled the phosphorescent dust along the way. When the sack was about empty, the cook said, "We will camp here. I will go to yonder brush and shoot rabbits. Stay here until I return."

¹ The narrators of this and the following story of Jack agreed that there were several Jacks; such as Jack the Bear, Jack the Thief, etc. One of them maintained that Jack of this story and Jack the Trickster were the same individual. The other claimed that this was not correct; but he believed there were three distinct persons of the name of Jack, each having a different rôle. Compare Utamqt story, *Mythology of the Thompson Indians*, pp. 291, 292; *Traditions of the Thompson River Indians*, pp. 93-94; *The Shuswap*, pp. 735, 736, 757. The narrator said some say that the brothers could change into bears or dogs; but he was uncertain as to this, and was not sure of the kind of animal they were said to change into.—J. T.

See Bolte and Polívka, vol. i, p. 124.—F. B.

² The narrator had forgotten the elder brother's name.

³ Some say she was their grandmother.

⁴ Indian name, *gotsqotsie'sEm*. Some say it was phosphorescent wood, or like the heads of matches. Others say it was like what star-dust might be, and sparkled like diamonds, or like moonlight on frozen snow.

As soon as he was out of sight, the boys ran back along the sprinkled trail. When they were about half way back in a rough piece of country, they ran into a very large flock of small birds,¹ and chased them hither and thither, trying to catch them. In this way they lost their trail. They searched for a long time, but could not find it. They wandered on, not knowing where they were going. They descended from the mountains, and came to a plain where they saw a butte with a very tall pine-tree growing on top. They went there. The elder brother tried to climb the tree, but he became dizzy and descended again. Then Jack went up, reached the top, and looked around. Far away he saw a column of smoke, and called to his brother to turn his face the way he pointed. Jack descended, and they travelled the way his brother was facing. At night they camped, and sat facing the same way, so that they might not go astray. The next day they reached a large underground lodge. They were almost famished. Their shoes and clothes were in tatters. They found an old woman within, who fed them and then hid them in the cellar within the house. She told them that her husband was a cannibal. The cannibal and his wife had two children of the same size as Jack and his brother. Being young cannibals, they sniffed around Jack and his brother, and, when they were in the cellar, continued to sniff about, so that their mother had to drive them away. Towards evening the cannibal approached the house, saying, "Nôm, nôm, nôm, where can I get some meat?" On entering, he told his wife that he smelled game within the house; and she, on being threatened with a thrashing, disclosed the fact that the boys were hidden in the cellar. Jack told his brother that he would influence the cannibal's mind, so that they might be spared. The cannibal pulled them out of the cellar, and was about to eat them. Then he hesitated, and began to look them over. He said, "They are too thin." He put them back into the cellar, and told his wife to feed them well and give them a good place to sleep, that they might get fat and tender quickly. The next day the woman made a bed for them. After they had been in the house for some time, the cannibal told his wife the boys were now fit to eat, and he would kill them in the morning. Jack knew his intention. He made the cannibal and his family sleep very soundly that night. The lads arose, and placed the cannibal's children in the bed in which they themselves had been, and put logs of rotten wood in the bed of the cannibal's children. They took the cannibal's magic staff of gold, four stones which, as he learned afterwards, were gold nuggets,² and the key of his door. When any one attempted to open the house-door except with the proper key, a bell would ring. In the morning, when the cannibal

¹ Some say grouse of some kind.

² The cannibal's children used to play with these. Jack afterwards sold them for much money.

awoke, he immediately went to the bed in which the boys used to sleep, and killed his own children, whom he mistook for the captive boys. When about to eat them, he noticed their fingers, and thus realized that he had killed his own children. He uncovered what seemed to be children in the other bed, and found the logs of rotten wood. The cannibal gave chase to Jack and his brother, who by this time were far away. When the lads saw that they would be overtaken, they hid themselves in the roots of a patch of tall grass. The cannibal, who had lost track of the boys, returned in another direction.¹ As soon as he was out of sight, the lads ran on. Then the cannibal found their tracks again. The boys had just reached a broad lake, when he hove in sight. Jack threw his staff down on the water, and they crossed it as on a bridge. When they reached the opposite shore, he lifted it up, and the cannibal could not cross. He shouted, "I will forgive you, I will not harm you, if you will only give me back my staff!" but Jack stuck the staff in the ground at the edge of the lake, and left the cannibal crying.

Not² far from here they came to a large town of whites, where there was a chief and many soldiers, also many houses, stores, and farms. The cannibal used to prey on these people, who were much afraid of him. Here Jack and his brother separated, each getting work on a different farm.

Jack's brother became jealous of him, and sought to accomplish his death by putting him in danger. He told his master³ that Jack intended to steal the large bell belonging to the cannibal. Jack's master heard of this, and asked him if it were true, adding that his elder brother had said so. Jack said, "Very well. I will go and get the bell. You will all see it." The cannibal kept the bell on a wheeled vehicle alongside his house.⁴ It was very large.⁵ Jack went at night, and, crossing the lake by means of the staff, he soon reached the cannibal's house. He caused a deep sleep to fall on the cannibal, his wife, and the bell. This bell could hear a long ways off, and warned the cannibal of danger by ringing. Jack ran off with the bell, hauling it in a wagon. Just as he had reached the opposite side of the lake, the cannibal arrived at the shore. Jack drew in the staff, and stuck it in the ground. The cannibal begged for the staff, saying, "You may keep the bell, but give me back my staff, with which I cross water." Jack left him crying, and proceeded to town, where he displayed the bell to all the people.

¹ Some say he went back to the house, where he learned through some kind of telepathy where the lads actually were, and then gave chase again.

² See C.-Marius Barbeau, "Le Conte de Parle" (in "Contes populaires Canadiens," this Journal, vol. xxix, p. 70).—F. B.

³ Some say Jack's master.

⁴ Some say inside the house, and Jack entered the house with the key he had stolen.

⁵ Some say it was made of copper, or of gold, and shone like a star.

After this, Jack's brother circulated the story that Jack intended to steal the cannibal's light. His master asked him about it, and he said he would do it. He took with him three small sacks of salt. When he came to the cannibal's house, he looked down the smoke-hole. He saw the cannibal busy boiling a large kettle full of human flesh, which was now almost ready to be eaten. Jack emptied one sack full of salt into the kettle. The cannibal had a large spoon with which he was tasting the broth. When he took the next spoonful, he found the taste so agreeable that he forgot to eat any of the meat, and drank only of the soup. He said, "This must be delicious game I am boiling, to make the broth so nice." Jack wanted to make him go to drink, so that he could steal the light. He threw in the other sack of salt. The cannibal went to the creek to drink, but, instead of leaving the light, took it with him attached to his forehead. Jack ran down to the trail and hid. When the cannibal was returning, he suddenly jumped up, and threw the salt in the cannibal's face and on the light, so that neither of them could see. The cannibal was so much startled that he ran away, and in his hurry and blindness struck his toe on a tuft of grass and fell down heavily. The light rolled off his head. Jack seized it and ran off. This light could see a long ways off, and told the cannibal what it saw. It saw farthest at night. The cannibal could not follow Jack, because it was very dark and he had no proper light. Jack carried the light to town, and displayed it to the people.

Next Jack's brother told that Jack was going to bring in the cannibal himself. His master asked him regarding it, and he said he would do it. He went to the blacksmith and had a large trunk made of iron, with a lid which shut with a spring. When it was finished, Jack went into it and tried it with all his strength. He found the box was too weak. Therefore he ordered the blacksmith to re-enforce it with heavy iron bands. He placed the trunk on a wagon, to which he harnessed a fine team, and drove to the cannibal's house, crossing the lake on the magic staff. The cannibal came out and admired the team, wagon, and trunk. He did not recognize Jack, and thought he would kill the visitor and take his wagon, trunk, and team. The cannibal admired the trunk, which was polished and looked like steel. Jack opened the lid to show him the inside, which was decorated with carvings, pictures in colors, and looking-glasses. Jack proposed to sell the trunk to the cannibal, and asked him to go in and try it. The cannibal told Jack to go in first. Jack went in, lay down at full length, and claimed that it was very comfortable. The cannibal then went in, and Jack shut the lid on him. The cannibal struggled to free himself, and at times nearly capsized the trunk; but Jack drove him into town, where he stopped in the square. The chief and soldiers and all the

people flocked to see the cannibal who had been killing them. They lifted him off the wagon, and asked Jack to liberate him. Jack said if he liberated him, he would kill all the people, and proposed to them to light a fire, and to roast him to death in the trunk. Jack's brother asked him to open the trunk, but he would not consent. Jack's brother said, "There is no danger. See these hundreds of armed soldiers." Jack said, "It matters not, for neither arrows, nor bullets, nor knives, can penetrate him. He will kill everybody." His brother laughed. Jack said, "I will give you the key of the trunk, and you may open it in four hours from now." The whites wanted to have some fun with their enemy. When Jack had been gone four hours, and while he was sitting on the top of a distant hill overlooking the town, his brother opened the trunk. The cannibal, who was in a violent rage, killed every one of the people, including Jack's brother. There were none left. After this Jack travelled. Some say he turned foolish, and became Jack the Trickster.

12. STORY OF THE HORSE-RACER.¹

Once there was a lad who was the son of wealthy parents, and who kept race-horses. He spent all his time training his horses and racing them. He lost nearly all the races he ran, but nevertheless persisted in racing. Thus he gambled away all his parents' ranch, their house, their cattle, sheep, and pigs, etc., and at last all his horses and his clothes, and even his parents themselves, and his brothers and sisters. He then left the country and travelled east. Naked and famished, he reached the house of an old woman,² who treated him kindly, fed and clothed him, and gave him advice as to his future and how to act. After resting there for some time, he continued, on her advice, to travel east, and came to the house of a wealthy man, who had a ranch and lived all alone, and who employed him. When he had been there some little time, his master told him he would give him a horse and send him on an errand to a far country, and that it would take him years to go there and to return. He had sent many of his employees on this journey, but none had come back. They had all disappeared or perished. He wanted him to go to a chief in a distant land and get his daughter. He could gather up all the hundreds of horses on the range, and choose the one he thought best for the journey. The lad went out on the range, and whistled or called to the horses. They all came to him, forming a circle around him. After looking them over, he selected a small gray³ horse with long hair. He put a halter on him,

¹ This lad is sometimes called "Jack," sometimes "Horse-Racer," and sometimes "Loser" or "Gambler."

² The narrator had forgotten the particulars about this woman.

³ The color of the horse is not certain.

and led him to his master's stable. The master went to look at the horse; and when he saw that the lad had brought in an undersized and miserable-looking colt, he told him he would never be able to accomplish the journey. The lad said it was his choice; and his master answered, "Do as you like." On the following morning the youth led the horse out with only a piece of blanket on its back and a piece of rope for a bridle. The horse had told him to do so. When he was out of sight, the horse changed into a large and noble-looking steed, with fine saddle and bridle ornamented with beautiful trappings. The horse said, "Use only a willow switch on me, and whip me lightly but twice, once on each side." Now they bounded off, going faster than the wind, the horse lighting on the ground only here and there. They rode at a height of a little above the tops of the tallest trees. Small lakes they covered at one bound. Early on the second day they were within sight of the chief's house. The horse told the lad how he would dance and show off, and advised him what to do. As they approached the house, the horse pranced around, and the chief's daughter came out and stood at the door among the soldiers watching. The chief also came out. When the lad came up, he was asked where he had come from. He said he had travelled a long ways from a distant country, and was going to another country beyond, where he now was to engage in horse-racing. The chief said he had never seen such a good horse, and that his daughter wished to ride it. The youth dismounted and let the girl ride. When she had returned, he mounted again, and said to her that the horse danced very prettily with two riders, and still better with three. The chief mounted behind the lad, and the horse danced very prettily. The girl, who wished to try how it felt, asked to be taken next. The horse danced very nicely, and when a little ways off it began to describe circles. They returned, and the chief also mounted behind. The lad said the girl must be tied to him, so that she would not fall off, as the horse would now perform his best steps. When they were some distance from the house, the horse reared and threw the chief. Then it rushed forward, and was soon out of sight. The chief's men mounted and went out in search of the couple, but they could not find which way the lad had gone. On the second day at noon the boy returned to his master's house. When they came near the stable, the horse changed to its former appearance of a small shaggy colt. The boy led it into the stable and took the woman to the house. The master was delighted with the woman, and surprised at the speedy, successful journey. The woman, however, refused to marry unless she had two wishes fulfilled. She wanted to have her work-bag,¹ and her favorite black horse which had strayed away three² years before and was lost. In her work-bag were her

¹ Some say work-bag and toilet-bag.

² Time uncertain.

needles and thread, her scissors, her comb, and her looking-glass. The master asked the boy to help him, and on the following morning the youth started.

When he reached the vicinity of the chief's house, he disguised himself and his horse. Before the soldiers at the gate, horse and rider appeared tired and poor. The chief came out and asked him if he had met any one on the trail. He said, "Yes, a long ways off I met a girl alone near the trail, who was crying for her work-bag." The chief offered him a reward if he would recover her and bring her back. The lad said that she would not believe him, and would not accompany him because he did not bring her bag. The chief gave him the bag, which he strapped to the saddle, and soon disappeared out of sight. On his arrival home, he delivered the bag to the woman.

On the following morning he started out to look for the black horse. He reached a lake at the foot of a rough mountain. Here the horse told the lad to hide and wait. The black horse had joined a band of wild horses, that ran in a very rough and distant part of the country. The boy's horse promised to separate him from the herd and to make him swim the lake. When he came out, the lad must rope him.¹ The horse did as he had said, and the lad roped the wild horse. On the following day he arrived home, leading the black horse, which he gave to the woman. Now she married his master, and the latter was happy.

The boy's master gave him the horse and a large sum of money. Now the lad returned to his own country. When he was near home, the horse changed to the form of a shaggy colt. The people who had won everything from the lad welcomed him, and asked him if he wished to race. He said he would. His parents watched from a hill. He raced with the people,² and won back his parents, brothers and sisters, stock, ranch, and in addition almost all the property of the people, who lost many horses and much goods.

*(Another Version.)*³

This story is told in the same way as the preceding one, with the following differences and additions. The tale opens thus:—

A lad who was very fond of horse-racing and gambling lost all his horses, clothes, and all he had. As a last chance of winning back

¹ Some say Jack's horse fought with the black horse and conquered him.

² Some tell this part of the story at considerable length, but the narrator had forgotten the details.

³ Called by the narrator "The Boy who raced Horses," "The Boy who lost All," and "The Poor Boy and his Colt [or Pony]." Compare several incidents in this story with Shoshone (Robert H. Lowie, "The Northern Shoshone," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. ii, pp. 295-297).

what he had lost, he staked his parents and brothers and sisters, and lost them also. He was so ashamed that he walked away naked, not knowing where he was going.

Almost famished, he reached the dwelling of an old woman, who adopted him and called him her grandson. He lived with her. He still felt disconsolate, and in his travels one day wandered farther than usual. After crossing a mountain, he saw a shaggy colt in the valley beyond, and went up to it.¹ The colt spoke to him kindly, and said he might put a halter on him and ride him. He said, "Try me in a race, but you must never whip me more than twice, once on each side." Four days the lad raced the colt, and each day he ran faster. At last he ran like the swiftest wind, and the noise of his running was like an approaching storm. He grew larger and stronger as he ran. At the end of each race he became small again. Then the colt invited him to go travelling. They came to the house of a chief, who wanted to hire a man and horse to perform a difficult errand, for which he would pay much money; but he did not think the horse the lad rode could endure the journey. It was too small and weak-looking. The lad promised to undertake the task.

From here the story continues in the same way as the preceding one, up to the time when the lad goes to bring in the wild black horse.

The colt told him he would go after the black horse himself; for the latter ran in a very rough and distant part of the mountains, and was very strong and fierce. The colt drove the black horse to where the boy was. It was a running fight, the colt constantly catching up and biting the other. When they reached the place where the lad was, the black horse was nearly exhausted. The colt threw him to the ground and held him down, while the boy put his halter on the conquered horse. The colt had told him to do so. . . .

After the lad had been paid by the chief, he rode off to another place, where a chief lived who had a² daughter. He carried with him the gold he had received. This chief had several race-horses, which were the best in the whole country. The lad rode up, and challenged the chief to race with him. The chief laughed at the poor-looking colt the boy rode. He bet one horse against the boy's gold, and rode one of his poorest horses. The boy won. The chief bet another horse against the horse he had lost and the boy's gold, but lost again. Thus the chief lost all his horses except one. This was his best horse. He bet his daughter against all the horses the lad had won and against the gold, and lost as before. Thus the boy left there with a wife, many good race-horses, and plenty of money. When he reached his own

¹ Some say the colt was staked there.

² Some say two or more daughters.

country, he was met by the people who had formerly beaten him in horse-racing. They saw that he had much wealth, which they thought they would easily win. They asked him to race with them, and he readily assented. All the people assembled to witness the race. The people saw that he had chosen the colt to race with, instead of his good-looking horses. They thought they would easily beat him, and ran one of their poorer race-horses. They bet heavily. The race was to be around a mountain. They started; and as long as the racers were in sight, the colt was far behind. The people laughed, thinking they had already won. When the racers were about to disappear behind the mountain, the colt told the boy to lay on the switch on his left side. He did so, and the colt caught up with the other horse. He had changed into a large and magnificent horse. He told the boy to lay on the switch on the right side. Then the colt bounded to far beyond the opposing horse, and reached the other corner of the mountain. Here he changed back to a small colt. The people were surprised when they saw the colt come into view first. He reached the goal first and won the race. Then the people ran their best horses, and bet very heavily, but the boy always won. Thus he recovered all the goods and horses he had formerly lost, and set free his parents, brothers, and sisters. Besides, he won nearly everything the people had, and they were reduced to poverty. Thus he became a wealthy chief. Then the colt told him to take him to the place where he had first found him, and turn him loose there. The boy obeyed, but felt very sorry at parting with his good friend.

13. STORY OF THE RACE WITH THE TURTLES; OR, THE TURTLES AND ANTELOPE.¹

This story was told by two men exactly as related of the Turtles and the Runner.² One informant said the Runner was Antelope, and the other said he had heard more often that the Runner was Coyote. Some people add a few boastful remarks made by Coyote to Turtle.

14. STORY OF HAND-HAMMER, WOOD-CHISEL, BOIL, AND SPITTLE.³

Stone Hand-Hammer, Antler Wood-Chisel, Boil (*tsūmtsum*), and Spittle were friends, and all lived together. One day they all went together to gather wood. Hand-Hammer and Chisel chopped the tree. Chisel was pinched in the wood and killed. The other three took packs of wood on their backs and started for home. Hand-Hammer lost his balance, passing along the steep side-hill, rolled down

¹ See Oskar Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, vol. iv, pp. 47-97.—F. B.

² *Mythology of the Thompson Indians* (Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, vol. viii), p. 395.

³ Some say mucus of the nose instead of spittle.—J. T.

See Bolte and Polívka, vol. i, p. 135.—F. B.

into the river, and was drowned. A dry needle of the yellow pine blew down, and the point struck Boil in the eye, bursting him. Spittle went on, and, in passing over a piece of dry ground, dried up. Thus all four perished.

(Another Version.)

This story is the same as the preceding one, with the following variations:—

The four people reached a large dry tree lying on the ground. Wood-Chisel made a small hole in it and inserted himself. Then Hand-Hammer jumped on top of him, hit him on the head, and drove him in. They had been accustomed to this act when gathering wood; but the wood always split, and Wood-Chisel got free. This time, however, the trunk of the tree would not split, and only splinters came off. After driving Chisel in as far as he could, Hand-Hammer found that the tree would not split, and that Chisel was held fast. He tried hard to relieve him, but did not succeed. He was hot with his exertions, and went to the river to drink. When he stooped down to the water, he rolled over and disappeared in the river. Boil and Spittle said, "We have to do the best we can. Our friends Chisel and Hammer are dead,—one squeezed to death, and the other drowned." They gathered up what splinters and chips they could find and started for home. Now a very strong Chinook wind started to blow, and dried up Spittle on the road. Presently a dry yellow pine-needle came along borne by the high wind, which struck Boil and pierced him, so that the pus ran out, and he also disappeared. Thus all the people of the house died on one day, and their house stood empty.

15. COYOTE AND FOX.¹

Coyote and Fox were companions. Coyote thought himself smarter than Fox. Fox was eating cheese when Coyote came along. Coyote asked him where he got it. Fox said, "Ask me that after you have eaten it." Coyote and Fox ate the cheese; and when they had finished, Coyote asked Fox again. Fox told him that he had stolen it from a white man's store, which he had entered through a hole. Coyote proposed that they go to get some more. They went to the hole, through which Fox passed easily, but Coyote could hardly pass through. Inside they found a large cheese, which Fox invited Coyote to eat. He said, "I eat all I can here, and then pass out through the hole carrying some more." When Coyote had about eaten his fill, Fox knocked

¹ Or story of Fox tricking Coyote. The narrator stated that there are a number of incidents of the Coyote and Fox myth in which Fox gets the best of Coyote, but most of them he had forgotten.—J. T.

L. Sudre, *Les sources du Roman de Renart*, pp. 240 *et seq.*—F. B.

over a tin can, and then ran out through the hole. Coyote ran after him, but his stomach was so full that he stuck in the hole. The store-keeper ran in and beat Coyote, who finally escaped after tearing the skin off his sides.

Fox¹ was travelling, and saw a wagon full of fish driven by two men. He threw himself on the ground, stiffened out, and pretended to be dead. The drivers saw him lying near the road. They said, "There is a dead fox with a fine skin worth much money." One of them jumped off, picked up the carcass, and threw it into the wagon among the fish, saying, "We will skin him when we get home." Fox threw out fish here and there along the road while the backs of the drivers were turned toward him, and then jumped off noiselessly. He gathered the fish up, and was eating them when Coyote came along. Coyote asked Fox how he had obtained so many fish; and Fox said, "Ask me that after we have finished our meal." When they had finished, Coyote asked again, and Fox said, "It is a very simple matter to catch fish like these. You must choose a cold clear night for fishing, make a hole in the ice, and put your tail down in the water. After keeping still for a considerable time, the fish will take hold of your tail, and then you can haul them out, many at a time." The first cold night Coyote followed these directions. After waiting a considerable time, he thought there ought to be many fish on his tail. Then he thought, "I will wait a little longer, so I am sure to catch plenty." Coyote tried to pull his tail out; but it was frozen tight in the ice, and he could not get away. Fox came along, and laughed at his plight. He said, "How smart you must be to get caught in that way! You cannot even catch fish the way I do. Don't you know there are so many fish on your tail that they hold you down?" Coyote strained again to pull his tail out, but without avail. At last Fox liberated him.

16. LŪI² AND THE FLOOD.

There was a chief called Lŭi who lived in the country somewhere. He alone knew how to make canoes; and therefore some people think he was Kwonĕkwa, and lived at Lytton. The inhabitants of the country were bad, and therefore God sent a flood to drown them. Lŭi made a large canoe, and all the good people embarked with him in it. There were very many. They drifted about for many days, and could see no land. They were tired and hungry, and anxious to see land. Lŭi sent out Swallow and his brother Martin to see if they could

¹ Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, vol. iv, p. 225.—F. B.

² Compare *Mythology of the Thompson Indians* (Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, vol. viii), pp. 333 and 400; also preceding story; Lilloet (this *Journal*, vol. xxv, p. 342). This story is of biblical origin. Lŭi is probably a corruption of Noah, changed a little to conform to the French Louis, a name familiar to the Indians.

find and bring back any land. They returned without finding any. Then he sent out Raven and Crow, and they did not come back. They staid away, feeding on the putrid corpses of the drowned people. For this reason Lūi transformed them into birds of a black color; before that, they were white-skinned people, like Lūi himself. One night the canoe grounded on the top of a mountain. The people went ashore; and gradually, as the flood receded and the earth dried up, they left the mountains and spread throughout the valleys of the country, settling here and there. Lūi himself, and his family, are supposed to have settled at Lytton. From these survivors of the flood all the people sprang.

SPENCES BRIDGE, B.C.

EUROPEAN TALES FROM THE PLAINS OJIBWA.¹

BY ALANSON SKINNER.

I. THE TWO BROTHERS.

THERE was once an old man living alone with his wife. They had a horse and one dog, a spaniel. They hunted and fished only in the big lake. Once upon a time they could not get any fish in the nets, and they were very hungry. The man went to look after his net in the morning, and found a jackfish with a large head. As he was going to kill the fish, it said, "Hold on, old man! Don't kill me right away!" The old man stopped, and the fish told the old man to take all its scales off and not to lose any, and to go and put these in the garden. It also told him to cut off its fins and place them in the garden, to cut its head off and give it to his wife to eat, half of its body to be fed to the dog, and the other end to the horse. He told the old man to shut the stable, but not to look at it for four days and four nights, and not to look at the scales for four days and four nights, but each morning after that he could look. The old man then killed it and took it home. He told his wife about it; and she asked, "Is that true?" — "Yes," answered the old man, and repeated all. "We will obey. We are poor and hungry, maybe we shall have good luck." He scaled and cut the fish and put it in the garden. He also fed his wife, dog, and horse as he had been told, and shut the stable. For four days and nights he could not sleep. His wife became pregnant; and on the fourth morning she had two sons, and the old man was glad. He ran to the stable, and found that the mare had two foals, the dog two pups. He went to the garden, and there was silver money where the scales had been placed. There were two fine swords where the fins had been. The old man ran in to tell his wife what had happened, and they were delighted. After that the old man caught many fish. Soon his boys grew up.

One time, when they were home in the evening, the elder boy said, "Are there any other people in the world?" — "Certainly, there are many people." — "Where can I find them?" — "You can find them anywhere." The youth said, "I will start to-morrow to try to visit some people." He left his sword, and told his brother, "I shall take

¹ Collected, 1913, from the Plains Ojibwa (Bungi), on the Long Plains Reserve, Manitoba. — A. S.

See Bolte and Polívka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. i, p. 528. — F. B.

yours, and leave mine hanging here. Do not touch it! If I have trouble or if I am killed, it will become rusty." Then he went off. About dinner-time he dismounted and drank from a spring. He found silver water; and when he dipped his little finger into it, it became solid silver. He put some of the water on the horse's ears, and they became silver. He did the same to the dog's, and also on his own hair. Then he started off.

When he came to a large town, he took off his clothes, found some old ones, and put rags around his finger and a handkerchief over his hair. He had a little box in which he put the horse and dog after making them small, and hid them in a blacksmith's shop. The blacksmith looked at him. "Where are you from?" — "Is there a town here? I am very poor." — "Oh, come in!" The blacksmith fed him. The man said, "I can keep you here," and engaged him to do the chores in the house. He staid there a while, when one night the blacksmith came home and said, "The king of this town has a fine daughter, and she is going to be fed to the Windigo that has eight heads. He eats only people." — "When is she going to be taken there?" — "To-morrow morning."

The next day, after his work, the young man went out. He mounted his horse, took his dog, put on his own clothes, and rode out of the city. After a while he heard some one weeping in the woods. He turned in that direction, and found a young girl who was crying. She stopped when she saw him. The young man asked her, "Why are you crying?" — "There is no use telling you." — "Oh, no! tell me!" — "Where are you going? There is no use telling you." — "Oh, yes! you must tell me." Then the girl, seeing that he was a stranger, said, "I will tell you. I am going to yonder bluff. There is an eight-headed manitou there, and I am going to be eaten by him." — "Why?" — "He wants me." — "What if you do not go?" — "Then he would devour every one in the city. Therefore I must go."

Then the youth said, "I will go first. You can go when I come back." — "No, no! you must not go. I am not going there for life, I am going there to die." — "If that is so, I must see him first." — "Oh, no!" The young man said, "I will go and come back. You stay here." — "Well, go on! but he will kill you," and she gave the boy a ring. He then went to the bluff, and saw that the trees were shaken by the breath of the manitou. He stopped, and said to his horse and dog, "Try as hard as you can to help me," and then he rode on. The horse and dog sank deep into the soil. The boy took his sword and cut off one head, which sprang back again. Then he told his dog to catch it; and he hit the monster again, cutting off another of his heads. The dog seized it and shook it. The youth cut off another one, and the horse kicked it. When he had cut off four heads, the

manitou was not breathing very strongly. Finally he killed him. He cut out all the tongues and put them in a handkerchief. When he came back, he found the girl waiting, and told her that he had killed the manitou. He told the girl to go home and take the tongues with her, but not to tell who killed the manitou. "Give the tongues to your father, and say that a young fellow did it, but that you do not know who."

The blacksmith was working at home. "Where are you going, — home? No, you have to be eaten by the manitou." — "The manitou has been killed." — "Nobody can kill him." The girl showed him the tongues. Then the blacksmith believed her, and asked her who had killed him. "I do not know, he is a youth." — "Go home and tell your father that I killed him. If you don't, I will kill you." The girl agreed, and he went with her. Her father and mother asked her why she had come back, and she told them that the blacksmith had killed the manitou. She called him in, and they asked him, "How did you do it?" — "I hit his tongues."

The king was very glad, and gave the girl to the blacksmith. The youth went home, put his horse back into the box, dressed in his old clothes.

There was to be a four-days' dance before the wedding. After three nights' dance, the blacksmith was very glad, and told the boy that this was the last night. Then the lad put on his clothes. He came into the lodge and sat down by the door. The girl knew him at once, and told her father secretly that he had slain the monster. The king invited him to a better place. The blacksmith wanted to go out, pretending that his stomach pained him, but he was not allowed to leave. He was locked up, taken to the sea, and thrown in. The youth married the girl; and the king gave him half of the town, half of his money, and half of everything he owned, he was so glad that his daughter had been saved. They went upstairs into their rooms. There was a window at the top on the east side of the house, and from there could be seen a blue fire at a distance.

"What kind of fire is that?" asked the youth.

"Do not ask about it," said the princess, "and never go near it."

On the next day he took his little horse and dog and went to the fire. There he saw an old, long house. He entered the first room, but there was no one there. After a while he heard some one. The door opened, and a white-headed old woman came in, and said, "Grandchild, hold your little dog, he will bite me. I am cold." — "Warm yourself, the dog will not touch you." — "You must tie him." — "I have nothing to tie him with." So the old lady gave him one hair, and said, "*Nosis*, tie him with that." The youth did so, and also tied the horse. The old woman had a cane. She touched him with it on the feet, and he died.

One morning the other youth, who had been left at home, saw rust on the sword. He said to his father, "I fear brother is dead somewhere, for his sword is rusty. I must go and try to find him." His father consented, and told him to be careful.

The next morning the elder brother left. About noon he found the same spring, and did as his brother had done. In the evening he came to the city and went to the chief's house. The girl came out and kissed him, and asked him where he had been, but he did not answer. They had supper, and he thought to himself, "That must be my brother's wife." At night he refused to go to bed. Through the window he saw the blue fires. He asked, "What kind of fires are those?" — "Why did you not go over to see?"

In the morning he went there. When he arrived there, he saw his brother's horse and dog tied with brass wire, lying down and frozen to death. He went into the lodge, and saw that his brother also lay dead by the fire. Soon he heard some one coming. An old woman appeared, and said, "I am cold." — "Warm yourself by the fire." — "First tie your little dog."

He refused to do so, and finally said, "Now, granny, make that man and horse and dog alive! If you do not do so at once, I shall send the dog after you." — "*Nosis*, I cannot bring a dead man to life." — "You have to." — "No."

Then he set his dog on her. The dog bit her, and the horse kicked her.

"Stop! I'll bring them to life." He stopped the animals, and the old woman walked forward. The youth kept away from her cane. She told him to take up a little bottle and put it on his frozen brother. As soon as he dropped some of the liquid from the bottle into his mouth, he came to. She did the same to the dog and to the horse. Then the brothers killed the old woman. They took the bottle away from her and went home. As they rode along together, the elder brother said, "You must be married. Yes. Your wife mistook me for you, but I only let her sleep with my arm. That's how I found out."

The younger brother, on hearing this, became jealous. He drew back and shot his brother with his revolver. He also shot his dog and horse. Then he went home, and his wife was glad to see him. She asked him why he refused to sleep with her last night. "You only let me have your hand." Then the brother began to sorrow for his brother. He took his horse and went back to the corpse. There he wept over his brother. His little dog ran around the dead body, and began to look inside the coat. There he found the old woman's little bottle. He put some of the liquid on the wound, and thus brought the brother back to life. Then he dropped some on the dog and the horse, and they all came to. They went home, put their

horses and dogs away, entered the lodge, and sat down. The younger one's wife saw them, and was unable to tell them apart. On the following day they started to return to their parents. When they came to a forked road, they decided to go in different directions. The elder one took one road, and said, "I will go this way, and my name will be God." The other said, "I will follow the other, and I will be the Devil." That's the end of it.

2. CINDERELLA.¹

A man whose wife died left him with a daughter. He married a widow with two ugly daughters. When the man went away, his daughter sat in the corner amid ashes, and never said anything. One night all the girls of the town were invited to a dance. The old woman said the youngest could not go, and the man went with the step-daughters. Their shoes would not fit, so they cut their feet to make them fit. The old woman tried to straighten their noses. One young man thought the youngest daughter should go. He jumped in his rig and asked her to come along; but she said she had no clothes, and that her step-mother would strike her. The young man drove home, got some good clothes, and took them to the girl, for he was a manitou. He dressed her and took her along. When the people saw how pretty she was, every one looked at her and admired her. She danced twice and went home. She had a little box given her; and she was to name whatever clothes she wanted, and they would be there. When she undressed, the clothes all disappeared in the box. When they came home, the homely girls scolded her. On the following day the young manitou came in and talked to Cinderella. The homely ones were jealous, and tried to induce him to pay attention to them. They were very angry when he left. They wanted to do away with Cinderella.

When she was out, they found her box. Then they sent her after the water that sings.² She left the lodge and went along the trail on which her grandmother lived, who said, "*Nosis*, where are you going?" The girl told her. "You can get it, you are a pretty girl, but you will be twice as pretty again. After you have dipped it, you will hear music. Do not look back, but go ahead!" She obtained the water and carried it home. Her sisters were not able to look at her on account of her shining beauty. They asked, "O my dear sister! how far is that water?" — "Not far." — "O mother! we will go for some to-morrow." One of them started, and came to the grandmother, who asked where she was going. "I am going to get the water that sings." — "Oh, you will be pretty if you do as I tell you. You will hear music, but do not look back!" The girl came back. She said

¹ See Bolte and Polívka, *l. c.*, vol. i, p. 165.—F. B.

² *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 380.—F. B.

to the grandmother, "Do not speak to me! I am going to be a pretty girl." — "Oh, then you will be five times as homely." Her mother fainted when she saw her daughter coming, trailing her nose, which had grown enormously long. She asked her pretty step-daughter what she had done, and beat her. The girl told her what had happened. She sent Cinderella off into the bush, where there were wolves and bears. The girl knew that they wanted her to die. Soon she lost her way. She crawled under a tree.

Soon a young hunter came by. He heard something under the tree, and found her, covered by her hair. He asked her if she was lost. She said, "Do not come near me! I have no clothes." The hunter went off, got some clothes, and dressed her. He took her home.

When her step-mother learned about this, she went to see her, and pretended to be very friendly. She kissed her, but took the opportunity to take away all but her old clothes.

Again all the girls were invited out, and they left the pretty one at home. When all were gone, the girl's grandmother walked into the house, and said, "Grandchild, why are you here? You are pretty, you ought to be among the people." She found the box of clothes for her, opened it, dressed the girl, and took her to the dance. The chief's son happened to be there. He took a fancy to her, took her home, and married her. The young woman had a baby, and her step-mother was nursing her while her husband was away. The old woman stuck a pin into the wife's neck and made an elk of her, that ran away. Then she put her homely daughter in her place. When the husband came home, his mother-in-law told him that he would be surprised to see that his wife, owing to her sickness, had turned to be the ugliest creature on earth. The young man said, "I do not care how ugly she is, as long as she is alive." The mother-in-law cooked, and the husband came in and kissed and hugged his pretended wife. All at once at dinner-time an elk walked into the house and nursed the baby, then walked out again. Thus it came nearly every day. The husband asked his false wife what she would like to eat, and she said, "I should like to eat an elk." The young man went out, shot the elk, and broke a hind-leg of the animal, which, however, succeeded in getting away. In the morning the elk hobbled in and nursed the baby. The husband liked the elk, petted her, and tried to bandage the broken leg. By chance he pulled out the pin from the neck, and at once his wife stood before him with broken leg. He said nothing, but went out and ordered his soldiers to take the old woman and her daughter out and to hang them. Then his wife recovered. They started out to find Cinderella's father and her other sister. They killed the latter and took the father-in-law with them, and they have been living there ever since.

At the last dance the girl lost her shoe, and the chief's son found it.

3. TICON (PETIT-JEAN).¹

Ticon was living with his mother, for his father was dead. There were two kings ruling over the land. Ticon was poor: he had only one cow and one steer. One day, in a rage, he killed them. He skinned the cow and stuffed it. Then he put wheels under its hoofs, and dragged it to town. On the way he met the two kings, who gave him nine beans for it.

His mother was vexed. "What will you do with those?" she asked.

"Oh, I will make some money yet," he replied. So he got a lot of pails and filled them with dung, loaded them into an ox-cart, and started for town singing.

In the mean time the kings took the cow home, but it neither ate nor voided. They found that it was stuffed, and started after Ticon. Soon they met him with his load. They inquired of him what he had, and he replied, "Oh, I am selling good syrup."

They bought it of him and went home, one driving, the other walking. The one on the cart could not wait till he got home, so he tasted the syrup; and, as soon as he found out what it was, he spat it out. Then he said to his comrade, "Let us change off for a while! You may ride, and I shall walk." Then the same happened to the other king. "Hai!" said he, "do you know what we bought? Why, it is dung! Let us kill Ticon to-morrow!"

Ticon suspected that they would be after him, so he took a bird's pluck, filled it with blood, and tied it about his mother's neck. "Now, mother, I shall pretend to kill you when they come," he said.

When the kings approached, he stabbed the pluck, and his mother fell down, all bloody. The kings were horrified. "Oh, that is all right!" cried Ticon. "I can make her alive." So he blew up her back with a bone whistle. "That will bring any one to life," he said, "and it will even make a bad woman good!" Then his mother sprang up.

The kings willingly paid him a large sum for his whistle. That night one of them quarrelled with his wife and killed her. His children wept, so he tried to bring her to, but he did not succeed.

However, he told the other king that it was all right. He tried it too; but it did not work for him either, no matter how hard he tried. He ran to his friend, and cried, "Hai, I have killed my wife!" — "So have I! Let us make a bag and put Ticon in it, and drown him in the sea!"

They caught Ticon and put him in a bag, and took him away in a wheel-barrow. All the way Ticon was singing, "I am going to heaven to-day!" After a while they stopped for a drink; so they hung the bag containing Ticon from the branch of a tree. While

¹ See Bolte and Polívka, *l. c.*, vol. ii, p. 1.

they were gone, an old shepherd came along and heard him singing. He asked Ticon why he was so happy. Ticon replied that he was going to heaven. Then the old man offered to change places with him. The kings took the bag out to sea in their ship, and cast it overboard. On their return, they overtook Ticon driving home the shepherd's flock. "Why, where did you come from?" they asked. "If you had dumped me in the centre of the sea, I should have had better cattle!" he cried. "O Ticon! what will you take to put us there?"

Ticon had them make two bags, told them to get in, and sing certain songs. He told them that when they were thrown overboard, they would meet the king under water, who would give them cattle.

Then he took them out and threw them into the sea, saying, "You will never get any cattle!"

4. TICON WINS THE PRINCESS.

A youth was once raising his younger brother. He treated him well and bought him clothes to wear; but the little fellow destroyed them, and slept on the floor naked. When the boy was nearly grown, his elder brother received a letter that said that the king's daughter would soon be married. She would accept whoever could propose a puzzle that she could not solve. Three chances were allowed; and if the princess guessed each correctly, the propounder would go to jail. The contest was to take place four days later, at noon.

In order to get there on time, the elder brother had to start that night. He wondered what he should do, as there was no one to watch his younger brother Ticon. Just then four more young men came up, and asked, "Where are you going?" — "Have you not heard about the king's daughter?" They decided to go together, but to leave Ticon behind, because he was so foolish. All that night the young men sat up inventing puzzles, while Ticon slept. The next morning they told him to stay behind, while they all set out together.

The young men walked till noon, when they stopped for lunch. At evening they discovered that Ticon was following them. He had no shirt, only an old torn coat that he had to hold together, and a piece of tallow that he carried for lunch.

"What shall we do?" asked the young men, one of another. "Oh, well! take him along. We shall get rid of him somehow."

When camping-time came, they saw at a distance a long lodge. They dug a hole, put Ticon into it, and told him to stay there, and not to come to the house, because he was too dirty. They promised to feed him.

In the house they found an old man, his wife, and two girls. These people were glad to see the young men, and offered them food. While they were eating, in came Ticon. While he was eating, he had greased

himself all over with tallow. The girls saw him at once, and exclaimed, "Oh, look! Who is this?"

Ticon tried to scare the girls, and began to play with them. They fed him, and he staid all night with them, while the others worked on their puzzles, and finally he went to sleep on the floor. Early in the morning the young men arose and left; and when Ticon woke up, there was no one there. As he opened the door to leave, the old man stopped him, and offered him food, saying, "You will overtake them."

After Ticon had eaten, the old man gave him a rag which was rolled up. "Now, Ticon, I shall give you this rag," he said. "You will never be short of food. Count the number of people whom you want to feed, and then unwrap the rag. Always tie it at your shoulder."

At dinner-time Ticon caught up with his companions. "Let us eat dinner here!" said he. He counted them, unwrapped and spread his rag, and it was covered with boiling and steaming food.

"You stole this magic rag," the brothers said. "No," replied Ticon, "the old man gave it to me." After dinner Ticon wrapped up his rag and tied it on his shoulder.

Just before night they came to another long house, similar to the one they had found before. This time the youths put Ticon in the haystack. The young men entered the house, and found an old man, his wife, and two daughters. Meanwhile Ticon, in eating, had covered himself all over with grease. Then he came in. The girls liked him and fed him, and he played with them, while the young men wrote all night. Ticon finally went to sleep on the floor of the lodge, and the others left before he awoke. When Ticon found that he had been left, he started to follow, but, just as he was going out, the old man stopped him. "Hold on! I'll give you something," he cried. He took a little bottle and shook it. Immediately it became large, and full of whiskey. "No one will ever drain it," said the old man.

At dinner-time Ticon caught up with the others. He gave them all food on his rag. Then he took out his bottle, shook it, and all had a drink. When Ticon put it back into his pocket, there was none missing.

At night they came to another long house. They hid Ticon in the haystack and went in. They found an old man, his wife, and two daughters. Meantime Ticon greased himself as before, and came in. As usual, the girls liked him and played with him, and he slept on the floor while the others studied. When Ticon awoke, the others had already gone, and he started to follow; but the old man stopped him and gave him a small fiddle, saying, "I give you a fiddle that is heard everywhere; and all who hear it will dance, and cannot stop while you play." Ticon took the fiddle and went off. At noon he

came to town and found the others; but they were ahead and refused to stop for him, so Ticon fiddled, and they all danced. Ticon walked along playing, and, though the others tried to stop him, they could not do so. They cried, "O Ticon! you stole it;" but Ticon replied, "No."

After dinner they locked Ticon up, because they said he was too stupid to go to the palace. They left him in an old stable while they themselves went to the king's house. Ticon, however, got out and followed them. He peeped through a crack in the palace door and saw all the others sitting there. They tried and lost, and were put in jail. This made Ticon angry. While waiting there, he saw an egg, which he put in his bosom. He saw a door-latch and took that. Then he eased himself in his hat and took that. Then he smeared himself all over with grease, and went in laughing.

"What is this?" cried every one. The king's daughter was much surprised. Ticon walked right up to her and handed her the egg. "Cook this for me," he said. "Give me something to cook it with," she demanded. "Cook it with this," said Ticon, giving her the stick. "Give me your faeces," said the princess. Ticon handed her the hat. "Here they are, tied up in this!"

"You are beaten," said the king to his daughter. "No, I will not marry him," said the princess. "He must go to jail."

So Ticon was put in jail. "Here comes Ticon!" said his brothers and the others as they saw him enter. Ticon began to play on his fiddle.

After a while a porter came with dry bread and water. "Take it out," said Ticon. "No, it is your food," he replied.

Ticon threw it out of the window, and told the porter to watch while he fed the people in jail. He counted them, opened his rag, and there was a fine, hot, steaming dinner. After they had eaten, he opened his bottle, and they all had a drink. The porter was astonished. Ticon wrapped up his rag and put away his bottle. Then he fiddled, and they all danced. The officer had to dance until he was worn out. When Ticon stopped, he went and told the king and the king's daughter that Ticon had thrown away all the dry bread, fed the prisoners, and made them dance.

The princess wondered if Ticon would sell the rag, so she sent the officer to ask him. Ticon replied, "Oh, no! I will not. If I should sell it, these poor fellows would all starve."

When the officer reported this to the princess, she told him to go and tell Ticon that she would buy it at any price.

"All right," said Ticon, "provided she will do what I tell her. I am going to say to her, 'Come here in your night-dress and sit on this chair for five minutes!' That is all I shall ask."

The king's daughter agreed to do this: so she came and sat down, and Ticon looked at her for five minutes. Then he gave her the rag.

Presently the officer came for the bottle, but Ticon would not sell it. The princess then offered to give him anything. "If she will do my will, I will sell it to her. I am to sleep all night outside her room on the roof."

The king's daughter agreed to this, and soon had the bottle. She next sent her officer over to try to get the fiddle. Ticon refused at first, but on her second attempt he agreed, provided he could sleep on the floor in her room, while she was to sleep in her bed. "I shall ask her three questions too, and she is to answer 'No' each time."

So it was arranged that way; but the king ordered police and soldiers to be there with torches. After a while Ticon asked, "My king's daughter, are you going to have light all night?"

"No," replied the princess, so Ticon ordered the lights out.

"My king's daughter, are these policemen to be here all night?"

"No!" So Ticon ordered them sent out, and they were alone. The king heard all this, and said, "She is beaten again."

Then Ticon said to the king's daughter, "Am I to sleep on the floor all night?"

"No," said she. So he won.

The next day they cleaned Ticon and dressed him up, and he married the king's daughter. The others were let out of jail.

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PLAINS CREE TALES.

BY ALANSON SKINNER.

THE following stories were obtained in the summer of 1913 on the Crooked Lake, Cowessess, Sakimay, and adjoining reserves in Saskatchewan. They were mainly narrated by Kéné, Andrew and Jacob Bear. The writer owes much to the kind assistance of the Rev. Hugh Mackay of the Round Lake Mission.

It will be observed that the spelling of the name of the culture-hero is not always consistent. This is due to the variation of pronunciation in different localities.

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I. TALES OF THE CULTURE-HERO.

(1) *The Big-Skunk, and the Origin of Wisakejäk.*

Once in winter there was a big camp of Indians. There was one Indian who knew about the weather, and he said that Big-Skunk would come to them. He warned every one. "No one will live," he said. "If he comes, he will destroy the children." So they sent one man out to see which way Big-Skunk was coming. They asked the birds that fly and the little beasts that run on foot, wolves, foxes, and even insects. There was a Mouse who volunteered to scout.

"What will you do to find him?" they asked.

Mouse answered, "I shall go under the snow from our camp, and I shall rise by his left foot. I shall be gone four nights."

The prophet then said, "Mouse will have to have a partner;" and another animal said, "I'll go." This was a weasel of the smallest kind.

"What will you do?" they asked Weasel.

"I shall do the same as Mouse. I shall follow him."

"Ahau! we shall be gone four nights, and in the morning at dawn I shall be here." So the prophet told the people to take care of themselves and not to get hurt.

They went, fleeing under the snow. "Sew all the children in bundles, and we will flee," said the people. So they gathered food and fled. Away they went under the snow. On the third night the prophet said, "To-morrow at dinner-time we shall find tracks." The Mouse said that Skunk knew that he was near, and told Weasel, "He will know you too." When they had dinner, they met Skunk. He was a person. While eating, the Big-Skunk made a huge fire to dry

his moccasins; and as the snow melted, Mouse and Weasel reached him. The fourth night, while warming his feet, Big-Skunk said to himself, "I believe he is quite near by. My foot trembles." He was afraid. Mouse just then reached a long foot, and told Weasel to look at it. Weasel looked, and saw that it was a really long foot. They were frightened, and fled back the same way they had come. Then Big-Skunk dressed, and came to one place where his foot had lain, and saw the hole left by the scouts under the snow. "Oh, you dirty things! you can't beat me," he cried. He ran along, searching for them. He broke the snow, and at intervals found traces of the tunnel by which they had come. The fourth night the fugitives reached home. Mouse and Weasel went to the chief and told him: so he cried, "*Waweih! takwucetûm*, — dress up, every one, and we will flee! Mouse has tracked Big-Skunk. He will destroy the children."

They went to the roughest hills and mountains. "At dinner tomorrow he will get to our old camp," said Mouse. They travelled till they came to a crooked creek, crossed a mountain, and there they camped. The prophet called a council. Mouse and Weasel had not been able to overcome Big-Skunk: so he took his pipe, and asked who would try next. The others were afraid; but Wolverine came forward, and said he would make the attempt.

"What can you do?" asked the prophet. "I will catch him by the buttocks, and hold him until some one comes and kills him." Lynx also volunteered.

"What can you do?" he was asked. "I will catch him by the neck and break it," said Lynx.

Wolverene said, "There is a beaver-house near here. I will break it, and stay in it and watch for him. I will fool him. I have a charm with which I can fool every one."

When dinner-time came, Wolverine broke the beaver-house, and the people left. Two old women were abandoned in the flight. One had an infant, her grandchild, which she was raising. The old woman said, "My grandchild, Big-Skunk is near by. I shall turn your back to my back, and we shall have two faces. Tell me when you see him coming. He will look like a man. If he catches us, he will search all over our bodies. Do not move. He will want to know what we are. If you move, he will kill you. After he has gone away, we can flee. We shall cut across the creek towards the camp. He will have to go farther."

The two fled, and left the other old woman behind. After a while Big-Skunk caught up to her. "Grandmother, are you tired out and left behind?" — "Yes, my grandchild, I am tired out. I cannot go any quicker. My legs are tired." The old woman was frightened.

"Why do you flee?" Big-Skunk asked. "I am afraid of Big-Skunk. He is terrible when he breaks wind."

Big-Skunk passed by, and destroyed her with his discharge. The other old woman saw him coming, and cried, "There is one thing that used to pity me," and she threw away her whetstone. "Let the mountains become as slippery as that!" she prayed, and, behold! a slippery mountain sprang up. Big-Skunk came to it.

"I suppose that is what my grandmother is trying. I cannot get up. I can beat it, though," he cried; and he turned around, discharged his fluid, and broke it. The old woman heard the report.

"The tanning-tool used to love me!" she screamed, and threw it behind her. Once more solid mountains grew up. Big-Skunk reached them.

"Oh, my grandmother is trying hard! She thinks I am weak!" he remarked, so he turned around and broke this also.

The little girl on her grandmother's back then cried, "He is coming!" and both fell down and lay as though dead. Big-Skunk came up, and said, "One of my grandmothers is dead here again. My grandmother is very poor when she is thrown away like this. I do not know what disease she has."

He turned her over and felt of her over and over again, to look for the wound of which she died, and in so doing found her privates. "That is where some one has stabbed my grandmother!" he exclaimed. "That was a large flat knife with which she was stabbed! They are very poor, alas! If it had been done long ago, she would smell bad," he mused. He thrust two fingers into her and smelled of them. "Oh, she must have died long ago! She is rotten already," he cried. He tried the little girl next, and said the same about her. Then Skunk went on. As soon as he had left, the others got up and fled.

At last he found Wolverine, who was working around the beaver-house. Wolverine called to him, "Let us dig out this beaver, brother-in-law!" They talked and argued as to when they should do it. Big-Skunk was watched by Wolverine all the time; and as soon as Big-Skunk turned, Wolverine bit his buttocks. Big-Skunk cried, "My brother-in-law, let me go! You are delaying me! I am traveling!"

Wolverene had the best of him, and began to cry through his teeth,¹ "Come on, I've got him by the part with which he kills us!"

"Listen," said all the people, "to what he says!"

They heard it distinctly, and ran to the spot. They stabbed Big-Skunk with their knives and spears, but it did not injure him. All this time Lynx did not appear. Big-Skunk only laughed as they chopped, but he could not be killed.

¹ Imitation of Wolverine's voice speaking through his teeth.

Then Weasel cried, "Where is Lynx?" — "Oh, he is in the camp!" answered the people. "Call him! I cannot hold Skunk any longer!"

They ran to Lynx. "Hurry up!" they cried; and Lynx answered, "I'll try first to see what I can do." He jumped up on the beaver-house. When half way up the house, he had a fit and could not go any farther. He tried four times before he reached the top; and he had fit after fit while they carried him to the place where Big-Skunk was. Then Big-Skunk was afraid. "O my brother-in-law! let me go! You are only holding me for nought. Your nephews are tired!" he exclaimed.

Lynx climbed a tree, but he had three fits before he reached the top. "Now," said Lynx, "I am going to spring."

The people cleared away; and Lynx pounced and bit Big-Skunk at the back of his neck, till he got hold of the sinew, and Big-Skunk fell and was stabbed. Then he was killed, and the people cut him up. Wolverine let go, and demanded two beavers as a reward. He said he would be crazy unless he got them, and rolled over in the snow. The men singed two beavers and gave them to Wolverine, who swallowed them. After that he recovered. Wolverine said, "There would be no people alive if I had not killed him." Big-Skunk was cut into pieces and thrown away. "The pieces will become skunks," said Wolverine. After that one could see little skunks running in all directions. Wolverine said, "I shall leave you now. I shall travel all over the country." As he left the place, he sang, "*Mici Cigak oso niki potea potcwa wo hu hu!*" ("I closed Big-Skunk's buttocks, *wo hu hu!*")

While travelling along, he met ten Wolves. They heard him as they were playing in the night. The oldest one said, "Listen to him, my children! I believe that is my eldest brother. He has a good song. If Big-Skunk had lived, there would have been no people. Well, watch for him, and run and say to him, 'My uncle, what are you saying?' and do not hurt him."

The Wolves raced to him, cornered him, and Wolverine fell down and arose as a man. Then, behold! he was Wisakejäk! The Wolves told him their father wanted to see him. Wisakejäk went to them, and asked, "What do you want?"

"My elder brother, what were you saying?" asked the old Wolf.

"Oh, I've cured Big-Skunk's buttocks, and now I am travelling through the country. I shall stop and camp with you for a while. I am lonely, for I am all alone."

Some time later Wisakejäk wanted to part with Wolf, and asked that one of his nephews be permitted to accompany him. Old Wolf told his youngest son to go with Wisakejäk.

Once upon a time, as they were travelling along, Wisakejäk was sad.

He said that he had bad dreams, and said, "My nephew, never go along the lake-shore. Do not run on the beach."

One time Wolf was thirsty. He forgot Wisakejäk's instructions and went to the lake. When he got there, he became crazy. All at once Wisakejäk found that Wolf was missing. He tracked him to the lake. Wisakejäk went about weeping, wailing, "O my younger brother! *hé, hé, hé!* — Grass, will you tell me where my nephew went last?"

"Well, he passed here," said Grass. He asked every living thing till he reached bare ground. Then he asked the Sun. The Sun said, "There is a little harbor near by with a sandy beach. There are four of them there; that is where they are. One of them is white. That is Lynx, who killed your nephew. Just about dinner-time the four come out on the point and sleep."

Wisakejäk went to the place at once. "I'll be a stick of driftwood," he said. So he lay on the beach. Soon the White-Lynx monster came out, and said, "Oh, that stick was never there before! Wisakejäk was said to have been real angry when we killed his nephew!"

Lynx was afraid to come ashore, and went back. Next day Wisakejäk came again. This time he turned into a tree on the beach. Three Great-Lynxes (*mitci pisiwûk*) came out, and the white one refused to come ashore. "That tree was never there before. I fear it is Wisakejäk." The others said it had always been there, for they had played with it. So at last the white one came out. They put their tails around the tree and pulled four times, so that they nearly overthrew Wisakejäk. In the evening the Lynxes slept. The Sun told Wisakejäk to shoot the shadow of White-Lynx. Wisakejäk thought he would miss: so he decided he would have to shoot at Lynx, which he did, and missed. The White-Lynx came again next day; and Wisakejäk, who was still there, spanned his bow again. The Sun had told Wisakejäk again to shoot at the shadow; and Wisakejäk hesitated, but obeyed, and hit Lynx under the foreleg. Lynx sprang up, and fled into the water.

Then Wisakejäk went on weeping, but the monster White-Lynx did not come back. All at once Wisakejäk heard a noise. He went to it, wondering what it might be; and, lo! it was a big toad. When he came nearer, he saw that it was an old woman. He asked her, "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going to treat the White-Lynx, whom Wisakejäk shot between the ribs."

"Oh!" said Wisakejäk, and he killed her with a blow. He skinned her, put on her skin, took her rattle, and hopped along. He hopped into the lake. There was a trail under the water, and a little farther on he saw tents. The people were weeping. When they saw him, they said, "Oh, our old grandma is coming again!"

He went in. On entering, he saw his nephew's skin hanging on a pole. Tears came into his eyes. Then he entered another door, and there he saw White-Lynx. He saw an arrow in his side, and saw that White-Lynx was suffering. He walked around Lynx and went near him. Then an old woman said, "Oh, you have not done that way before!"—"Oh, I have to act differently to-day!" he replied. "I am going to take the arrow out this time." He had a pipe filled. "Now, shut the door. I shall smoke and take out the arrow now, but don't let any one look in." When this was done, others wondered why he wanted the door closed. Wisakejäk went up to Lynx, took the arrow-shaft in his hands, and pushed it into Lynx's heart as hard as he could. Then he seized the skin of his nephew and fled, tearing off his toad-skin disguise. The others were pursuing him. When they had nearly overtaken him, he reached the shore. Then he blew on Wolf and brought him back to life. They went about together once more.

About spring Wisakejäk knew that something was bound to happen. He informed all the animals that there would be a deluge. He ordered them to make a raft of logs. They lashed them together, and all went aboard. Then rain began to fall, and it rained continuously for twenty days. On the fortieth day the raft was floating high on the waters. All kinds of animals were aboard, — moose, deer, bear, and others. As they were floating about, Wisakejäk found that he had forgotten to take any earth with him, and asked all the animals to get some. He told Fish, but he failed. Then he asked Beaver, but he failed; then several other animals, but they all failed.

At last he asked Muskrat to dive down, and he brought up a little mud, but came up dead. Wisakejäk then resuscitated Muskrat. When the earth was brought up, Wisakejäk blew on it until it became land. It grew larger as he blew. After a while he sent Deer to run around it. Deer ran around it. Then different kinds of animals ran around it three times; the fourth time he sent the Wolf, who could run very fast. When the Wolf had reached the north, he had grown so old that he could not return.

Wisakejäk said to him, "The north country shall be yours to live in; and if any one asks you for anything, you shall give it to him right in his house. You will pity all the people here in this world."

He sent his nephew to the Sun. That one will never get older than his age was then. Wisakejäk had saved all the animals, and the earth was now large enough for all of them. He let them go, and went on travelling.

This was his origin. He gave himself his name when he fell down before the Wolves.

"The clubs are coming down, and this country is called North America."¹

¹ A typical conventional humorous ending for a story; just as the Menomini say, "And I came away, and didn't get anything to eat!"

(2) *Wisûkejak deceived by Bear, and Tree-Holders.*

Wisûkejak was travelling, when he met a Bear, and called him Nicim. He admired the Bear's little eyes, and said, "I wish my eyes were like yours! Can't you give me the same kind?" — "Oh, yes, elder brother! This is the way they are made. Have you any glue?" — "Yes," answered Wisûkejak. "Boil it thick. Now, come here and lie on your back!" ordered Bear.

Wisûkejak obeyed, and Bear dipped his paw in the glue and rubbed it over Wisûkejak's eyes. Then he did the same again, and said, "Lie still, I want to go a little ways to defecate. Lie still till I come back."

Wisûkejak kept quiet for a long time, but finally called, "O my younger brother, come back!" There was no answer: so he shouted louder, then tried to open his eyes, but, alas! they were glued tight. He fell in a rage, got up, walked, and soon ran into a tree.

"What sort of a tree are you?" he inquired. "Oh, I am an oak!" Wisûkejak went on until he bumped into another tree. "What sort are you?" — "Oh, I am a pine," it answered. So he went on, running against several others, until at last he came to a tree that stood on the brink of the water.

"Oh, what are you?" he asked. "Why, I am a mountain ash."

When the poor Wisûkejak heard this, he thought he was on the mountains. So he went on; but he fell into the river, because the tree lied. He played in the river until the water softened the glue and opened his eyes; but he was angry in his heart against the Bear, and said to himself, "I must kill him."

So all summer he kept asking the Ground, "Where did Bear pass?" but Ground said not a word until late in the fall, when there was a little snow on the earth; then it said, "Bear passed here."

So Wisûkejak made a sweat-bath there. He cut down willows, and bent and covered them. The Bear liked sweat-baths. Wisûkejak found him, and told him he had one, and Bear thought he would like to try it. So Wisûkejak coaxed him in, and killed him in the bath. He cut him up and cooked him. He spread out the meat, and said, "Now, what a fine feast I am going to have!"

Just then he heard a noise, and listened. "What is that? I thought I heard something." He tried to eat again, but the noise disturbed him; so he looked up, and saw one tree rubbing against another and making a noise. So he said, "I must stop this noise before I can eat." He cut off some fat, climbed the tree, and tried to put the fat between the trees; but they caught his hand, and he was stuck there. He sat there some time wondering what he could do. He had to stay all night. In the morning he was very hungry, and longed to get loose

and to eat the meat, for it smelled very good. He saw a wolf coming from far away, and called, "My nephew, come help me to get loose!" The wolf came, sniffed, and smelled something; and in a very short time it ate every scrap of the bear-meat and fled. Just then the wind began to blow, and Wisûkejak was released.

(3) *The Culture-Hero becomes a Swan.*

Wisûkejak went off walking again, and he came to a lake covered with swans. It was moulting-time, and the Swans were talking to each other. Wisûkejak called to them, "Let me be a swan!" and the Swans consented. "What age do you prefer? Do you want to be young or old?" they asked. "I wish to be an old swan."—"Would you like a broad bill?" asked the Swans. "No," replied Wisûkejak.

The Swans said, "You should have said so long ago. We have started to make you that way already." Then Wisûkejak became a swan with a broad bill. They soon gave warning that men were near. Wisûkejak flew off with the flock. He looked down, contrary to instructions, was shot, and fell. A man carried him toward home; but when he was nearly on shore, Wisûkejak jumped up. When Wisûkejak fell, he struck the ground beside an Indian village, and with such force that he was stunned. He had resumed his human form: so the Indians came out and staked him down, spread-eagle wise. The chief ordered that the people should defecate on him. At last came an old woman. When she had finished, Wisûkejak said to her, "Grandma, whenever they finish, they untie one of my hands, so I can cleanse them." The old woman loosed one of Nenapuc's ¹ hands, whereupon he snatched up a stick and plunged it into her, loosened himself, and ran away, leaving her on the spit.

(4) *The Culture-Hero is deceived by Fisher.*

Wisûkejak was travelling along the seashore. The ice was smooth, and he heard a sound way off. He looked, and saw Fisher coming, jumping from side to side of a crack. So he watched for the little beast. "What are you doing, my little brother? Let me do the same."—"All right, get a flat stone," said Fisher; so Wisûkejak brought one. Fisher cut his backside, took out his intestines and tied a stone to them. Fisher said, "Jump, and every crack will close." Wisûkejak tried to do so, but made a mistake, and said, "Crack will open," and in he fell. He crawled for the shore with his guts hanging out, attached to the stone. At last he reached the shore and went along on his travels.

¹ Wisûkejak, frequently called Nénapuc by Cree at Broadview, possibly in imitation of Saulteaux.

(5) *The Shut-Eye-Dance.*

It was fall, and fowls were flying. "I am bringing you a 'shut-eye-dance,' " Wisûkejak called to them. So he built a dance-tent, and invited birds to dance, warning them to keep their eyes shut. He said that if they opened their eyes, they would turn red. The ducks and geese obeyed. All the fat ones came nearer, and began to quack. He ordered them to give the same response; and all obeyed except Water-Hen, who opened one eye, and saw Wisûkejak killing the others. She cried, "Flee, flee, flee!" Wisûkejak kicked her, making her buttocks assume their present shape, and gave her a red eye for peeping. Then he travelled on.

(6) *Wolf-Tail Blankets.*

It was winter. Wisûkejak saw many wolves. "Nicim!" he called to one, "I want to be a wolf. Make me one, and I shall like you."

"What age do you wish to be, — a young or an old wolf, with hair on your back and feet?" He desired to be an old wolf, and so he was made one and ran on. The wolves looked for a camping-place, and made it where the north wind blew. Each wolf turned two or three times before lying down, and he followed their example. All the others went to sleep, but Wisûkejak felt very cold. His teeth chattered. He cried, "Cover me, brothers, cover me!" So they all turned and put their tails over him; and he was soon too warm, and pushed their tails aside because they discharged flatus on him. He threw off their tails and ran away, because of the foul smell.

On the following day they all went hunting, and found moose-tracks, and soon saw something. One of the Wolves picked it up, and it was a fine robe. Wisûkejak begged for it, but was refused. Presently he saw a tooth in a spruce-tree. A Wolf said to him, "Take it!"

"No, what should I do with it?" answered Wisûkejak. Therefore Wolf took it, and it proved to be a long spear. Then he begged for it, but was refused. They came to the place where the moose was, but there were only bones there: so Wisûkejak, disgusted, gave his share to Wolves. "One of your nephews is going to make grease by pounding the bones," said the old Wolf, "but do not look at him."

Wisûkejak listened, heard, and thought he would look. A splinter hit him in the eye. "Oh," Wolf said, "you're peeping!" — "No, I was not," he replied. Soon it was his turn to pound the bones. All the Wolves lay down while he pounded, for they were not to look. They went to sleep. Then Wisûkejak hit the one who hit him in the eye, and kept on pounding him until only his tail could move. Wisûkejak then resumed his journey.

(7) The Culture-Hero and the Cannibal.

Wisûkejak travelled on. He met a Cannibal; and they went on together, looking for a place to camp. They soon found one, and the Cannibal sent Wisûkejak to cut eight sticks to roast him. Wisûkejak brought seven, and wept. The Cannibal sent him for another stick; and on his way he met Weasel, whom he begged to kill the Cannibal, promising to make Weasel pretty. Weasel went, and ran into the Cannibal's backside. Wisûkejak got the stick; and when he returned, he found the Cannibal dead, for Weasel had killed him. Wisûkejak was pleased. Therefore he painted Weasel white, with a dark tip on his tail. Then he went on travelling.

(8) The Culture-Hero outwits Bear.

As he went along, he saw a Bear, and shouted, "Who is that with the humped back?" Bear heard him, and asked, "What do you say?" — "Oh, I was speaking to the little birds!" replied Wisûkejak; and he called again. Again Bear asked, and received the same answer. At last Bear understood what he said, and chased Wisûkejak, who ran away, because he had no weapon. He ran around a bush, and then he found a horn: so he turned and faced Bear, holding it on his head. Bear fled, and Wisûkejak went on his way.

(9) The Deluge.

While he was travelling along, he heard a noise, and turned to find the waters rising. He fled, and climbed into a tall tree. The water rose to his neck, and he could see nothing but water. Then he discovered a beaver and a muskrat. "Nishimûk, come here!" he called. So they came. He begged them to dive and bring him a little mud. First the beaver tried, then the rat. After many trials, the rat got a little sand, and Wisûkejak formed the earth.

(10) The Hero and his Daughters.¹

Wisûkéjak travelled on. He came to a tent filled with women, and cried, "I have news, people are dying!" One of the women begged to know what she could do to escape death. Wisûkejak told her to accept him as her lover. He had children by all of them, and went on, leaving a son and a daughter. He told the women, "I shall become sick and die. Marry our daughter to the first person who comes along. Bury me anywhere, break camp, and when you come back you will only find my bones." But he deceived them and only went into hiding. The people came back, and found bones, but he was alive.

¹ I have heard this story from a Sisseton Sioux.

After a while a stranger came to camp; and the mother, remembering her husband's command, gave him her daughter. It was Wisûkejak who married his own daughter. He went off to hunt with his own son, calling him brother-in-law. His wife, when hunting lice on his head, saw a mark by which she recognized her own father. Then he was driven away. He went south, where he heard children laughing, and asked, "What is the news that amuses you?" — "Oh, haven't you heard? Wisûkejak married his own daughter."

So he went on south, where he is still living.

(11) *The Hero eats his own Flesh.*¹

Wisakéjak was travelling. His anus annoyed him by constantly breaking wind just when he was approaching game, and thus alarming the quarry. Enraged at this, Wisakéjak heated a stone and sat on it, burning himself severely. Later on, when the wound began to heal, one of the scabs fell off in the snow. Wisakéjak was going back over the same ground, and he found it. "Oh, my grandfather has been killing game, so my grandmother has plenty of smoked meat," he said, and, picking it up, he began to eat it. A little bird near by was convulsed with mirth. "Oh, Wisakéjak is eating the scab from his anus!" he cried.

Wisakéjak did not believe it. "No, this is some of my grandmother's dried meat," he retorted. But the bird told him the same several times, till at last Wisakéjak hit a place where the foul taste and odor proclaimed the fact. In disgust he threw the scab away and set off on his travels once more.

(12) *Wisagatcak tries to seduce a Girl.*

Wisagatcak believes he sees a girl on the other side of a river, and asks the Muskrat to carry his lariat (i.e., his membrum) across. He hurts it by striking the stones and pebbles, on account of which the gland of the membrum virile is thick. The girl proves to be a fresh-water clam.

(13) *Wisûkéjak: The Magic Arrow.*

Wisûkéjak was travelling, when he heard a peculiar noise somewhere ahead of him. Anxious to learn what it could be, he went towards it. The first day he did not reach it, nor was he successful on the second, but on the third he found a man making an arrow. "That must be an important weapon, you are taking so long to make it!" cried Wisûkéjak. "Oh, yes! you are right," returned the stranger. "This

¹ Andrew Bear, who told this story, could not recall the beginning. It probably is the conclusion of the Shut-Eye-Dance, judged by the cycle as found elsewhere.

is a medicine-arrow. When I am finished, all that I shall have to do is to shut my eyes, wish for whatever game I desire, pull the bow-string, and there it will lie before me when I re-open my eyes!" — "Oh, *wa!*" exclaimed Wisûkéjäk, "how truly marvellous! Do give it to me, my little brother!" — "Oh, no! I want it for myself," returned the stranger, who was a manitou. "Oh, do please give it to me, Nicim!" pleaded Wisûkéjäk. "Well, I will do so, since you beg so hard," said the stranger at last, "but only on condition that you will first let me shoot you with it three times." — "Yes, let it be so!" answered Wisûkéjäk. So he stood up and permitted the stranger to fire.

"Oh, *wa!*" cried Wisûkéjäk, for it knocked him down. A second and third time the stranger shot at him. Poor Wisûkéjäk was almost killed; but the arrow was his at last, so he took it and went away.¹

Presently Wisûkéjäk closed his eyes and thought, "I wish for a deer." He pulled the string and fired, and, lo and behold! there it was. "Oh, this is a fine thing that I have!" he thought. He went on a little farther. "I wish for a bear," he thought, and fired. Then he opened his eyes, but the arrow never came back.

(14) *Wisûkejäk deceives the Buffalo.*²

Wisûkejäk was travelling when he saw two buffalo, — an old bull and a young bull. The buffalo well knew Wisûkejäk, and they were too much afraid of him to let him come near. As Wisûkejäk was only armed with a butcher-knife, he resolved to capture them by strategy. He went off through the bushes, carved two figures of men out of poplar-wood, and set them up as though in mortal combat. Then Wisûkejäk ran to the buffalo.

"*Hai! actûm*, my little brothers!" he cried, "here are two men fighting on your account! One of them says the old bull has the most evil-smelling membrum, the other declares that it is the young bull. Only let me smell of both of you and tell them. It may save their lives!"

Of course, the buffalo were willing: so Wisûkejäk crawled under the old bull and smelled of him. "Why, you scarcely smell at all!" he said, and went over to the young one. He crouched under him as though to investigate, but instead he stabbed him and thus got food.

2. WEMICUS.

Once an old man was out hunting with his son-in-law. The young man was afraid of his father-in-law. Therefore that night, after

¹ Presumably the narrator has omitted to add that Wisûkéjäk was enjoined not to shoot more than three times in one day, or not to shoot upwards.

² Told by Andrew Bear.

they had gone to bed, he changed the positions of their clothes, putting his own in the place of his father-in-law's.

After a while the old man got up to attend to the fire, and while doing so he threw what he thought were his son-in-law's garments into the fire. In reality he burned his own. "Get up, son-in-law!" cried the old man, "it smells as if something was burning!" — "Oh, yes!" answered the youth, arising, "it is your clothes!"

In the morning the old man told a story: "Once a youth and his father-in-law were travelling together. Through accident the elder burnt his clothes; but the young man, who had two pairs of moccasins, gave one pair to his father-in-law." — "Oh, no! I won't give *you* any," retorted the youth, and he started home.

The old man heated a stone and endeavored to roll it before him, that he might melt a path for himself; but he gave it up, and froze to death.

3. MÛDJÍKIWIS.

Once upon a time the Indians were camping. They had ten lodges. There were ten of them; and the eldest brother, Mûdjíkiwis, was sitting in the doorway. It was winter, and all the Indians had their side-bags on; and every day they went off and hunted in the direction which they faced as they sat. Mûdjíkiwis always took the lead, and the others followed. Once when he came home to his camp, he saw smoke just as he crossed the last hill. When he approached the lodge, he saw a pile of wood neatly stacked by the door. He himself had always cooked the dinner; and when he saw it ready, he was very glad. "There is surely a girl here!" he thought. "There must be some one who has done this!"

He had many brothers younger than himself. "Maybe some one is trying to marry them, or some girl wants me!"

When he arrived at the lodge, he saw a girl's pigeon-toed tracks, and he was delighted. "It is a girl!" he cried, and he rushed in to see her, but there was no one there. The fire was just started, the meat cooked and ready, and water had been drawn. Some one had just finished work when he came. There were even ten pairs of moccasins hanging up. "Now, at last, there is some one to sew for us! Surely one of us will get married!" he thought, and he also thought that he would be the fortunate one. He did not touch anything, but left everything as he had found it for his brothers to see.

After a while the brother next to him in age came in. He looked up and saw all the moccasins, and he too was very glad. Then Mûdjíkiwis said, "I do not know which of us is going to be married. A girl has just left here, but I cannot tell who she is, and there are ten of us. One of us is loved by some one!" They soon were joined by the third,

and then by the fourth brother, and the fire was out by that time. The youngest brother was the most handsome one of the family. "If one of us should marry, Mûdjîkiwis, we shall have to hunt hard and not let our sister-in-law hunger or be in need," he said. "I shall be very glad if we have a sister-in-law. Don't let her chop wood, she cannot attend to all of us. We just want her to cook and mend our clothes."

At night they were all crying, "*Hé, hé, hé!*" until dark came, because they were so glad. "I cannot attend to all my brothers, and I do not need to do so any more!" cried Mûdjîkiwis.

The next day nine went off, and left the youngest brother on guard to see the girl. Mûdjîkiwis came back first, and found that the tenth boy had not been taken. "Oh, well! leave our ninth brother next time," he said. "Then we will try it once more with our eighth brother."

Three of them then kept house in succession, but the woman did not come. They then left the fifth one, and said, "If no one comes, make dinner for us yourself." Soon after they had left, some one came along making a noise like a rattle (*cicikwan*), for she had bells on her leggings.

"Oh, she shall not know me!" said the youth. "I shall be a bit of eagle-down," and he flew up between the canvas and the poles of the lodge. Presently the girl entered. She had very long hair, and was very pretty. She took the axe and went out to cut wood, and soon brought in four armfuls. Then she made the fire, took down the kettles, and prepared dinner. When she had done so, she melted some snow, took another armful of wood, and started another fire. After she had finished, she called to the youth to come down from his hiding-place. "Maybe you think I don't know you are up there," she said. So he came down and took a seat with her by the fire.

When Mûdjîkiwis came home, he saw another big pile of wood. When he came near, he cried, "*Hé, hé, hé!*" to show that he was well pleased. "I could not attend to the needs of my brothers," he shouted, "I could not cook for them, and I could not provide my relatives with moccasins!" He entered the door and bent down, for Mûdjîkiwis had on a fisher-skin head-band with an eagle-quill thrust in behind. As he came in, he saw a pretty girl sitting there. When he sat down, he said, "*Hai, hai, hai!* The girl is sitting like her mother." He pulled off his shoes and threw them to his youngest brother, and received a fine pair of moccasins from his sister-in-law. He was delighted, and cried, "*Hai, hai, hai!*" Soon all the other brothers came back, all nine of them, and each received new moccasins.

Mûdjîkiwis said, "I have already advised you. Do not let our sister-in-law chop wood or do any hard work. Hunt well, and do not let her be hungry." Morning came, and Mûdjîkiwis was already half

in love with his sister-in-law. He started out, pretending that he was going to hunt, but he only went over a hill and stopped there. Then he wrapped his blanket around himself. It was winter, and he took some mud from under the snow and rubbed it over his forehead and on his hat-band. He had his ball-headed club with him, which had two eyes that winked constantly. Soon he saw his sister-in-law, who came out to chop wood. He went to speak to her, but the girl had disappeared. Soon she came back. There was one pile of wood here, and one there. Mûdjikiwis stopped at the one to the west. He had his bow, his arrows, and his club with him. He held his club on the left arm, and his bow and arrow on the right arm, folded his arms across his breast, and was smiling at her when she came up. "O my brother-in-law! I don't want to do that," she cried.

Then Mûdjikiwis was angry because she scorned him. He took an arrow and shot her in the leg, and fled off to hunt. That night he returned late, last of all. As he came close to the lodge, he called out, "*Yohâ, yohâ!* what is wrong with you? You have done some kind of mischief. Why is there no wood for our sister-in-law?" He went in. "What is wrong with our sister-in-law, that she is not home?" he demanded. His brother then said, "Why are you so late? You used to be the first one here."

Mûdjikiwis would not speak in reply. The married brother came in last. The young brother was tired of waiting, and asked each, "You did not see your sister-in-law, did you?" The others replied, "Mûdjikiwis came very late. He never did so before."

"I shall track my wife," said the husband. So he set off in pursuit of her. He tracked her, and found that she had brought one load of wood. Her second trail ended at a little lodge of willows that she had made, and where she was. She cried to him, "Do not come here! Your brother Mûdjikiwis has shot me. I told him I did not want to receive him, and then he shot me down. Do not come here! You will see me on the fourth night. If you want to give me food, put it outside the door and go away, and I shall get it."

Her husband went home, as she commanded. After that the youth would bring her food, after hunting, every night. "It is well. Even though our brother shot my wife, I shall forgive him, if I can only see her after four nights," he said. The third night he could hardly stay away, he wanted to see her so badly. The fourth day at dawn he went to the lodge; and as he drew near, she cried, "Do not come!" but he went in, anyway, and saw her there. "I told you not to come, but you could not restrain yourself. When your brothers could not attend to themselves, I wished to help them," she cried. So he went home satisfied, since he had seen her. They breakfasted, and he started out again with food for her. She had gone out, for he found her tracks,

little steps, dabbled with blood. Then he went back home, and said to his brothers, "My brothers, I am going to go after my wife."

He dressed, and followed her footprints. Sometimes he ran, and at sunset he wanted to camp. So he killed a rabbit; and as he came out of the brush, he saw a lodge. "*Hé*, my grandchild!" called a voice, "you are thinking of following your wife. She passed here at dawn. Come in and sit down! Here is where she sat before you." He entered, and found an old woman, who told him to sit in the same place where his wife had sat. He gave her the rabbit he had shot, as he was really hungry. "Oh, my grandchild must be very hungry!" she cried, "so I shall cook for him," said the old crone. Her kettle was no larger than a thimble. She put in one morsel of meat and one little berry. The youth thought that was a very small allowance, when he was really hungry.

"O my grandchild!" the old woman said aloud in answer to his thoughts, "no one has ever eaten all my kettle holds. You are wrong if you think you won't get enough of this."

But he still thought so, and did not believe her. After the food was cooked, she said, "*Eat, nois!*" and gave him a spoon. He took out the piece of meat and the berry; but when he had eaten it, the kettle was still full. He did this many times over. When he had finished, he had not eaten it all, yet he had enough. Then the grandmother told him that he had married one of ten sisters.

"They are not real people," she said, "they are from way up in the skies. They have ten brothers. There are three more of your grandmothers on the road where you are going. Each will tell you to go back, as I advised you; but if you insist, I will give you two bones to help you climb over the mountains."

Now, this old woman was really a moose, and not a human grandmother at all. "If you get into difficulties, you must cry, 'Where is my grandmother?' and use these two front shin-bones of the moose that I gave you." He slept there, and in the morning she gave him breakfast from the same kettle. When he was through, she said, "Do not walk fast. Even if you rest on the way, you will reach your next grandmother in the evening. If you walk as fast as you can, you will get there at night."

He followed the trail as fast as he could, for he did not believe his grandmother. In the evening he killed a rabbit; and when he came out of the brush, there stood another lonely lodge, as before.

"O my grandchild! there is room in here for you to come in," cried a voice. "Your wife passed here early yesterday morning." Yet he had travelled two days. "She came in here!"

The old woman cooked for him in the same way as his other grandmother had done. Again he did not believe in her kettle, for he had

already forgotten about his first grandmother. This grandmother was older than the first one whom he had left, and who was the youngest of the four grandmothers he was to meet. They were all sisters. "Why did you not believe my sister when she told you to go slowly? When you go fast, you make the trail longer. *Iiau, nosis!* it is a difficult country where you are going," she cried. She gave him a squirrel-skin, saying, "Use this, *nosis*, whenever you are in difficulties. 'Where is my grandmother?' you shall say. This is what makes everything easy. You will cry, and you will throw it away. You will not leave me till the morning."

So very early next day he started off. He went very slowly; and in a few minutes it was night, and he killed another rabbit. When he came out of the brush, he saw another lodge, a little nearer than the others, and less ragged. The old woman said to him, "Your wife passed here the same morning that she left up there;" and this grandmother made supper for him, as the others had done. This time the food was corn. "*Nosis*, your last grandmother, who is my sister, will give you good advice. Your wife has had a child already. Go very slowly, and you will reach there at night; it is not far from here. It is a very difficult country where you are going. Maybe you will not be able to get there." She gave him a stuffed frog and some glue. "Wherever the mountains are too steep for you to climb, cry, 'Where is my grandmother?' put glue on your hands, and climb, and you will stick to the rocks. When you reach your next grandmother, she will advise you well. Your child is a little boy."

In the morning he had breakfast, and continued on the trail. He went on slowly, and it was soon night, and he killed another rabbit. When he reached the next lodge, nearer than all the rest, his grandmother said, "They have been saying you would be here after your wife, she passed here four days ago at dawn."

The youth entered the tent, and found that this grandmother was a fine young girl in appearance. She said, "To-morrow at noon your wife is going to be married, and the young men will all sit in a circle and pass your child around. The man upon whom he urinates will be known as his father, and she will marry him." The old woman took off her belt, rolled it up nicely, and gave it to him. "This is the last one that you will use," she said. "When you are in trouble, cry out, 'Where is my grandmother?' and throw the belt out, and it will stick up there, so you can climb up to the top. Before noon you will reach a perpendicular precipice like a wall. Your wife is not of our people. She is one of the Thunderers."

That night the youth camped there. In the morning he had food. "If you manage to climb the mountain somehow," his grandmother said to him before he started, "you will cross the hill and see a steep

slope, and there you will find a nest. There is one egg in it. That is a Thunderer's nest. As you come down, you will strike the last difficult place. There is a large log across a river. The river is very deep, and the log revolves constantly. There you will find a big camp, headed by your father-in-law, who owns everything there. There is one old woman just on this side. She is one of us sisters, she is the second oldest of us. You will see bones strewn about when you get there. Many young men go there when they are looking for their wives, and their bones you will see lying about. The Thunderer destroys everything. Some have been cut in halves when they tried to get over the cut-knife mountain."

When the youth came to the mountain, he took first the two bones, and cried, "O grandmother! where are you?" and as he cried, she called from far off, "*Hê, nosis*, do not get into trouble!" He drove the bones into the mountain and climbed up hand over hand, driving them in as he climbed. The bones pierced the rock. When he looked back, he saw that he was far up. He continued until the bones began to grow short, and at last he had to stop. Then he took out the squirrel-hide, called upon his grandmother for help, and threw the skin ahead. He went up in the air, following it. All at once he stopped, and his nails wore out on the rock as he slipped back. Then he took the glue out of its bundle. He cried for his grandmother, and heard her answer. She had told him that he would find a hollow at one place, and there he rested on a ledge when his glue gave out. Then he called for his next grandmother, heard her answer, and cast out his belt, unrolling it. Then he climbed up the sharp summit. He felt of the edge, which was very sharp indeed. Then he became a piece of eagle-down. "The eagle-down loved me once. I shall be it, and blow over the ledge," he cried.

When he got across, he saw the Thunderer's nest and the two Thunderers and their egg. He found a trail from there on, until he came to the rolling log that lay across the deep river. Then he became down again, and blew across; and though many others had been drowned there, he crossed alive. He went on, and at last saw a small, low lodge with a little stone beside it. His last grandmother had told him to enter, as this was the abode of one of her sisters. So he went in.

"Ha, ha, ha, *nosis!*" she cried, "they said a long time ago that you were following your wife. She is to be married right now." — "Yes," he said. The marriage was to be in a lodge. He went there, peeped in, and a man saw him, who said, "Are you coming? Our chief says he will pass the child about, and he on whose breast it urinates shall marry its mother." So he went in. The girl saw him, and told her mother. "Oh, that is the one I married."

When he arrived there, Mûdjikiwis (not the youth's brother, but

another one, a Thunderer) was there too. They took the child, and one man passed it. Mûdjîkiwis, the Thunderer, held some water in his mouth. He seized the child, crying, "Come here, *no sis!*" and spat the water over himself; but, when he tried to claim the child, all the others laughed, as they had seen his trick. When the child's real father took it up, it urinated on him. Then all went out. The chief said, "Do not let my son-in-law walk about, because he is really tired. He shall not walk for ten days."

His father-in-law would go off all day. Hanging in the lodge the youth saw his brother's arrow, with which his wife had been shot. The father-in-law would burn sweet-grass for the arrow at the rare intervals when he came back, for he would be off for days at a time. On the fifth night the youth felt rested, and could walk a little. Then he asked his wife, "Why does your father smoke that arrow?" and she answered, "Oh, we never see those things up here. It is from below, and he thinks highly of it; therefore he does so."

On the sixth night he was able to walk around in the brush; and he came to a spring, where he found, on the surface of the water, a rusty stain with which he painted his face. He returned, and, as he was entering, his father-in-law cried, "Oh, that is why I want a son-in-law that is a human being! Where did he kill that bear? He is covered with blood. Go and dress it," he ordered. The youth was frightened, as he had not seen any bear at all. "You people that live below," his wife said, "call them *Mici Pisi* [Giant Panthers]. Show your brothers-in-law where it is." The youth took his brother-in-law to the spring. "Here is where I found the Panther," he said.

The ten Thunderers came up and struck the spring, and killed something there. After that the youth looked for springs all the time, and it came to pass that he found a number. One day he asked his wife, "Why does your father go away for whole days at a time?" and his wife said, "There is a large lake up here, and he hunts for fish there. He kills one every day, seldom two. He is the only one that can kill them."

The next morning the youth went to the lake, and found his father-in-law sitting by the shore fishing. The old man had a peculiar spear, which was forked at the end. The youth took it, and put barbs on it, so that the old man was able to catch a number of fish quickly. Then they went home. When they arrived, his father-in-law said, "My son-in-law has taken many of them. I myself can only kill one, and sometimes two."

So he told all the people to go and get fish and eat them freely. On the following day, the young man, according to his mother-in-law's wish, took his wife to fish. They took many fish, and carried them home. The father-in-law knew, before they returned, that they had caught many.

The old man had had a dream. When he saw how the youth prepared the spear which his daughter had given him, he said, referring to his dream, "My dream was wrong. I thought the youngest of the ten liked me the best. I made the spear in the way I saw it, not as this one has shown me. It is due to my dream that it is wrong. Your nine brothers are having a hard time. Now, my sons, your sisters are going away soon to be married."

For nine nights the youth saw a dim light at a distance. The father-in-law said to him, "Do not go there, for a powerful being lives there." The tenth night, however, the youth disobeyed this injunction. When he reached there, he saw a tall tree, and a huge porcupine that was burrowing at the foot of the tree. The porcupine struck the tree, and tried to kill it by shooting its quills into it. After the porcupine had shot off all its quills, the youth knocked it on the head, took two long quills from the tree, and carried them home. Even before he got there, his father-in-law knew what had happened. They were delighted, for they said that the porcupine would kill the Thunderers when they tried to attack it. The father-in-law went out, and called to his sons to go and dress the porcupine that the youth had killed. The latter gave the two quills to his wife, though his father-in-law wanted them. The father-in-law said, "My children, this porcupine killed all our friends when they went to war against it. My sons-in-law below are miserable and lonely."

The eldest of the daughters, who was called Mûdjikiskwe'wic, was delighted at the news. "You will marry the oldest one, Mûdjikiwis," she was told. They were all to be married in order, the eldest girl to the eldest brother, the youngest to the youngest one. The old man said, "Mûdjikiskwe'wic shall take her brother-in-law with her when she goes down to the earth." The young women went down. Sh-swsh! went Mûdjikiskwe'wic (the girl) with her dress. They reached the steep place, and the married women said to her husband that they would fly around. "If you do not catch me when I fly past, you will be killed here." The women went off a little ways, and a heavy thunderstorm arose, big black clouds and lightning, yet he saw Mûdjikiskwe'wic in it. She was green, and so was the sun; and as they passed, she shouted once, then again a little nearer, and again close by. Then he jumped off and caught her by the back. He closed his eyes as he did so, and did not open them until the Thunderer wife said, "Now let go!" Then he found himself at home. He left the girls behind, and went to the lodge and opened the door a little.

As soon as he was inside, he said, "My brothers, I am here!" They were lying in the ashes around the fire. "The Canada Jays always make me angry when they say that," they retorted, and they threw a handful of ashes towards the door. "My brothers, I am coming!"

he said again. "Ah! that is what the Crows say to make us angry," retorted the rest, and they threw ashes towards the door. "My brothers, I am coming!" he declared. "Ah! that is what the Chickadees say to make us angry," cried they, and threw ashes once more. Then for the fourth time he cried, "My brothers, get up!" Then Mûdjikiwis cried, "Look up! See who it is! They never say that four times!"

They looked up, and their eyes were swollen from weeping on account of their brother. They were covered with ashes. When they opened their eyes, they saw their fifth brother restored. "Arise, wash your faces, and fix camp!" said he. "I have brought sisters-in-law with me."

Mûdjikiwis was glad to hear this, and he and the others began to decorate themselves. They took white earth from crawfish-holes, and painted their faces with it. Mûdjikiwis seized his winking war-club, and they made the lodge larger by spreading the poles. Then the fifth brother called the sisters-in-law, and they all came in. The fifth son told Mûdjikiskwe'wic that the youngest of the sisters should come in first, she herself last, although it would have been proper for the eldest brother to receive his wife first. "Do not come in till I call you, saying, 'Now, come! my brothers are tired waiting.'" Mûdjikiskwe'wic promised to obey.

Mûdjikiwis sat with his head in his hands, and peeped at each girl. He saw them sit by his brothers, until every one but he was furnished with a wife. Then there was a pause. Mûdjikiwis began to weep, and he sniffed audibly. At last the fifth brother had pity on him, and called the girl in. She came in with a swishing sound of rustling clothing. Then Mûdjikiwis was very glad.

"What shall we feed them on?" said one. "Let me see!" said Mûdjikiwis, and he took his winking club and went out, and clubbed a bear right there. "O wife! we shall have a meal of bear-meat!" he cried. Mûdjikiskwe'wic replied, "Oh, you are hunting my younger brother!" — "Oh, I did not mean to kill my brother-in-law," retorted the other.

And they are married to-day, and live where the sun does not shine.

4. A MITÉWIWIN TALE.

Only the old people belonged to the Mitéwiwin, and they could not obtain it right by dreams. Long ago people did not have it. It came from the east. The Cree once lived across a river from the *Saulteaux*. The *Saulteaux* were going to have a Mitéwiwin ceremony, and the Cree who did not know the ceremony crossed to witness it. There was a doorkeeper of the lodge. He saw them peeping in, and told the old man who was leader. The old man was glad, and said, "We will eat them, let us ask them in!" They did so, and the Cree boys

innocently went in. One boy, who wore a white shell about his neck, was their leader. When one Mitéwiwin dance began, a Saulteaux shot one of the boys, and he fell down dead, full of blood. Their leader was frightened. Then the dancers shot him, and brought him back to life with a shell, singing, "Ho-ho-ho-ho!"

The Cree boys never had seen this before, and wondered what would happen next. Soon they were asked to perform; so they made big snakes come, and all the performers fled except the servant (Skaupéwis), who could not flee. Then the old people came back, sang a Miteo song, and the Cree boys did the same. They shot the old man, and he fell. At first they refused to take out their shell arrows; but the Saulteaux made them presents, and the youths did so. They had various kinds of bags, but the Cree boys had otter-skins. The Cree feared that their boys would be killed; but they came home, and on the way they found two sticks and a drum by the river. First they went to their fathers' lodges, beckoned, and said, "Cook something!" Each father made a feast, and the boys taught their fathers what they had seen. The boys asked one another what the old man on the other side meant when he spoke of eating them. "I suppose he meant to kill us! Let us kill him before sunrise!" they said. So the boys tried to kill four leaders of the Saulteaux, and succeeded.

Sick persons, women and children, join the Mitéwiwin to be cured.

5. DWARFS.

A Cree once had an experience with the Memegwéciwûg, or dwarfs. His nets were constantly robbed of fish, and he thought that it must be done by the dwarfs. One day he and his companions caught them in a fog. They had a little canoe and paddles, and were stealing fish. They talked through their noses; but the Cree could understand them, and asked them not to take any more fish. The Indians gave them some meat and let them go. The Memegwéciwûg pointed their canoe right at a cut bank on the river, and paddled into it. Presently they threw back the meat, and were heard to laugh; but they never stole any more fish.

6. LOUD-VOICE'S MEDICINE.

The old chief of Loud-Voice's band used to go naked into the hills and bring medicines to the people. He obtained his medicine from a spring. Loud-Voice once took his son to the spring, which is located between the hills. He told his son to go with him, but the young man was afraid. Then Loud-Voice sang. The Horned-Snake sent up bubbles, and Loud-Voice went in and got its scales for medicine.

Once, when the Indians were camped about ten or twelve miles from Round Lake, in January, Loud-Voice said, "Let us go back to-morrow to Round Lake! I want to see my grandfather for the last time."

The band went back. Ice covered the lake, but on the following morning they heard a thunder-like noise. The ice broke and moved in the bay. Then great brass horns appeared above the surface, and Loud-Voice waded in up to his neck. The Horned-Snake told him then that he was near enough. He seized its horns and scraped off some scales in presence of all the people. That was the last time that Loud-Voice ever called on his guardian.

7. LOUD-VOICE'S VISIT TO THE OTHER WORLD.

Once an old man named Loud-Voice died, but came back to life. He found a wide trail which led to a fine place where everything was pleasant. Loud-Voice had a wife and several children; and he told them that he always met his brother-in-law whenever he went there, and that his brother-in-law coaxed him to stay. Once, after a quarrel with his wife, the old man took out his fire-bag and steel and went out. He said, "Perhaps you will miss something before long."

His wife told her sons what had happened; and they looked for their father, but could not find him, though they heard his drum. His sons called for him by means of the sound of the water-drum and by songs, while they prepared a feast for him. Their fourth song reached the old man, who was with his brother-in-law. The ghosts tried to keep him with them; but he covered his head with a robe, became a snake, and went back to his camp. The dead brother-in-law saw how old Loud-Voice had escaped through a hole in the earth. He too became a snake; but Loud-Voice saw him, and when he came to a log, he turned into a fly. The brother-in-law passed him, came back to the tree, and again passed the place, weeping, where Loud-Voice was in hiding.

The boys were singing their songs, and Loud-Voice's wife was dancing, when he returned in the shape of an owl. Nearer and nearer he came, and alighted on a lodge-pole. He could not come down, and he cried, "Put grease into the fire, and I will come." They did so, and he cried, "O my brother-in-law that kept me!" and became a man once more. He smoked, and then asked for water.

"The ghosts made me eat too much," he declared; and he vomited berries, though it was winter.

The Plains Cree do not believe that there is a river to cross in order to get to the land of the souls. The old people say that there are two kinds of souls. One leaves the body and goes to heaven, the other stays near the body after death. This is also the belief of the Memomini.

8. A WAR STORY.

A few real *akitcitanu* went out to fight till death, and one of them was killed whose wife was very handsome; for, as a brave man, he had

the right to choose among the girls. A good-looking young man went to the widow, although she was older than he. The woman said her husband had been handsome and strong, and that she did not care to marry again. Therefore the chief's son was ashamed, and went off secretly to the Rocky Mountains without telling any one. When he reached there, he found a well-beaten trail just made. He saw a Blackfoot girl coming on horseback, and sat down to wait for her. When she came near and saw him, she liked him at once. Therefore she did not flee. The man took the horse by the bridle, pulled her from the saddle, and sat down beside her. Just as he sat down, a youth came riding up to them unawares. The Cree shot the young man as he rode up, took his horse, jumped on, took the girl along, and rode home.

About sundown he saw a big band coming. They were Blackfeet with stolen horses on the warpath. The two hid in a bush. The war-party pitched their tents and went to sleep. That night he made signs to the girl to wait for him, took his knife, and walked toward the camp. There were six in the war-party. He cut the throats of all six before they awoke, took their horses, put on the saddles, tied on the rifles, cut off the six heads, and went off. On his way home, towards night, he met twelve more Blackfeet with forty stolen horses. He attacked them also while they were asleep. Those who awoke he killed with their own clubs. He took their horses, and fled with their guns and heads.

On his way home he camped several times, came to a high hill, and saw two men on horses looking about. Then he hid all the horses in a hollow, and went towards the two strangers. When near by, he recognized them, for they were two Crees from home. "Your father is so lonely, you would not know him. He thinks you are dead." He asked them to tell his father that he was coming home with a wife. They started, and he went back for his horses and his wife, and all his father's men and women rode out to meet him. His father gave him half of his land and half of his possessions, and the youth became a chief, — the greatest of all the chiefs on the plains.

9. KICON.¹

Once an old couple lived way off in the bush near a lake. They had one horse. The old man killed many fish; but once for four days he did not catch any. Then he caught a sucker in his net. The fish spoke to him as he was about to kill it. "Hold on! do not kill me! Cut my head and tail off; split the head and give it to your wife to eat, the other half give to your mare; the tail split in two, and feed it to your dog, plant the other half in the garden." The next day the old

¹ Petit-Jean, a European tale (see p. 330, note 1).

man went to his nets. They were overloaded with fish. Hurrying home, he saw that his wife had given birth to two boys, each bearing a golden star on the forehead. They were alike in every way. He ran to the stable, and found that his mare had two spotted colts of the same color; then he ran to his dogs and found two little spotted pups. He hurried over to the garden and found two swords growing on a bush. He was delighted, and gave a horse, a dog, and a sword to each boy.

The boys staid at home till they were grown up. All at once one of the boys asked where all the people were, and said to his brother, as he hung his sword over the door, "I am going to search for people. If a spot appears on my knife while I am gone, there will be something wrong with me."

He travelled until he saw some old stumps, passed them, and soon saw some fresh ones. He travelled till he found a city. At one end of the town he saw a shanty. He rode up to it and found an old woman. He asked her why the town was draped in black. The old woman replied that the king's last daughter was to be fed that day to the snake with seven heads. So the youth waited with Nokum, his grandmother. About four o'clock in the afternoon he saw a band, led by a woman, going west from the town; then he rode through the bushes, and watched till they went back, leaving the girl. He rode to the place where the girl was, and spoke to her. The girl said, "Pretty young man, go back, this is the last of my days!"

The youth told her to mount behind him; then he took his sword and spoke to his horse and dog, saying, "Every time I strike, you bite."

He waited there until night, when he saw Seven-Heads come. "Ah!" said the monster, "I shall have two meals instead of one!" — "You will have to work for them!" replied the youth; and he rode up and struck at the beast, while his mare and dog each bit off a head. He struck again, and again, until he struck off the seventh head. Then the girl jumped off and kissed him. "I will marry you!" she cried, "but shall have to tell the story of this adventure to the king."

The youth said to the girl, "I will take the seven tongues," and he wrapped them in her handkerchief. He ordered her to go home, and told her where he staid.

When she came home, the king's porter, black from head to foot from working in the coals, saw the girl, and asked her why she returned. She told him that some one had destroyed the brute that was to eat her. The porter said he would kill her if she did not tell the king that he had killed it. The girl was frightened, and consented. Then the porter caught her up and threw her in the coal-barrow, and made her nose bleed. He put blood on the shovel and the picks, on his hands and feet, and then took the girl home. The king came out, and saw the porter with the girl in his wheel-barrow. She jumped out,

and the king took his daughter. When he heard the porter's story, he got three or four men and had a bath made, in which they washed him clean, and dressed him like a king, ready to be married.

Meanwhile the girl called a meeting of all the young men in town, who were to tell the stories of their lives. All came that night, and they even sent for the youth who lived in the shanty outside of the town. He was the last to talk. The others each began in turn. The porter told how he killed the seven-headed monster with his shovels. The young man came next. He went before the king, and told how he had come to town, and what he had seen. Now, the porter was frightened, and wanted to go out and urinate; but the king made him stay. The porter begged, and said he was suffering; but he was compelled to stay. The hero told how he killed Seven-Heads, and showed the seven tongues in the princess's handkerchief. Then the porter was taken out and burned alive; but the youth married the girl, and they had a big ball.

All at once the groom saw a little light, and asked the bride what it was. She said to him, "You must never go there. A bad old woman lives there, and whoever goes never returns." But her husband was anxious, and waited till his wife slept. He then clothed himself and went to the stable, saddled his horse, took his dog with him, and went off toward the light. He journeyed to the door of the house whence it came, and an old woman came out. She told him she was afraid of his dog, but he said that it would not hurt her. She, however, continued to say that she was afraid, and at last she persuaded the young man to tie his dog with a hair from her head. He reached for her hair, and then and there he became a tombstone along with his dog and horse.

At that time his brother saw rust on the knife, and told his father that his brother was in some trouble. He mounted his horse and went to look for his brother; and soon he found the old grandmother's house, and entered. The old woman gave him food, but he asked for his brother. The old Nokum told him all about him. She said she had told him not to go, but that he had gone nevertheless. She added that his brother had married the king's daughter. The other brother rode on till he arrived at the castle, when his sister-in-law came out, ran up to him, kissed him, and asked him where he had been. They were walking on the veranda, when the boy asked her about the light. His sister-in-law said, "I told you before, you must not go there."

Then he knew his brother must be there. He went to bed with his sister-in-law, but ran away when she went to sleep. He arose quickly, went to the stable, mounted his horse, and rode up to the light. The same happened to him as to his brother. The old woman told him to tie his dog, as she was afraid of it. He guessed that his brother must be there; so he demanded his brother of the old woman, threatening to

kill her. The old woman brought a little bottle out of the cellar, and told the youth to put some on the stones and they would turn back to life. He killed the old woman, threw her into the cellar, dropped some liquid on the stones, and revived many people with the contents of the bottle. He also revived his brother, and they went back to the king's castle.

It was morning, and they walked to the door. The brother-in-law asked his sister-in-law which was which, but she could not tell. She took both in, and had a great dinner, to which she invited the whole town. Then the king asked for the father and mother of the lads. He gave them garments and horses to go back for a visit. They started for home; and when they got there, their parents were in tears, thinking them dead. They even found their parents in bed. They took them back to the city, and left their old home and staid in the king's castle.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,
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OJIBWA TALES FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY WILLIAM JONES.¹

1. SKUNK AND LYNX.² — Skunk was wife to a Lynx who wished to eat her. She knew of his desire, and, after wrapping wood in a blanket, to represent herself asleep, she hid. He discovered her trick. He then tried to make her betray her place of hiding by doing things to make her laugh. Failing in this, he began to slice his hams and belly; then he fell into the fire. After he had been rescued by his wife, he was deserted by her.

2. PAINTED-TURTLE AND BEAR. — A Painted-Turtle, on falling from a log while asleep, went ashore, where she came upon a dropping of some blueberries. This she later fed as food to a Bear who had come to visit her. Pleased with the berries, he asked where she got them, and was told "upon the slopes of yonder hill." On his arrival there, he learned what he had eaten, whereupon he chased after her, and, overtaking her, slew her. She came back to life, however, and later killed the Bear while in the water. She broke his back, thus creating the hump on the backs of bears.

3. SNAPPING-TURTLE'S WAR-PARTY. — Wishing to go to war, Snapping-Turtle called for followers. He refused the Moose and Bear, but accepted the Painted-Turtles. On the way to the foe, a chief of the Painted-Turtles dreamed of an evil fate. He made known the dream, giving it forth in song; and for that he was killed. The dream came true, however, and the war-party was destroyed. Snapping-Turtle was made captive, but had his captors fling him into the water, where he escaped. Otter was sent to retake him, but was caught and held by Snapping-Turtle till the roar of the Thunderers; then he was released to return whence he came.

¹ The following tales were found among a large mass of text material collected by the late William Jones when working under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution. The texts are being published by the American Ethnological Society in Volume IX of the Publications of the Society. The provenience and authorship of these tales are not altogether certain. So far as can be made out, Nos. 1-28 inclusive and No. 40 are from Bois Fort, the narrator or narrators being Wāṣagunāckāṅk or another man, or both; No. 24a is by Mrs. Syrette of Fort William, Ontario; Nos. 15a, 19a, 29, 40a, 31-35, 37-39, 41-57, are by Penassie of Fort William, Ontario; No. 33a is by G. Kabaoosa, No. 58 by William Kabaoosa, No. 59 by Jacob Thompson,—all of Garden River, Ontario; Nos. 60, I-III, are by Alex. Pettier, Manitoulin Island; Nos. 60, IV-VI, by G. Kabaoosa of Garden River. Neither the provenience nor the authorship of Nos. 30 and 36 is known. Comparative notes on the tales are reserved until the publication of Dr. Jones's *Ojibwa Texts*.—TRUMAN MICHELSON, October, 1916.

² See No. 41, p. 385.

4. **SNAPPING-TURTLE'S WAR-PARTY.** — Snapping-Turtle, in command of all the other Turtles, warred against the Caddice-Fly, but suffered defeat. He was made captive, but was later given freedom to go about with the son of the chief. By and by the two set off on a journey. They travelled afar, across the sea. There they beheld the great conjuring-lodge of the manitous, and the home of the Thunder-Birds. On their way back Snapping-Turtle broke faith and deserted his comrade; but the son reached home, bringing one of the Thunder-Birds.

5. **SNAPPING-TURTLE KILLS MOOSE.** — Snapping-Turtle was one of ten sons-in-law. By them he was held in contempt because of his inability to provide his share of the food. Driven by taunts, he determined to kill a moose. He pursued one for a whole year, finally overtaking it in the water. There he slew it. After preparing the meat, he floated it home. Being still despised, he fought with his tormentors and slew them.

6. **THE RACCOON AND THE CRAWFISHES.** — A chief of the Crawfishes got up a war-party to go across the sea to fight Raccoon, their hated enemy. They found him lying on the beach. Believing him to be dead, they thronged about and all over him, and pinched him, to make sure he was not alive. As he was only feigning death, however, up he sprang. After slaying and eating many, he hastened after his companions, who also joined in the slaughter and feast. When the chief got back home with a few, he was put to death.

7. **MINK.** — A certain Mink was a useless son-in-law in the matter of obtaining food. He was compelled to go out to hunt, but he could not kill a single thing. At last he succeeded in killing a ruffed grouse, but the sight of it only angered his wife all the more. Then he went away for good. As he went along, he met with another Mink, who joined him. In time they came to a town, where they were received, and told of the passing on the morrow of Nānabushu in company with some Geese.

8. **THE FOX.** — A fox once killed a hare, one half of which he ate, and the other half he cached. This other half was found by a Crow, who, when about to eat of it, spied Fox coming along. Fox caused Crow to laugh; and when Crow laughed, down fell the piece of hare.¹

9. **THE COUNCIL OF THE DOGS.** — The Dogs once met in assembly to smoke and elect a chief. Failing to agree upon a certain one, they fell to fighting, whereupon the meeting was broken up. This lack of restraint is yet the nature of dogs, and it accounts for their unfortunate state.

10. **THE RUFFED GROUSE.** — A Ruffed Grouse angered the people because he refused to marry a woman selected for him. In order to

¹ Probably based on the well-known Æsopian fable.—F. B.

know what he should then do, he was made to fast. In the mean while the mystic power of some bear-claws and of a snake-skin was used against him; but he finally prevailed. His fast lasted eleven days, and these are marked on the feathers of his tail.

11. **LITTLE-IMAGE OVERCOMES THE BEARS.** — Little-Image was a manitou from the sky-country at the east. He came to earth that he might deliver the people from the monster bears that were devouring them. They were racing with each other, and lives were wagered on a race, with the Bears always winning. Little-Image came to the people at a place where they were fasting for the power of speed to outrun the Bears. This power he granted them, whereupon the number of Bears began to diminish. Thereupon they tried to flee; but the Little-Image slew the monsters, and the rest (the smaller ones) were made to fear the people. These are the bears of to-day.

12. **THE MOOSE AND MAN.** — A young Moose was disobedient and careless. He began to wander off alone, much against the wishes of his parents. Full of overwhelming pride in his own speed and power, he began to ridicule that of human beings. Finally he did violence to the visiting soul of a pipe belonging to a human being. That was his undoing, for on the morrow he came to learn how foolish it was to despise a human being. He was humbled by a human being.

13. **SOARING-EAGLE AND OTTER.** — Soaring-Eagle was reduced to hunger by Nānabushu. In his hunger he was invited to a feast by some one, but did not know where. One evening he caught a fleeting glimpse of the inviter speeding past the wigwams. Going in pursuit, he presently found himself in an assembly of the animal-folk, feasting on trout given by the Otter. From the Otter he learned how to obtain food. He was to tie a child by the foot with a cord, and then let it down through the ice into the water. He did as he was told, but took out one too many fishes. On this account he lost his child. Then he went back to the waterfall to ask the Otter how he might recover the child. Entering the place, he continued on to a town upon the floor of the sea. There he recovered his child that had been captured by the chief of the Fishes; but he was pursued by the chief, who followed him out upon the ice. There he slew the chief, the Great Sturgeon. Then he gave thanks to the Otter. He was then able to bring hunger upon Nānabushu.

14. **MOTHER-EARTH.** — Mother-Earth, known by the name of Ottawa-Woman, gave birth to all birds, animals, and fishes. Of these, the Ruffed Grouse, Hare, and Whitefish were the most filial.

15. **THE GIRLS WHO MARRIED THE STARS.** — The Foolish Maidens met with various episodes: their dog was slain by the wolves; the elder sister was nearly killed by the gray porcupine; they went up into a fish-hawk's nest and were taken down by the wolverene, by

whom the elder sister was again almost slain; they were visited by Nānabushu, who tried to marry the younger girl. A Mouse told her of Nānabushu's purpose, whereupon she made ready to flee from him. In her flight, the Mouse was killed by Nānabushu, who then started in pursuit of her. The girls ascended into the sky-country, where they became wives, each to a star. . . .

The Foolish Maidens came out upon a lake, where they met a Diver. They were permitted to get into his canoe. Then away went the three, travelling by water. On the journey the Diver's pretensions drew upon himself the ridicule of the maidens. The arrival home of the Diver was received with much ado. A dance was given at the Loon's. To it went the Diver, while the maidens were left in the care of his grandmother. On the following night the maidens first played a trick on him, and then forsook him to become wives to the Loon, whereupon the Diver slew the Loon. . . .

The second part of the story is taken up with the struggle between the Diver and the Winter-Maker. The Diver wandered off alone to a swamp, in order to pass the winter there. By his shelter came the Cranes and Mallards on their way south. With him they left a young Crane and a young Mallard to be cared for till their return. Then came the Winter-Maker to destroy him, to freeze him, to close the ice over him when he went down into the water to get fish. Finally the Diver turned on the Winter-Maker, and in the end overcame him.

15 *a*. THE GIRLS WHO MARRIED THE STARS. — The two Foolish Maidens lay awake under a starry sky, and wished for husbands from among the stars. When they woke in the morning, they found themselves with husbands and in the sky-country. They escaped from the place by the help of an old woman, who let them down in a basket through a hole. On account of their disregarding a command of the old woman's, however, they got only as far as a fish-hawk's nest. From there they went the rest of the way by the help of a Wolverine, whom they later deceived. Then they met with a Diver, who let them into his canoe. Being vain and pretentious, he tried to pass himself off as He-of-the-Wampum-Beads, the Loon; but, much to the amusement of the maidens, he was always laying bare his many shortcomings. They found him an object of contempt and ridicule at the place he called home, whereupon they forsook him and became the wives of the Loon. Becoming angered, he killed the Loon by putting a red-hot pebble down his mouth while he was asleep. The Diver fled out to sea. An attempt was made to capture him. The sea was sucked dry by some leeches; and while he was being sought, he cut the leeches with the flint knives which he had tied upon his feet; and when the water flowed back, the people were all drowned.

16. THE ORIGIN OF THE SEASONS. — The animal-folk met in assem-

bly for a smoke, because the winter was continuing overlong. It was found that a certain being was detaining the birds of summer, thus holding back the spring. The Fisher was made leader of the party to go visit the one delaying the spring. In the party was the Otter, who went, despite the wishes of all. On his account they once had to make two visits to an old woman before they could obtain food. Farther on an old man supplied them with food. When about to arrive at their destination, they resorted to a stratagem. The Muskrat was to gnaw holes in the canoes, and the Beaver to gnaw the paddles almost in two; then the Caribou was to cross at the narrows of the lake. The Fox was to bark at him; and while the people were drawn off in pursuit of the Caribou, the Fisher was to make a rush to where the birds of summer were. The object of the strategy was attained. The Fisher set free the birds, but had to flee for his life, first up a tree, then off into the northern sky, where he may now be seen in the stars of the Great Dipper. On the return of the animal-folk, it was decreed that six should be the number of the winter moons, because six was the number of stripes on the chipmunk's back.

17. THE ROBIN. — The malignant power of a song sung by a proud virgin brought about a thaw which destroyed the fishes of the Robin and his grandmother, Squaw-Duck. With power given him by his grandmother, the Robin miraculously caused the virgin to be with child. The birth of the child angered the parents and distressed the maiden. In a trial the Robin was found to be the father. When he explained how it came about, he found favor with the parents. Attempts to kill him were made by the suitors, but he prevailed over them all.

18. THE BIRDS AND THE NORTH WIND. — The first-born sons of the bird-folk played ball with the North Wind and were beaten. The North Wind made goal at the west, and for that reason the wind from the east brings bad weather; the next goal was at the south, and on that account everything flees southward when the wind blows from the north. Only they that played on the side of the North Wind do not go away in winter.

19. THE TEN BROTHERS AND THEIR HEAVENLY WIVES. — Ten brothers lived at one place together, but hunted in different directions. In their absence would come a maiden and put their dwelling in order. She finally became wife to the youngest; and this aroused the jealousy of the first-born, who tried to slay her. When wounded, she was discovered by her husband, whom she commanded to refrain from seeing her for ten days. Seeing that he could not control his desire to see her, she took on the form of a bird and flew westward. He followed after her. He was guided by the trees. He was fed by miraculous food by grandparents who warned him of dangers on the

way. He overcame the difficulties, and regained his wife. On the return home with her, he was accompanied by her nine sisters, each of whom became wife to each of the nine elder brothers.

19a. There were eleven brothers. They left home once and went to hunt. They made camp at a certain place, and hunted from there. They would return of an evening, and each time find the lodge clean inside and everything put in order there. Food was cooked and the pallets spread. Some one must have come in their absence, they thought. They watched, each one trying to see who it could be that came and did these things.

It was the youngest brother who found out. He came to the lodge one time when all were away, and found a girl at work inside. She was young and pretty. She became his wife, and did the work in the lodge.

The oldest brother was Mătcigwes. He was not at all pleased that the youngest brother should find the girl and marry her. He had designs, and bided his time to carry them out. He made as if he went away. At a certain place he stopped and watched for the girl. He saw her go to the wood and stop at a tree. She stopped there because she wanted a dry twig at the top. She waved her arms upward toward the twig, and down to the ground fell a good supply of nice dry wood. She started homeward with the wood on her back; but, on coming near, she was shot by Mătcigwes. He had overtaken her and shot her in the side, under the arm. She fell as if dead.

The younger brother came home, but did not find his wife. He asked about her, but no one knew. He went forth to seek her, and at last found her. Then he was sad, and wept. Strange to say, however, she came to life. Then he was happy once more. "I cannot be with you now for a while," she said. "We must be absent from each other for ten days. I go in yonder direction, and you must not come there in all that time." Thus she spoke, and went away.

The youth longed for his wife, and could not stand the wait. On the eighth day he found himself going in the direction she took when she went away. By and by he saw a huge bird rise and fly. He followed the course of its flight. On the way he came first to a place where an old woman lived. She tried to persuade him to turn back. He kept on, and came to a second old woman, and then after a time to a third. The old women urged him to stop and go back. Keeping on, he came to the dwelling of an old man. He too begged the youth not to continue on his way, but the youth would not listen. Seeing that his words were of no avail, the old man gave the young man four pieces of copper. Each piece was half the length of an arm, and had a hook at one end. The youth took the gift and went his way.

By and by he came to a mountain. It was steep, with a sheer

bluff, and it went high up out of sight. At the base lay a heap of human bones. Skulls, arm-bones, leg-bones, bones of all kinds, lay scattered about. The place was white with them. He wondered how he should get up the mountain. He thought of the copper hooks. He took one from his belt and struck the wall with it. Lo! it pierced the rock and stuck. He tried another, and it stuck too. So up the mountain-side he went, with the help of first one hook, then another. By and by one became dull and would not stick. This he flung aside and took another. By and by he had but one hook left, and at last it became useless. "What shall I do!" he thought. He looked below, but he was so far up that he could see nothing. He looked up, and the wall rose upward, yet out of sight. "Perhaps my bones will whiten the place down there too," he thought. But at this point his power came to him, the power he had gotten in a fast. "I will be a butterfly," he thought, and a butterfly he became. Up he fluttered, keeping always close to the wall. He got to a place, however, where he could go no farther as a butterfly. "I will be a duck," he thought; and a duck he was, — a duck that shoots straight up at the rise, and then flies away. He found himself far over on the mountain. He continued on in his own form till he came to a narrow pass across an abyss. "I will be a squirrel," he thought, and a squirrel he was. He skipped over the narrow pass and came to the other side, where he became himself again.

Walking on, he came to a dwelling where a man lived. "I am looking for my wife," he said. The man told him to stop with him, for on the morrow would be a contest, and the prize would be a pretty girl, who would go to the winner. The youth stopped with the man.

On the next day came many to try and get the girl. They gathered together in the lodge, arranging themselves in a circle. The youth came first, and his place was at the right of the entrance. The next that came sat beside him at the right. Thus they arranged themselves. By and by the girl came in, and all admired her beauty. As for the youth, he saw who she was and knew, yet he contained himself.

The father had a bowl, and in the bowl was a bead. "You are to pick up this bead," he told them, "with the under side of the tip of the forefinger. The one who succeeds will have my daughter for wife." Then he handed the bowl to the one sitting at the left of the entry-way. Around it passed, and strange things some did to pick up the bead. For instance, Rabbit tied a string around his claw, but he failed to pick up the bead; and Raven rubbed matter from his eye on his claw, but the bead would not stick. Thus around the bowl passed till it came to the youth. He rubbed *namä'kwāni* (glue made from the horn of moose or elk or deer) on his finger, and the bead stuck fast. That made him winner, and he gained his wife back again.

He was for taking her home at once, but she persuaded him to stay yet a little while longer. She wanted time to find her sisters. They all came; and they were ten, and older than she. She wanted them to go too, so they all went along. When they came to the narrow pass, the wife said to her husband, "We will become birds and fly across. You climb on my back, and I will carry you." Saying this, she and her sisters became birds. As she spread her wings to rise, her husband climbed on her back and hugged her close. She rose, and so did the sisters; and they flew over the pass, and on over the mountain, and down into the lowland beyond. There they alighted and became themselves again. "Now, you all remain here till I come back," said the youth. So he went to the lodge and found his brothers. They were glad to see him again. "Make things ready," he told them, "and have the lodge look nice and clean. You will see why when I come again. I shall not be gone long." They did as he bade them, and the next time he came it was with his wife and her ten sisters. To each of his brothers he gave a wife, Mātcīgiwes taking the oldest girl, and the next eldest brother the next eldest sister; and so on down with the rest, according to age. As for the youngest brother, he already had the youngest sister.

20. SUN AND MOON. — The Sun was husband to the Moon. He was absent from home by day, and she by night. She once became angered at some women, and slew them. This displeased her husband, who fetched a maiden for wife. In his absence the Moon tried to kill her, but was slain by the Wolves. Then the maiden became the moon.

21. RED-STOCKING. — The cousin of Red-Stocking became enamored of a beautiful maiden, who would ascend into the sky when he came near. He finally got her with the help of Red-Stocking, who weakened the cord by which she ascended. When the two men were once away, they were kidnapped by Man-with-a-Skull-for-a-Head of the underworld. By him was her hair removed. . . .

In her grief she wandered off alone. She was discovered by the Sun, who restored her hair and took her to his home. There she beheld a woman, the Moon, wife to the Sun. She was tormented by the Moon while the Sun was away. She was made to seek for lice on the Moon's head. Effort was made to let her slide off the edge of the world. She was made to swing out into space, but each time she was saved by her dream-power. Finally she called on the Thunderers to slay the Moon. For this the Sun was pleased. She then became the moon, and was beneficent. Man-with-Skull-for-a-Head tried to retake her, but was driven off by the dogs of the Sun. . . .

The cousin of Red-Stocking sought to recover his wife, but in the underworld he was made a hunch-back. He was followed by Red-

Stocking, who overcame Man-with-Skull-for-a-Head. Then all the hunch-backs were restored to their former selves, and re-united with the wives that had been taken from them.

22. THE SNARING OF THE SUN. — The gnome killed a chickadee, and from its skin a coat was made for him by his elder sister. Later he killed a beaver, and from its skin another coat was made for him. This coat he once wore in a fast. It was scorched by the Sun. In anger the gnome set a snare for the Sun, and caught him. Fearing lest it should always be night, his elder sister had him free the Sun. To accomplish this he had to get the help of the Mole. When bigger, he slew a raven, and a coat was made from its skin. On a visit to some people that were spearing for fish, he was humiliated; but he compelled them to welcome him on the next visit. He fought with and defeated the Bears-with-Heads-at-Both-Ends. These were the ones that had slain his parents. He hunted for beavers with the Windigos; and, when taking home one that he had slain, he was forced to fight with the Windigos. In this struggle he was again victorious.

23. TALES OF WINDIGOS. — A Windigo once came to a family. He was feared all the while he was there; yet he was gentle with the children, letting them dance on the palms of his hands, and singing to them. He hunted beavers with the man, driving the great beavers out of the mountains. Then he went away, warning them that he would return if ever they ate the musk-glands. The sound of him could be heard a great way off, on the farther shore of the sea, where he fought with a manitou woman.

A hunch-back who had been despised by the people was called upon for help against a Windigo woman that was coming to destroy the village. He spurned the gifts that were offered him, but nevertheless went to meet the Windigo woman, and slew her.

Two men driven by the wind came to a shore, where they became alarmed at the sight of the huge footsteps of a giant. They turned the canoe bottom up and hid underneath, but were discovered by the giant. While in his keeping, there came a Windigo who desired them. A quarrel arose, whereupon the giant had his dog come from beneath a wooden bowl and slay the Windigo. This dog he gave to the men to take home, and it became the first dog among men.

24. MASHOS. — Mashos, the giant, lived with his two daughters and their husband. He tried in vain to dispose of his son-in-law. He once left him to the mercy of gulls on a lonely island; another time he left him to be devoured by eagles; again he caused him to fall into the water to be seized by the Great Sturgeon; on a hunt in winter he tried to prevent the youth's return home by burning his moccasins; trying it a second time, he burned his own, and, in his effort to get back home, was frozen to death.

24 a. END OF A MASHOS STORY. — The children came out upon the sea, where they met the giant Mashos. The giant kidnapped the elder brother, and took him home to become the husband of his younger daughter. Once, while hunting ducks with the giant, he caught the sound of his brother's voice telling him that he was becoming a wolf; and another time, while canoeing with his wife, he heard his brother say that he had become a wolf entirely. At last the giant became troubled at seeing the youth entering into manhood, and so set to scheming how he might put him out of the way. First he took him away to hunt for sturgeons, and then abandoned him to be swallowed by the Great Sturgeon; but he failed, because the Sturgeon was reminded of the blessing he had bestowed on the youth while in a fast, and so the Sturgeon conveyed him home and threw him up on the shore before the arrival of the giant. Again the giant took him away to hunt for gull-eggs, and again left him to be devoured, this time by the gulls. He failed a second time, because the youth reminded the Great Gull of the blessing he had received from the bird when in a fast. As a result, the Great Gull carried him home through the air, landing him there before the arrival of the giant. Then the giant took him on two hunts for caribou. In the night he burned the youth's moccasins, and then left him behind to get home the best he could. In this he also failed, because the youth reminded the rock of the blessing it had granted him during a fast; and so, after heating it; it melted a path in the snow on the way home. His brother, the Wolf, likewise helped him home. The youth got back on the giant in the second hunt by causing the giant to burn his own moccasins, thus making it difficult for him to get back home; but the giant's daughter miraculously sent a pair of moccasins to him, and that enabled him to reach home. At last the giant tried to destroy him by having him coast down the end of the world; but he failed again, for the youth reminded the cedar of the blessing it once had granted him during a fast, and that kept the toboggan from going. The giant thought the sled would behave in the same way for him; but it went coasting off forever into space, and he with it. And when he called with a loud voice for his canoe, it broke away from its cords, and came to its master.

25. THE WOMAN WHOSE HEART WAS IN HER LITTLE TOE. — Bird-Hawk disliked a woman with whom he lived, and so left her. Angered at this, she turned into a bear and slew many people. Following after Bird-Hawk, she overtook him, but was beaten in combat. When returning, he came to a town where he found all the people dead, slain by the Bear. These he brought back to life by shooting arrows into the air. Coming to his own town, he found only his little sister alive. She was badly wounded, and was afflicted with

sores. From her he learned that the woman's heart was hidden in her little toe. So, placing awls before her door, he caused her death by an awl, that pierced where her heart was.

26. *FILCHER-OF-MEAT.* — Filcher-of-Meat was late in arriving at a place to gather gull-eggs, on account of his son: therefore he left his son there on the island. A great serpent carried the son across the water. On reaching the shore, the Thunderers took the serpent into the air; but, catching a drop of blood, he was able to restore the serpent. On the way home he was given food that replenished itself. His Mink slew a grandmother that tried to feed him on pus (?). He caused two grandmothers with awls in their elbows to kill themselves. He avoided a pendant line of shoulder-blades, hung for alarm, by passing into a tunnel made by a pet woodchuck. Ignoring the pompous entry into town that his father had prepared for him, he went at once to where his mother was. He restored his wife's sight. Shooting arrows into the air and water, he brought on a fire which destroyed all his enemies. He spared his father on the promise of good behavior.

27. *THE JOURNEYS OF BOBTAIL.* — Bobtail and a friend journeyed westward, where they beheld strange places and things. Fishes carried them over a sea to another country. There they met Nānabushu, who accompanied them about for a while. Loons conveyed them across another sea. Here they obtained medicine for snake-bite. They came in time to some people among whom they obtained wives. These they took home.

28. *THE BOY STOLEN BY THE TOAD-WOMAN.* — A man used medicine on a woman to win her for his wife. She bore a son, whom she lost when seeking for fire-wood. She found him in the keeping of an old Toad-Woman. The boy had grown rapidly. She put up her lodge near by, and attracted his attention. He began to pay court to her, when he learned that the woman was his mother. Thereupon he forsook the old Toad-Woman, and went home with his mother.

29. *JOURNEY ACROSS THE SEA.* — An Ottawa once received the visit of a stranger with a magic war-club. He was asked by the stranger to go with him across the sea in quest of a medicine that would cure every ill. The two set out, and crossed the sea on a raft. It was found that a great Bear was keeper of the medicine, which it had in a bag hanging from a necklace studded with wampum beads. A spell was worked which put the Bear to sleep, and then the bag was taken. The men made their escape after the Bear had made a vain attempt to suck in the water. The men parted, one as an Iroquois, the other as an Ottawa.

30. *WHY THE LYNX SQUINTS.* — A Lynx was once advised by another to go to the top of a mountain and see the fine distant view it

offered. He followed the advice, and in looking he began to squint. He has worn this expression ever since.

31. FISHER AND OTTER. — A Fisher once was curious to know the cause of the strange noise made when a Raccoon was seen pacing across the thin ice of a lake. The Raccoon informed him that it was a piece of ice on an entrail dragging behind; and he advised the Fisher to cut his entrail and make the same kind of noise. The Fisher followed the advice, but lost nearly all his entrails. On slaying the Raccoon, he took out the Raccoon's entrails, and used them for the ones he had lost.

32. CLOTHED-IN-FUR. — Clothed-in-Fur took leave of his elder sister and went away. He came to a place where some games were going on, and was made to join in the play; but, being annoyed by the Foolish Maidens, he left the place. They followed in pursuit, and a magic flight ensued. Four times he made his escape. Three of the times were by the help of leaves wafting with the wind, — once by a birch, again by a spruce, and then by a poplar. The fourth escape was by hiding in the knot of a tree which the maidens failed to open. Being free to continue his way, he went on till evening, when he put down his pack and then went out to see what he might kill. On his return, a woman was there and his camp was made. He took the woman to wife, but on the morrow she failed to keep up with her pack. In an attempt to strike her, she turned into a wolf. He had a similar experience with other women, who one after another became a raven, a porcupine, a Canada jay, and a beaver. The Beaver remained with him for a while, and he had two children by her. He lost her by not placing a foot-log over the dry bed of a brook; for the omission caused a river to flow by when she came, and she was carried down stream. He found where she was, but failed to get her to come with him. By another Beaver woman was he followed. On account of her he had to contend with a brown and a white bear who wanted her for a wife. He displayed greater conjuring-power, and so finally overcame them. Then he went back to his former wife, and dwelt with the beaver-kind, living the mystic life peculiar to the animal-folk.

33. THE MAGIC FLIGHT. — There was a man with a wife and two children. On his return every evening from the hunt, he would find his wife just then setting out to gather the fire-wood with which to cook the meal, and he observed how much she had been neglecting the children. With suspicion aroused, he questioned the elder boy, and found that the mother was in the habit of leaving home as soon as he had departed for the hunt, and that she went arrayed in gay attire. On the morrow, pretending to be going on a hunt, he went and lay in wait for her. To his surprise, he caught her in an unnatural relation with a swarm of snakes. At once back to his home he went, and told his children what he had seen and that he meant to slay their mother.

Then putting the younger, who was bound to the cradle-board, upon the back of the elder son, he started them fleeing westward, telling them the way to go and what to do. When the mother returned, he slew her with an arrow in the heart, then flung her into the fire, and had a hard task to burn her. When she ceased to speak, he then fled, going in an opposite direction. The children, in their flight, came to a grandmother who sheltered them over night; and when she put them on their way the next morning, she gave them an awl and a comb, and told them what to do. The mother was twice about to overtake them, when she was each time delayed, — by the awl, which the boy threw and produced a mountain of awls; and by the comb, which gave rise to a mountain of combs. This enabled the children to reach another grandmother who gave them shelter over night. When she sent them on their way the next morning, she presented them with a flint and some punk, and told them where to go and what to do. Twice again the mother drew nigh, and each time she met an obstacle, — first on account of the flint, which made a slippery range of flint mountains; and then because of the punk, which set up a huge fire from one end of the world to the other. However, she was able in time to pass these barriers. She kept on in pursuit till she came to a river, where she saw a Horned Grebe that not long since had conveyed her children safely to the other shore. She was a long while begging to be taken across too; and, after pretending reluctance, the Grebe consented, for he knew that she would not comply with the request that she should not step over him on landing; and so, on account of her failure to give heed to the request, she fell to the bottom of the river.

33 a. THE HALF-RED-HEADED. — There were once a man, his wife, and two children (a boy and girl). It was a time of hunger, and food was hard to get. The man was in a fast. He fasted to get a revelation, that he might get food. Day after day during his fast he went out to see what he might kill. All this while the mother was living false. She would wait till her husband was gone, and then she would take some of his garments and go out alone to a secret place in the wood. When she returned, she would fetch some bear-fat, which she gave to her children, but not to her husband.

Now, the little girl beheld the worry of her father as he went out day after day to get his family food and returned at night with nothing in his hand. "I will save some of this fat," she thought to herself, "and give it to my father when he comes home to-night." She knew this was against the wishes of her mother, who had bidden her not to tell; but somehow before she knew it she would eat the fat, till none was left. Each day she made her resolve, and each time she would break it before she knew it. Finally she made one great effort.

She put the fat in some bark, and there she kept it. At night she took it to bed with her, and waited for her father.

He came home. He noticed his child lay awake, noticed her restlessness. By and by she went over to his couch, this when all were asleep, and gave him the fat she had enclosed in the bark. Then she told about her mother, — when she would depart and return, and about the fetching of the fat, and about the effort to keep all a secret.

"I knew something like this was happening," the father said. "I will go in the morning as if to hunt, and catch your mother." In the morning he went off as if to hunt. He lay in hiding and watched for his wife. By and by he saw her coming. Angry he was when he beheld her in his garments. He saw her come to a tree and tap upon it. "Come out!" he heard her say. "Did I not tell you I would come at this time?" Then he beheld a serpent-like creature come out of a hole and crawl down the tree. At the ground it became a man. He beheld the man lie down with the woman. He was angered ever so much more at all this, and so he slew the woman and burned her up. Then he went home and told his children what he had done.

One day his little boy killed a chickadee. "I want you to roast it in the fire," the father said to his son; and so the boy roasted the bird. His father told him how to cover the ashes.

Then the father told the daughter, "Now I want you to sit here and watch the ashes. A man will come and ask for your mother; and when he does, you must point down at the ashes. He will come more than once, and you must do as I tell you. But there will come a time when you must flee, you and your little brother. I give you this flint. . . . These things you must use when you see your mother come up through the ashes. Then you must take your brother upon your back and flee. When your mother is about to overtake you, fling one of these things behind you. Mind, now! do not fling them in front of you. This will be the sign when you have come to the end of your journey. You will cross a lake and come to a net. In the net will be some fishes the scales of which will be ever so beautiful, and the finest of wampum will come from them. As for me, I shall not be able to help you much. I shall be slain; and this you will know by the sight of the sky, which will be red from one end to the other." Then the father left his children and went away.

By and by a man came and asked for the mother. The girl pointed at the fire, and the man went to the place and scratched about the ashes till he turned up the chickadee roasted almost to a crisp. The man went off, and after a while returned. Again he asked for the mother, and again the girl pointed to the fire. The man went to the fire, and found only the roasted chickadee. He came again and

again; and each time he asked for the mother, the girl always pointed to the fire.

By and by the girl saw something rise from the ashes. She looked, and, lo! it was the burned form of her mother, ghastly and weird to look upon. Then it was she took her little brother upon her back and fled, as she had been commanded by her father. Her flight was always easy, except when she forgot the command of her father and flung his gifts in front of her. . . .

Once in their flight the girl beheld the sky all red from one end to the other. Then she was minded of her father, who had told thus would be the color of the sky when the manitous should kill him.

On and on the children fled, till at last they came to the other shore of a lake, and found, on their arrival, the net full of fish, — the fish with beautiful scales, from which beautiful wampum could be made. They went upon the shore and entered the dwelling there. They found it good to live in, with all kinds of things to eat. And thus the brother and sister lived till they were grown.

One day when the brother came home from a hunt, he beheld a youthful stranger there. He saw how the youth looked upon his sister. The stranger went away, and again he returned. Once when the stranger was gone, the brother said, "You may go with him, sister, and I will stay here." At first the sister would not listen to what her brother had to tell her; but after a time she heeded his words, and went off with the youth.

The young man brought his young wife home. When his father beheld him and the young woman he had fetched for wife, he was in great anger. "I forbade you to go to that place and seek for a wife," the father said. "Now you have brought doom upon us." . . .

The father said to the brother of his son's wife, "There is my war-club. Take it and slay us all. We might contend with you, but it would avail us little." So the young man took the war-club of the father of his sister's husband, and with the help of his father slew all the race. The father really had not been slain, although he was nearly so. He had revived and come to the help of his son. They then returned to the land of mortals. They whom they had warred against were the Thunder people.

34. THE SPIRIT-WORLD. — According to the people of old, it was common for the dead to come back to life. From such the people learned the nature of the spirit-world. It lay westward. Dangers were encountered on the way. They were blueberries and raspberries, a log over a swift river, dogs, an old woman. The ghosts dwelt in a town, and they danced at night. Food offered them came to where they were. One was fitted out at burial as if for a journey; and when one came back to life, it was because one's time was not yet up.

34 *a.* JOURNEY TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD. — A youth once fell sick and died. He took the road of the dead to the spirit-world. On the way he beheld many people, old and young. One child in particular, with a cradle-board upon its back, he tried in vain to overtake. Farther on he came to a river of roaring rapids, over which he crossed upon a quivering log. Ahead was a vine of wild cucumbers which hung across his path, but which he passed without causing them to rattle, and thus did not awaken the dogs on guard farther on the way. And then he came to the town of the ghosts, which was silent by day, but alive by night. On coming to the wigwam of his grandmother, he was able to meet many former relatives. These escorted him to the great dance of the ghosts whom he beheld in various strange forms. The dance ended at the first sign of dawn, whereupon in every direction departed the ghosts, whistling and hissing through the air. At the command of his grandmother, he started back home. On the way he came to a fire, into which, after much hesitation, he leaped, whereupon he came back to life. His return to life again caused his relatives to wonder, for they were on the point of burying him. Then they unwrapped him, whereupon he related the story of what he had seen and experienced. The youth lived to an old age, and then really died.

35. FLOATING-NET-STICK. — Floating-Net-Stick was the name of a man who was chief of a town. During a famine he made an underground passage connecting the sea with a small inland lake, and by that passage the fish entered the lake. The passage was closed, and the people were provided with abundant fish. Later the town was destroyed in a thunderstorm, and Floating-Net-Stick was the only one to survive. By the help of a black metal taking on the form of a serpent, and having the Thunderers waste their energy upon it, he was able to get his revenge; then, by conjuring with shooting arrows in the air, he brought his people back to life again.

36. THE DWARFS OF THE CLIFFS. — A man of Nepigon Lake who was skilled in magic song and healing-medicine became displeased when another man undertook the same sort of thing. While in this frame of mind, he once angered the dwarfs dwelling in the water by the cliffs, because he chose to ignore the gift they made to the people in response to an offering they gave. Thereupon they stoned him to death. Therefore manitous of the water and the cliffs shall not be held in light esteem.

37. THE THUNDER-BIRDS AND THE WATER-IMPS. — At Thunder Bay (off the north shore of Lake Superior) two youths fasted, that they might learn the cause of the rumble among the clouds upon Thunder Cape. After fasting eight days, they set out upon their mission. The rumbling became louder the higher they went; and when the enveloping cloud opened, they beheld two big birds with

their young brood of two. Flashes of light, as of fire, were seen when the birds opened and closed their eyes. One youth was content with what he had seen; but the other was curious to see more, and in an attempt to satisfy his desire he was killed by lightning. Thereupon the Thunder-Birds went away from the place. One was seen for the last time upon Thunder Mountain (McKay Mountain). After the departure of the birds, the people ceased to be afraid when paddling about in Thunder Cape. On one of these occasions they caught sight of the water-imps that dwell in the rocks of the cliff. In form they were like human beings. They went out on the lake in a stone canoe, and could raise a thunder-storm by singing a magic song. When observed, they fled at once into the caverns under the water.

37 *a.* Off toward the lake is a mountain. It is called "Thunder Cape." Clouds always hang about its top. It was common report that Thunder dwelt there, for the sound of it was always heard. Two men once thought that they would go and find the Thunder and see what it looked like. So they blackened their faces and went into a fast. In due time they set out for the mountain. Coming near, they decided that one go first, and the other afterward. So off one went. A heavy cloud hung over the top; but, strange to behold! the cloud parted, and the man saw two big birds with a brood of young. Fire flashed from the eyes of the big birds. The man had a good look, and everything about the birds was clear and distinct. Of a sudden the cloud closed together, and the view of the birds was shut off. He retraced his steps to his companion, and told what he had seen.

The companion, of course, wanted to see too. He went up alone to look. Presently the thunder cracked. The man went, and saw his companion dead, killed by the Thunder-Birds. Then he came home alone. Indians fear to ascend the mountain. They fear the Thunder-Birds.

38. CLOTHED-IN-THE-GARB-OF-A-TURKEY. — Clothed-in-the-Garb-of-a-Turkey was reared by his elder sister. On becoming a young man, he took leave of her and went westward. On his way he came to an old man who fed him corn that replenished itself. By the old man he was warned not to look back when he heard some one calling to him. He failed to obey, and found his tempter to be a hunch-back. At the request of the hunch-back he changed garments with him, whereupon each took the form of the other. He was put to death and thrown into a river. His body was taken out of the water by a maiden, and by her help and a sweat-bath he came back to life. He was found to be handsome, and so became the husband of the maiden and her elder sister. The garments were returned to the other man, who was changed back into a hunch-back on putting them on. The youth was a famous hunter, especially of turkeys. He returned to his elder sister with a brother-in-law, who married her.

39. MINK AND MARTEN. — A Mink once caused a Pike and a Pickerel to kill each other in a fight. And there he lived. In the winter he met with a Marten who was to live with him and share the food; but the Marten was selfish of the food he got, and he made sport of the Mink. So when summer came round, they parted company.

40. FOREVER-BIRD.¹ — Forever-Bird began fasting by small degrees and at an early age. In time he was able to go four days at a stretch. Then he began to gain insight into the mysteries. After he could fast eight days, he began to learn of things still more profound. By fasting he gained the knowledge that was of help to him in after life.

41. SKUNK, CRANBERRY, AWL, AND MOCCASIN.² — A party of old women — Skunk, Cranberry, Awl, and Old-Moccasin — lived together. Skunk provided the food. Cranberry burst open and died. Skunk married a Lynx, who then hunted. He found his hams delectable, and refused his wife when she asked for something to eat. On that account she cast him off, whereupon he froze to death. His place was taken by a Hare, who in turn was slain by the Lynxes. When the lodge was attacked by them again, the old women saved themselves thus: Awl flung herself into a lodge-pole and stuck, Old-Moccasin took humble station by the doorway, and Skunk hid in a hole in the snow.

41 a. AWL AND CRANBERRY. — Awl and Cranberry once lived together in the same lodge. In their attempt to escape from an attack, Awl stuck into a pole, and Cranberry burst itself.

42. THE VAGABOND AND THE LYNX. — The Vagabond once came to a lodge where he saw some mats he coveted. He stole them and fled. When pursued, he entered a hollow tree. By magic he kept them from cutting down the tree. He came to a lake, and by his magic he made the Great Lynx come up and go to sleep. Then he caused the lake to freeze. On waking, the Lynx saw no way for him to return. Then he called upon his dream-power. The great teal came, and with it thawing weather. The ice broke up. Then the Lynx called upon a wind, which blew the Vagabond away.

43. THE DESERTED BOY. — A small boy murdered his playmates, and the people of the village moved away to leave him to his fate. While alone, he amassed great wealth; and a youth named Tăimisi went with others to where he was, and won from him all he had. The boy who had been deserted tried to put the others to sleep by reciting tales, and then set the dwelling on fire. Then Tăimisi roused his companions from sleep, and they started away with the goods. With a magic badger pouch he had a tunnel made, by way of which they made their escape. What they took with them was a symbol of what possessions men in after time would have.

¹ Variant of No. 58, V.

² See No. 1, p. 368; also p. 326, No. 14, and note.

44. **BLUE GARTER.**¹ — A small boy and his elder sister dwelt together till the boy reached manhood, whereupon he took leave of her. He went away with the assurance of the help of his sister's miraculous power in times of adversity. After a time he began to regret that he ever left his sister, when suddenly he met with a maiden whom at once he loved and quickly won for his wife. Before he could lay full claim to her, however, he was obliged to accomplish in a short period of time three superhuman tasks, — to clear up a forest with wooden tools; to dip dry the water from a pond by means of a broken vessel and a flower-cup; to trim the branches of a pine-forest with wooden tools, and to peel the bark with a wooden-bladed knife. On each occasion he gave up in despair before setting to his task, and each time the maiden miraculously appeared; and at each visit she drew his head down upon her lap and looked for lice there, while he slept. Presently she woke him up; and each time he beheld his work finished, done by miracle. This success won the partial consent of the parents. Fearing the death of her husband, the girl counselled flight while her parents were asleep. Before departing, she put some beans on the eating-place, and caused them to behave merrily, as if a joyful celebration were going on. In the course of the night the mother discovered that the couple had fled, whereupon she sent her husband on two fruitless pursuits, and finally went herself. He went in the wind, and she in a thunder-storm. But the pair escaped by reason of the superior magic power of the daughter, — first by turning themselves into pines, again by becoming ruffed grouse, and finally by taking on the form of mallard ducks and flying far out on the water.

45. **A EUROPEAN TALE.**² I. — Something was robbing the fields. Two elder brothers, while watching, fell asleep at the critical moment and failed to find the robber. Tashā,³ the youngest brother, discovered it to be a bird. He shot at it, and then pursued it through a hole in the world. Coming out to another world, he was taken captive, but was released with gifts on telling the cause of his pursuit. With these gifts he returned home and gave them to his father. He was accused by his brothers of having stolen the goods, and so by them was thrown into a pit. After a long time he was discovered by his mother, and was taken out of the pit. Arriving at home, he then turned the silver over to his brothers. The three made a visit to where Tashā had obtained the goods, and they came back with more.

II. — They set out to visit a chief with three daughters. The youngest, being a glutton, was warned not to eat too much. Thinking

¹ A European tale (see "De beiden Küniges-Kinner," Bolte and Polívka, vol. ii, p. 516).

² See "Der goldene Vogel" (Bolte and Polívka, vol. i, p. 503).

³ Petit-Jean.

the touch of a passing dog was a warning to stop eating, he ceased. In the night he was hungry.¹

46. THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED THE DOG. — A proud virgin refused to have to do with the men who tried to woo her, and they made her a victim of a joke. Overcome with shame, she went away with a dog, which she later married. To it she bore a puppy and a boy. By a man she was once visited, and to him she became wife; for so doing she and her boy were slain by the two dogs.

47. THE SERPENT LOVER. — During a period of hunger a man's wife neglected her children and home, and had unnatural relation with serpents, and for that reason was slain. He slew all but the head, which later killed him. When pursuing the children, it came to Kōtagat (?), who crushed it with a spear.

48. MAGIC POWER. — A man, during his wanderings inland, once came upon an old hut. The person living there gave him medicine to kill any kind of game he desired. It was potent in winning women.

49. MAGIC POWER. — First a formula how to win a maiden by use of magic paint on an image. Second, a method of stalking game by the use of magic paint.

50. THE BOY TAKEN AWAY BY THE STURGEON. — A man's son while swimming was carried away by a sturgeon. The boy was carried about in seas, in rivers, and then was fetched back to the place whence he was taken. There he was found by his father, whom he told of his wanderings.

51. THE WOMEN AND THE GREAT LYNX. — While three women were in a canoe, the Great Lynx tried to capsize them, but by means of her dream-power one of the women was able to break his tail and beat him off with a paddle. It was this same monster that was later killed near Sault St. Mary for having taken away a babe on a cradle-board and killed it.

52. THE BOY AND THE BEAR. — A boy too frequently chastised once fled into the forest, where he was pitied and cared for by a bear. He lived with the bear for a year and learned the manner of life of a bear. He was taken home by it and given power to obtain bear.

53. THE MAN WHO TOOK REVENGE IN FORM OF A BEAR. — A certain man of the north shore of Lake Superior took offence at some insult done him while on Mackinaw Island, and returned later in the form of a witch-bear, being transported through the air. He killed the offenders, took out their tongues, and resumed his former shape.

54. THE STURGEON AND THE EAGLE. — Some people mistook something they saw in the water for a horned sturgeon. Much to their merriment, they found it later to be a sturgeon that had been seized by an eagle that could not get its talons off.

¹ Here the following lines have been crossed out: the last few words of the abstract are illegible.

55. A HUNTING-STORY. — The hero of the story was badly mangled by a bear which he had wounded; he had a hard time going down Nepigon River and getting to his people.

56. STORIES ABOUT FASTING YOUTHS. I. — A man urged his son to fast too much, and the boy was transformed into a robin. By his song he now forebodes future events.

II. — A man urged his son to fast too long, and the boy was changed into a bird.

III. — A woman was once fasting when there appeared to her a human being. When taken to his home, he turned out to be a beaver. She became wife to him, and lived the life of the beaver with him. By and by she returned home and told of the attitude of the beavers toward human kind.

IV. — A man once urged his son to fast too long, and on that account he became a buffalo. In a contest with the manitou buffaloes the youth had to call on his grandfather for help. He had to fast again to regain his former human shape. His fast had been in vain.

V. — Forever-Bird fasted till he was able to go eight days without eating. Fasting up to that point, he was given knowledge of all things on earth, in the sea, and up in the sky. He was taught to soothsay. He had a vision of long life, and a vision of his chieftainship.

57. SOULS. — Souls are given to people by the manitou on the other side of the world; they are given before birth; by these manitou are infants taught. There is a future life. To gain this, one must live correctly.

58. ORIGIN OF THE OJIBWAS. — The story is told of a Crane that flew about over the earth before coming to Lake Superior. Flying everywhere over the lake, he came to the Sault. He saw some herring there, caught them, and ate them as food. He fell asleep and dreamed of a woman. In the dream he gave her fish to eat. He woke, and found a woman lying with him. He and she lived together. They made a canoe, and used that to travel by water. They hunted deer with the bow and arrow. They used the flesh for food, and the skin for garments. From this pair came the Ojibwa people. A home was made on the south shore of the rapids, and it was called Bowā'ting ("rapids"). This was the first town that was founded by the Crane, and it became the centre of the Ojibwa nation and power. The head chief of all the Ojibwas lived at this place. His clan was the Crane (*adcidcā'k*). Wābangi was the chief when white men came to the Ojibwas. Bwānens was the first chief to plant potatoes at Garden River. Ma'konādowe was a great seer, prophet, warrior. He was conqueror of the Mohawks. Asin was another great chief of this line. Songa'kamig held sway over a wide territory.

Shingwā'kōns (Little Pine-Tree) is William Kabaoosa. Tag-

wāgānē is George Kabaoosa. Pābāmāsinōkwe is Sofia Kabaoosa. These are brothers and sisters, and stand in the eighteenth generation.

Tagwāgānē, the chief after whom George is named, was chief when America and England were at war. He went to Niagara at the time, and made an agreement with England. England promised to grant presents to his people every year till the end of time. A round medal was given him, the circular object denoting that the friendship would never end.

59. WAR-STORY, MANITOU. — Jacob Thompson of Garden River said that once the Ottawas and Otagamies went to war with the Ojibwas. The Ojibwas whom they went to fight were about what is now Sault Ste. Marie. The Ottawas and Otagamies were coming up in their bark canoes. They came in great numbers. They passed the first falls in the journey all right. They had yet another to pass over. One man was noticing the canoes on ahead, how they went swiftly on and suddenly dropped out of sight. He felt danger, and gave the alarm. With great effort he and those in his canoe paddled out of the current and pulled inshore. The canoes behind followed example. After a little while they learned that all who had gone over the falls were lost. Then they returned the way they had come, perceiving how useless it was to war against the Ojibwas. It was one more example to show people that obstacles lay in the way of those who went to war with the Ojibwas. The Ojibwas were ever peaceful, and never fought except at bay, and then it was woe to the enemy!

60. ADVENTURES OF NĀNABOZHU. I. — Once some men went to see Nānabozhu. He lived far away. They had come for various things. One man asked for long life; another asked for the power of winning women; a third asked to be a great warrior; and a fourth asked to be a great hunter. Nānabozhu asked the man who wanted to live forever to come and sit by him. The man did so, and straightway he turned into stone and yet kept the form of man. He granted to each of the other three men his request, and they became what they desired.

II. — Nānabozhu was once on a journey. He had his family with him. His children were ever so many, and it was great trouble to carry them and his big kettle too. So he left his kettle behind. In time it turned to stone, and can be seen this day at the eastern end of Manitoulin Island. It looks exactly like a kettle. It is always filling with water, and a little hole lets out the water, so that it never overflows.

III. — Once Nānabozhu was journeying along with his family. His children were ever so numerous, and they were more or less of a nuisance. One he bade to sit down, and straightway it turned to stone. There it has remained to this day, and can be seen on the north shore, near Sarnia. It is exactly like a child sitting down.

IV.—Nanibozho once went to visit his brother Moose. He was welcomed by Moose, who at once got ready to give him food. Moose had his wife heat some water; and when the water was boiling, he cut off a piece of his wife's garment at the back, just over the hips. This he put into the kettle to boil. Nanibozho saw the act, and thought to himself, "What an easy way to get food! Why did I not know of it before? I will do likewise, and not be in want of food hereafter."

Moose placed the food before Nanibozho when it was done cooking, and Nanibozho found it excellent. "I am going home now," he said. "You must come to see me, too, some time." So off home he went.

One day Moose said to his wife, "Let us go visit our brother Nanibozho." The wife was glad to make the visit. She wanted a change of food, and thought her brother would of course have something delicious. So to Nanibozho's they both went. On their coming to the place, Nanibozho invited them in and bade them welcome. He had his wife heat some water, and, when the water was boiling, cut off a piece of her garment at the back, over the hip. This he put into the kettle to boil. He cut off another piece over the other hip, and put that in to boil, too. Moose and his wife watched the act, and thought it strange that Nanibozho should expose the nakedness of his wife before company.

At last Nanibozho thought the food was done cooking, and so dished it out to his guests, but they could not eat it. The buckskin garment was so tough that it wearied one to chew it. Nanibozho was disappointed at his failure to treat his guests royally. Moose laughed at him, and took it upon himself to get some food. So he showed Nanibozho how he did it. He slowly cut away the skin off his wife's hip, and, after taking out a nice piece of flesh, put the skin back on its place. Nanibozho saw it was done so well that the wife acted as if nothing at all had happened to her. Moose had the wife of Nanibozho throw out the water in the kettle and put in some more. In this fresh water the flesh was cooked. All four ate and were happy. "It is not your nature to get food this way," Moose said to Nanibozho, and Nanibozho saw it was so.

V.—One time Nanibozho went to visit his brother Squirrel. Squirrel, of course, wanted to give him something to eat, and so got his wife to heat some water. He then mounted the pole over the cooking-place, and seated himself there directly over the pot. He took out a knife and began to slice off pieces of his testicles. The pieces fell into the pot as nice little pieces of fat. Squirrel's wife stirred the pot in the cooking. Nanibozho saw the proceeding, and thought to himself, "Why did I not know of it before? I have larger testicles, and so can supply myself with ever so much more fat."

In due time the food was done cooking, and was placed before

Nanibozho to eat. He found it excellent. When it came time for him to go home, he asked for a visit from his brother.

"Let us go visit our brother Nanibozho," Squirrel once said to his wife. Of course, she was glad to go. When they arrived, Nanibozho had them enter and be seated. Then he had his wife heat some water. When it was hot, he climbed up over the kettle and sat down. He took out a knife and began to cut off pieces from his testicles; but he did not cut himself very much, before he fell from his seat and lay on the ground unconscious. His brother Squirrel revived him, and told him, "It is not your nature to get food in that way. It belongs only to the race of squirrels." Thereupon Squirrel had Nanibozho's wife throw out the water and put in other that was fresh. When it was at a boil, Squirrel mounted the pole over the fire, and sliced off pieces from his testicles. The pieces fell into the kettle as dainty pieces of fat, and presently nice food was cooked in the pot. Then they all ate and were pleased.

VI.—Nanibozho once went to visit his brother Mēmē (Red-Headed Woodpecker). Mēmē had his wife heat some water while he went out to get the food. Nanibozho saw his brother light on the side of a tree and pound upon it with his beak. Up the tree Mēmē went, pounding away all the while. At last he gathered a big supply of worms, which he fetched for his wife to cook. When it was done cooking, it was served out to be eaten. Nanibozho found it was delicious. When he started away, he asked that his brother come and visit him some day.

Mēmē once said to his wife, "Let us go visit Nanibozho." She was glad to go, and so off they went. When they were come, Nanibozho had them enter and be seated. Then he bade his wife heat some water while he went out to get some food. He fixed a pointed stick in each nostril and made them fast. He came to a tree, and up he climbed. As he climbed, he pecked, pecking after the manner of Mēmē. The more and harder he pecked, the deeper into his nostrils the sticks were driven, till presently he was knocked out of his head, and down he fell unconscious to the ground.

Mēmē came and revived him. "It is not your nature thus to get food," Mēmē said. So off he flew, and gathered some food from a tree. He fetched it to Nanibozho's, and it was cooked there. The food was good, and all were pleased.

THE ZUÑI MO'LAWIA.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

THIS ceremonial occurs on the final day of the great *sha'lako* ceremonial. It *appears*¹ to have none but an arbitrarily chronological connection with *sha'lako*. The origin myth it dramatizes was narrated to me in answer to my queries about one of the fraternities, — the *ne'wëkwě*, or galaxy. It was narrated by an aged medicine-man in that fraternity. A variant is given by Mrs. Stevenson.² She also gives an account of the ceremonial. Because of the variations in the two accounts — due in part to different sources of information, and in part too, perhaps, to the decadence of Zuñi sacerdotalism (during the last few decades that decadence has been notable in numerous particulars) — it seems worth while publishing the latter account, its data gathered twenty years or more after the former.

THE MYTH.

The *atowa awishtokyi* ("corn-maidens") belonged to the *kya'kwemosi ilashi* (*ilashi*, "old"), the head rain-priest. The two³ children of the Sun (the twin war-gods⁴) wanted intercourse with the maidens, and so the maidens ran away. The east-end *shiwanni* ("rain-priest") wanted them to find the maidens. They called the Eagle. He went everywhere and looked everywhere. He could not find the maidens. They called *pipe*, the Owl. He could not find the maidens. They called *shokiapise*, the Chicken-Hawk. He could not find the maidens. They called *anela*, the Night-Hawk. He could not find the maidens. The west-end people then came to the *kya'kwemosi ila'shi*. He said none could find the maidens but the *ne'wëkwě*. They sent for the *ne'wëkwě*. They asked him to find the maidens. He put the seed of the *ilanilloko* ("cotton-wood tree") in the ground. It grew up to the sky. He climbed the tree. When he got up, he saw the corn-maidens hiding in the ocean under the wings of a duck. He came

¹ But until we know more about the meaning of *sha'lako*, nothing positive can be said on this point. All I could get from my principal informant was, "That was the way it was meant in order that the *mo'lawi* should be a part of the *ko'ko*;" i.e., the gods.

² The Zuñi Indians (23d Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology, 1901-02, pp. 48-49, 51-54).

³ Subsequently I was told that there were other children of the Sun who also had designs on the maidens.

⁴ According to Mrs. Stevenson, the would-be ravisher was Payatämu; but Payatämu is another name, says Mrs. Stevenson, for Bitsitsi, or the first *ne'wëkwě*, he who goes to look for the maidens (*Ibid.*, pp. 48, 430).

down and went in to the *a'shiwanni* (*a*, plural prefix). They asked him if he had found the maidens, and he said, "Yes." They asked him where the maidens were. He said, "I will get them for you if you do exactly as I say. If you want them badly enough to do as I say, I will get them." They agreed. He said, "We have to make six plumes, — *tluptsin* ['yellow'], *tlían* ['blue'], *shilowa* ['red'], *k'ohañ* ['white'], *pintopa* ['spotted'], *kw'in* ['black']. To-morrow morning have them prepare your meat. In the evening eat until you are full, and drink. Then for six days you may not eat, or sleep, or speak to one another. The morning after your first night of fast, I will fast. I will give the six plumes into the hands of the *pekwin*.¹ Each day he is to give me one. The first day he will call in the Sand-Crane. This one is to prepare me for my journey. Then we have to have a rabbit, because rabbits are the most enduring of the animals. We have to kill it and take out its tongue. When I put that in my mouth, we shall not speak any more. That will be the end of our speech." The next morning the Sand-Crane makes the stripes around the ankles of the *ne'wëkwë*, below his knees, around his hips, around his wrists, around his shoulders, on his face, on his forehead. His hair he puts in one knot sticking forward over his forehead. In the knot he puts one grain of corn of each of six kinds. He puts six grains, one of each kind, over his stomach, in his belt. The rabbit's tongue he puts in his mouth. The *ne'wëkwë* goes to the *pekwin*. The *pekwin* hands him his basket of plumes. The *ne'wëkwë* takes the yellow plume. Before sunrise he plants it facing the west. He returns, and they are in the house of the *a'shiwanni* all night. The next morning before sunrise he takes the blue plume and goes beyond where he planted the yellow plume, and plants it facing the west. He returns. The next morning before sunrise he takes the red plume and goes beyond where he planted the blue plume, and plants it facing the west. He returns. The next morning before sunrise he takes the white plume and plants it beyond the red plume, and facing the west. He returns. The next morning before sunrise he takes the spotted plume and plants it beyond the white plume, and facing the west. He returns. That night the *a'shiwanni* almost give out. The next morning before sunrise he takes from the *pekwin* the black plume and plants it at the door of the house where the maidens live, on the edge of the ocean. There are four rooms in this house, one on top of another. Two White Swans live in this house. They see the *ne'wëkwë* coming, and tell the maidens, saying they had better prepare for their return-journey. The corn-maidens say, "We are not going ourselves, because

¹ Or rather, as it was explained to me subsequently, of him who at a later day was to be the *pekwin*. My informant appeared to reason as a kind of after-thought that at the period of which he was speaking there was no *pekwin* proper.

of the two children of the Sun, but we will make representatives (shimashimashu) and send them." Each maiden bathes herself, and takes the rubbings from her body, and makes them into a shape like an ear of corn, each ear colored like its maiden maker. They put these shapes before the fireplace and cover them up. These, say the maidens, the women can grind; and the flour they can rub on their faces, and that will make them pretty and white.²

After the *shimashu* had planted before the door, the old-man Swan and the old woman said to him, "Have you come?" He nodded. "Have you come for the corn-maidens?" they asked, and he nodded again. "Walk in and speak to the maidens!" they said. He went up the four ladders to the top room, and thence descended into the ground chamber. "Have you come?" asked the corn-maidens, and he nodded. They asked if he had come after them, and he nodded again. "We will go with you," they said, "but we will not stay. But we have made our representatives, and we will leave them, so you will have the corn to live on." He was happy, but he said nothing. Then each corn-maiden took her basket of corn on her head. All came out, — first the old Swan, then the *shimashu*, then the Duck, then the corn-maidens. Arriving at the house of the *shimashu*, the *shimashu* shakes two big eagle-feathers around him, emitting a whistling sound (*shoo-shoo*), and now comes up into the house. He notices the corn loam were to east until he reaches the *petate*. The *petate* gives him a cigarette. One draws one breath and hands it to the other *shimashu*. Each draws one breath. One then circles the hearth and withdraws. Then the Sand-Crane says a prayer and removes from the mouth of the *shimashu* the tongue of the rabbit. The *shimashu* says that he has brought the corn-maidens, but not to stay. They would have their *Shin*. The *shimashu* are not very happy, but they say it cannot be helped. It cannot be helped, because their children had thought only of their own pleasure, taking no thought of their fathers. The *shimashu* tells the maidens to go on; he will be slow in following, for he is going to the prayer-places he has planted, to turn them about to face the east. The Duck calls for his grand-father, summons the Rainbow. Getting on him, the Duck and the

¹ It was in this way the *shimashu* himself originated. There were three *shimashu* the oldest lineage; — two men and one woman. They were old and alone. The two children of the Sun said to them, "It is too bad you are alone. Take rubbings of your skin. Make a little square of skin. Cover it up and hang over it." They did, and a little boy came up. He was never still and he talked all the time. It was all the same to him what he said, he did not care for the effect. He was the first *shimashu*. (A. M. Freeman, "The Zuni Indians," p. 101.) And to-day, although the *shimashu* are regardless of all rules, none takes offence. The *shimashu* will even speak in Mexican or English before a so-so dressed married personage, a speech forbidden to others.

² That is why "I never heard my woman interpret." "You will see the girl to-day rub now and then, as they grind, a little flour on their face."

1881-1882. The way in the west is a very narrow
 and the mountains are

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The final day of the observations occurred on early on Dec. 25. That morning at 0845, when the dancers were in the plane in *area A* (Figure 1) saw the exultant "Dancers" enter the plane from the southern passage, cross the plane very deliberately, mount the ladder at *Point A* (Figure 1) and descend into its hatchway. In about twenty minutes he re-appeared and departed by the same way. About an hour later I saw him come in again. He makes six such trips, planting each time a proper-plume. The plume at different spots: *Point A* between the north and south passages, *Point B* (immediately south of *Point A*), a place on the river about half a mile east of the river. His proper-plumes correspond in color to the color of those flying in the north. When he is within 1000 ft. of the river, between trips, looking in particular ways. The following are three. These visitors that come alone. Mrs. Greenhouse described and painted a female of *Halcyon* as follows: "except that the upper lip is white, just as the male has, not under his eyes but across the entire. This year the Nevada shrike had got in it as well as grey and white."

一、政治：政治是社会的上层建筑，是经济的集中表现。政治的核心是权力，权力的分配和运行决定着社会的性质和面貌。政治活动包括国家治理、社会管理、国际关系等。政治制度是政治活动的载体，包括国家制度、社会制度等。政治体制是政治制度的具体表现形式，包括国家体制、社会体制等。政治文化是政治活动的精神支柱，包括政治观念、政治信仰、政治道德等。政治行为是政治活动的具体表现，包括政治决策、政治执行、政治监督等。政治参与是公民行使政治权利、参与政治生活的过程，包括选举、罢免、创制、复决等。政治改革是政治体制、政治制度、政治文化的变革，包括政治体制改革、政治制度改革、政治文化改革等。政治发展是政治体制、政治制度、政治文化的不断完善和进步，包括政治体制改革、政治制度改革、政治文化改革等。

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今更に田舎の事には、田舎といふに所記の如くあるは、田舎
といふ。又、田舎といふは、田舎といふは、田舎といふは、田舎

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1. 凡在... 2. 凡在... 3. 凡在... 4. 凡在... 5. 凡在... 6. 凡在... 7. 凡在... 8. 凡在... 9. 凡在... 10. 凡在...

[illegible]

twenty-three on another.¹ The maidens wear the regulation dance-kilts, fox-skins, sashes, and moccasins. Their skirts are worn over their ordinary trousers. Their ordinary shirts are decorated with favors of multi-colored, store-bought ribbons. Their hair is flowing, and also adorned with ribbons. In it is a bunch of four yellow parrot-feathers. Each maiden carries a *mili*² and *telikinawe*.³ Each has been dressed by her ceremonial father (he who initiated her into the *ko'tikili*) and the man's wife; the man dressing her, and the woman doing her hair. All have gone out to a small ravine on the southeast⁴ outskirt of the town.⁵ Here a little way from the ravine as many girls as there are male personators of the corn-maidens are stood in line, each girl representing a personator. The girl has been chosen by the ceremonial father. She is his daughter or a kinswoman of his wife. The girls are sprinkled and prayed over,⁶ and started off to run a race to the ravine. The order in which they arrive is the order taken in the line by the personators of the corn-maidens. It is these girls who supply the corn and the melons the corn-maidens carry in to the plaza. Until this year they carried the corn and melons in a basket on their head. This year the corn was slung in a kerchief or cloth across their neck and shoulders.⁷ Melons were not carried at all, — a singular omission, since, although there is no mention of melons in the myth, the name of the ceremonial, *mo'lawia*, means "melons come." It is at the ravine that the *pekwin* and *awan tachu* have joined the corn-maidens.

Two or three minutes after the group had entered the plaza,⁸ I saw Bitsitsi and Pautiwa on the roof of *he'iwa kiwitsine*,⁹ Bitsitsi tapping the thighs of Pautiwa with his eagle-feathers and emitting his characteristic whistling sound as Pautiwa was about to descend the ladder into the *kitwitsine*. Bitsitsi, with great deliberation, followed him

¹ The Zuñi Indians, p. 277, footnote c.

² Sacred ear of corn wrapped with feathers. Every initiate into the *ko'tikili* receives a *mili*. The *ko'tikili* is the fraternity into which every lad is initiated.

³ Prayer-plumes.

⁴ Not *kushilowa*, but nearer the town (cf. Mrs. Stevenson, pp. 278-279).

⁵ In spite of protests, a Zuñi household of strong sacerdotal affiliations has lately built a new house near by. Recently, when the American storekeeper wished to build near *hepatina*, a great outcry arose over the violation of that sacrosanct spot.

⁶ This year by Unidiwa, a man of the *aiyahokwe* clan. According to Mrs. Stevenson, it was a *aiyahokwe* man who held office for life who chose the girls (The Zuñi Indians, p. 277, footnote c. This is a *aiyahokwe* clan office, the incumbent chosen by the clan.

⁷ Because it is much easier to carry in this way. Little innovations of this kind are very significant, I think, of the disintegration of sacerdotalism in Zuñi.

⁸ Just as the party arrived at the plaza, the roof of the *he'iwa sha'lako* house fell in. Those spectators on the roofs near at hand hastened over to the place. There was considerable commotion, but the ceremonial proceeded without a moment's break.

⁹ The *pekwin* had already descended into the *kiwitsine*.

down. In about ten minutes Pautiwa emerged alone, and walked out of the plaza by the western passage.

As Mrs. Stevenson states,¹ Pautiwa has carried a gourd jug of water,² the neck filled with grass,³ into the *kiwitsine*. He leaves it there to be carried subsequently by the elder and younger brother bow-priests and one of the *a'shiwanni* to *hepatina*, and poured out there. The elder brother bow-priest carries the gourd; the younger brother bow-priest carries a cedar brand and whirls a rhombus. The grass is left at *hepatina*, but the gourd is brought back and left on the altar in the *kiwitsine*. The gourd belongs to the *a'shiwanni*.⁴

When Pautiwa enters the *kiwitsine*, he is seated by the *pekwin*, and "smoked" by him in the six directions. In utter silence all present sprinkle him with meal.

During this time *awan tachu ko'yemshi* has been standing in the plaza at the head of the line of corn-maidens. As soon as Pautiwa emerges from the *kiwitsine* and withdraws from the plaza, *awan tachu* leads the line past the *kiwitsine* ladder; and the maiden next him falls out of line, sprinkles with meal the lower rungs of the ladder, and ascends. She walks to the northeast corner of the *kiwitsine* roof, standing there facing the north. Bitsitsi emerges from the hatchway. With arms crossed, he walks at his usual measured pace to the maiden, and taps her thighs with the eagle-feathers he holds in each hand, emitting at the same time his whistle. She turns as he taps, making one entire revolution and a quarter, thereby facing the northwest corner of the *kiwitsine*. Sprinkling meal ahead of her, she walks into the northwest corner, and stands facing the west. Bitsitsi follows, and the manœuvre of turning her is repeated. In this way she proceeds to the southwest corner and to the southeast. In each corner she stands on a cross of meal that has been sprinkled there some time earlier in the day by the *pekwin*. In the southeast corner the maiden has been turned by Bitsitsi to face the hatchway. From it the *kyakwemosi tlashi* now emerges, and, sprinkling her *telikinawe*, takes from her shoulders the corn-filled kerchief. Passing it to the *kyakwemosi tsana* ("little") standing half way up the ladder, he himself descends. The corn-maiden walks to the hatchway, and, tapped by Bitsitsi, descends. Bitsitsi follows. In silence the corn is passed from *shiwanni* to *shiwanni* and put down. In silence the maiden takes her seat.

Meanwhile in the plaza *awan tachu ko'yemshi* has led the line of corn-maidens in a circle back to the foot of the ladder. He breaks the

¹ The Zuñi Indians, p. 279.

² Taken, not from a well, but from "one of the springs."

³ *Tosalu*, "or any other kind of grass" growing around the spring.

⁴ When I asked the meaning of this little rite, a rite to which nothing in the myth corresponds, I was merely told that "all Zuñi ceremonies are for rain and snow."

speak. The *pekwin* empties the kerchiefs of corn, and gives them to the maidens. Then Bitsitsi and the maidens leave the *kiwitsine*, he to turn to the east the plumes he has planted facing the west, and they to deposit their plumes at *kushilowa*.

On their return to the pueblo, the heads of the maidens are washed by the wife and household of their ceremonial father. Bitsitsi returns to *he'iwa kiwitsine* to receive his allotment of the corn,¹ and to have his ceremonial father remove the corn enmeshed in his hair and in his belt, tie his hair at the back, and remove his blanket. Both go to the house of the ceremonial father. There Bitsitsi's top-knot is washed. They eat and they pray, Bitsitsi (or, properly speaking, his personator) returning home about midnight.

The rôle of Bitsitsi has to be played by a *ne'wëkwë*, and every member of the fraternity is supposed to play it once at least. The rôle of the ceremonial father of Bitsitsi is not taken, as one might infer, by a Sand-Crane clansman, but by any *ne'wëkwë* who knows the prayers. Of interest in this connection is the fact that the *ne'mosi* or head of the *ne'wëkwë* fraternity must be the child of the Sand-Crane Clan; i.e., his father must be a Sand-Crane.² The present *ne'mosi* is himself, however, a Sand-Crane man, and the child of the Bear Clan. In this year's ceremony he took no part. The *ne'wëkwë* are a rapidly diminishing fraternity. I surmise that as a result of their diminution the old rules of office are difficult to follow; and I also surmise that the personator of the ceremonial father of Bitsitsi was originally a Sand-Crane.³

NEW YORK.

¹ The corn is distributed between all taking part in the ceremony. I note incidentally that the *a'shiwanni* have fasted one day and one night before the ceremony.

² The Zuñi clan is metronymic.

³ I have since learned from my Zuñi informant that he was. The year Mrs. Stevenson describes the ceremony, the part of the ceremonial father was taken by the *ne'mosi* (The Zuñi Indians, p. 281).

Since writing the foregoing, I have learned that when the gourd is in the *kiwitsine*, it is sprinkled with meal by all present; that after the *pekwin* smokes Pautiwa, he deposits the cigarette on the grass in the mouth of the gourd; that the elder brother bow-priest pours the water of the gourd into the stone vases at *hepatina*; that he and his two companions plant *telikinawe* there; that the *ko'mosona* gives the bowl of medicine-water near the altar (the medicine-water belongs to the *ashiwanni*) to the corn-maidens and the others present to drink, exchanging terms of relationship,—*tachumo-talemo* with the maidens, *tachumo-nanamo* with the bow-priests; that he also squirts the water from his mouth on those present, and drinks of it himself; that two *kopillashiwanni* are present in the *kiwitsine*; that they and the *komosona*, the *pekwin*, *ko'pekwin*, *ashiwanni*, bow-priests, and Bitsitsi have all fasted a day and a night prior to the ceremonial. (See, too, Stevenson, pp. 277-282.)

LOCAL MEETINGS.

WEST VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE SOCIETY. — The West Virginia Folk-Lore Society was organized just about a year ago, and I am sure that those interested in such things will be glad to know something of the progress made. The wide-spread interest and generous help from persons in almost every part of the State have been very gratifying, and our membership list has reached the number of one hundred and twenty-six. Monthly reports of the progress of the work have appeared in "The West Virginia Journal and Educator," in which are printed various specimens of material collected. Special attention was given throughout the year to the traditional popular ballads of English and Scottish origin. Much valuable matter of other sorts has been secured; but stress was laid upon collecting the popular ballads still existing amongst us, because they were thought to be the most valuable part of our folk-lore, and the part likely to be soonest lost. Of these we have found twenty-five, most of them in good versions, but a few fragmentary. They are as follows, the figures in parentheses representing the number of variants in each case:

- Lord Lovell, Child 75 (3).
- The House Carpenter, Child 243 (14).
- The Miller's Two Daughters, Child 10 (3).
- Dandoo, Child 277 (2).
- The Hangman's Tree, Child 95 (3).
- Six Kings' Daughters or Pretty Polly, Child 4 (7).
- Barbara Allen, Child 84 (5).
- Fair Annie and Gregory, Child 76 (3).
- Lady Margaret, Child 74 (2).
- The Greenwood Siding, Child 20 (3).
- Young Collins, Child 85 (2).
- The Jew's Daughter, Child 155 (9).
- Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender, Child 73 (5).
- The Two Brothers, Child 49 (2).
- The Wife of Usher's Well, Child 79 (7).
- Lord Randall, Child 12 (8).
- Henry Martin, Child 250 (1).
- Lord Bateman, Child 53 (2).
- Lord Henry, Child 68 (1).
- Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, Child 201 (1).
- The Seven Sleepers, Child 7 (1).
- The Gypsy Davy, Child 200 (2).
- Home Came the Old Man, Child 274 (2).
- The Golden Willow Tree, Child 286 (2).
- The Three Crows, Child 26 (3).

The total number of variants of the above-named twenty-five ballads is ninety-three.

West Virginia has developed two ballads of her own very similar to the traditional ballads. They are, —

- John Hardy (3).
- The Wreck on the C. & O. (7).

A detailed report of other material gathered is not feasible at this time. Suffice it to say that we have received, in addition to the ballads, one hundred and seventy-seven old songs, some of them not folk-material; fourteen ghost-stories and witch-tales; and a large number of singing-games, counting-out rhymes, superstitions, negro melodies, and "spirituals," etc.

The officers of the Society are: *President* and *General Editor*, John Harrington Cox, West Virginia University, Morgantown; *Vice-President*, Robert Allen Armstrong, West Virginia University, Morgantown; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Walter Barnes, Fairmont Normal School, Fairmont.

Following is the Constitution adopted by the Society:

SECTION I. *Name.* The name of this organization shall be The West Virginia Folk-Lore Society.

SEC. II. *Purpose.* The purpose of this Society shall be to collect, preserve, and publish the folk-lore surviving in West Virginia, especially the old English and Scottish popular ballads.

SEC. III. *Membership.* Any one that is actively interested in the work and promises to further the purpose of the Society may become a member.

SEC. IV. *Officers.* The officers of the Society shall be a President, a Vice-President, and a Secretary-Treasurer, whose duties shall be those usually performed by such officers except in case of the President, who shall be also Archivist and General Editor. The term of the officers shall be for three years and "until their successors shall be elected and qualified."

SEC. V. *Executive Committee.* The officers of the Society shall constitute the Executive Committee.

SEC. VI. *Correspondents.* The Executive Committee may appoint official Correspondents at any time to take charge of the work in the various sections of the State.

SEC. VII. *Annual Meeting.* The Annual Meeting of the Society shall be held at Morgantown during the session of the Summer School, unless the Executive Committee shall determine otherwise.

SEC. VIII. *Special Meetings.* Special Meetings may be called by the Executive Committee.

The following persons have been appointed Official Correspondents: John B. Adkins, Branchland, Lincoln County; I. O. Ash, Middlebourne, Tyler County; Wallie Barnett, Leon, Mason County; Miss Anna Copley, Shoals, Wayne County; G. W. Cunningham, Elkins, Randolph County; Miss Maude Groves, Deepwell, Nicholas County; Miss Lily Hagans, Morgantown, Monongalia County; Rex Hoke, Second Creek, Monroe County; Mrs. E. A. Hunt, Belington, Barbour County; Mrs. W. M. Parker, Hinton, Summers County; George Paugh, Thomas, Tucker County; Mrs. Hilary G. Richardson, Clarksburg, Harrison County; Miss Mabel Richards, Fairmont, Marion County; E. C. Smith, Weston, Lewis County; W. H. S. White, Piedmont, Mineral County.

All persons sending in contributions will have their names placed on the membership list. Others desiring to become members will please send their names to the Secretary-Treasurer. There are no dues.

JOHN HARRINGTON COX.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.,

July 15, 1916.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE STORY OF NO-TONGUE.¹ — The first half of the story of No-Tongue, a Mandan tale, appeared in this *Journal* several years ago. This second part completes the tale, all of which was told by James Holding Eagle of the Mandan tribe.

No-Tongue rested in the village, where he came to be one of the most important men, for some years after his marriage to the daughter of the chief. Then he decided to go on a war-party. He chose only a single friend to accompany him. The two were gone from home but a short time when they found an enemy, whom they succeeded in killing, and whom No-Tongue was the first to strike. After this adventure they returned to the village, and ran around among the houses, shouting what they had done. Then No-Tongue was greatly honored by all the people with a general celebration.

After a few months No-Tongue again decided to lead a war-party, and this time he took with him two friends. On this occasion the party met and killed two enemies, and returned in triumph to the village, where they dashed about among the houses, proclaiming a great victory. Again all the people rejoiced and honored No-Tongue. Then he invited all the older people to his lodge, and announced to them that thenceforth his name was No-Tongue, and that all the people should call him by that name. Up to that time his name had been known only to his sister.

No-Tongue now rested for some time in the village; then he announced that he would once more lead a war-party. This time he took with him a large company of warriors; and the party was again successful, killing three of the enemy and capturing their horses, which they took back with them. They arrived within sight of the village early in the morning, and all rushed triumphantly in among the lodges, proclaiming their conquest. No-Tongue, who was now one of the chiefs, was accorded even greater honor and praise than before, and the whole village held a great rejoicing.

After this, No-Tongue remained quietly at home until all the talk and praise over the third exploit had died out. Then he announced a fourth war-party; and all the warriors of the village flocked to join him, for they all remembered his great success on former occasions. The party went forth, and met with good fortune, as before. This time they found and killed four enemies, and captured their horses, which were led back in triumph to the village. No-Tongue was once more received with great rejoicing, and was accorded the principal place in the village by all the people.

Now, the Sun and the Moon had been looking down on the village all this time, and had seen the exploits of No-Tongue, and the honors that were heaped upon him. So, after the return from the fourth war-party, the Sun said to the Moon, "That son of mine must be very fat, with all the praise and honor he has received, and I will eat him."

And the Moon asked, "How will you manage to eat him?"

The Sun replied, "That is easy. I have another brave son. Him I

¹ See this *Journal*, vol. xxvi, p. 331.

shall have come, and he shall defeat and slay this one, whom I shall then eat."

That evening, when it was dark, the Moon came to No-Tongue and informed him of the Sun's plans.

"Now," said the Moon to No-Tongue, "your father, the Sun, wants to eat you, and he is going to have another very brave son of his from the Sioux come and kill you. When the time for the battle arrives, get another warrior to dress exactly like yourself and go forth to meet the Sioux. Then the other warrior will be killed, and the Sun will eat him, thinking that it is you."

Then he told No-Tongue to dress poorly, paint himself white, and follow the disguised warrior into the battle. After the warrior had been slain, No-Tongue was to kill the Sioux and cut his head off at once. Then he must carry the head home to his lodge, and offer it a corn-ball to eat and a pipe to smoke. After that the head would die, and he might throw it away.

Soon after, the battle took place; and all occurred as the Moon had said, and No-Tongue acted as the Moon had directed. When the battle was over, the Sun and the Moon both went down to hunt among the bodies, where they found both the disguised warrior and the dead Sioux son. The Sun took the dead Mandan to be No-Tongue, but he wondered very much how the brave Sioux had come to be killed. The Moon told the Sun to take No-Tongue and eat him, while the Moon himself took the dead Sioux home. As the Sun picked up the supposed body of No-Tongue, he was greatly surprised. "Oh, say!" he said to the Moon, "this one is too light, this cannot be No-Tongue. He would be fat and heavy."

But the Moon declared that it was No-Tongue. So each went home with his meat, which he cooked and prepared. However, after the Sun had prepared his feast, he found the meat so lean and tough that he could not eat it. Then he went to the Moon's house to get some of his meat; but when he arrived, the Moon had already eaten it all up.

The next morning No-Tongue dressed himself up, and took his place on the roof of his lodge before the Sun was up. So the first thing that his father, the Sun, saw, as he came out of the door of his house, was the figure of No-Tongue.

"It certainly is No-Tongue," he said to the Moon, who had not yet gone down into his own house. As the Sun said this, No-Tongue turned and faced directly toward him, and he cried out, "Yes, it is No-Tongue. I thought he was dead, but here he is, still alive."

"It is all according to your own words," replied the Moon. "You said that nothing could hurt him, so now you see that even you yourself cannot kill him."

"Yes," said the Sun, "but what I said then I did not mean. This time I shall surely eat him."

The Moon inquired how he intended to accomplish the destruction of No-Tongue this time.

"Oh!" answered the Sun, "I have another very brave son among the Cheyennes, and him I shall have come to kill No-Tongue."

That night the Moon once more visited No-Tongue in his lodge, and told him what the Sun was planning. He told No-Tongue that the Sun had decided to have his most beloved Cheyenne son come to kill him;

and that this Cheyenne was very powerful, and could not ordinarily be killed, because his father, the Sun, kept him suspended from above by an invisible cord attached to the top of his head. Through this cord, life and strength continually flowed.

"You must be on your guard," the Moon said, "for he is coming tomorrow. He will be dressed exactly like you, and he will motion toward you, urging you to come and meet him. When he does this, you must advance toward him. As you advance, swing and throw your war-club so that it will go just above his head. In that way you will break the invisible cord and can easily kill him."

The battle took place on the next day; and No-Tongue was in the forefront, dressed in his very best and finest clothing. The Cheyenne appeared on the opposite side, dressed exactly like No-Tongue; and the two at once recognized each other, and advanced to the meeting. No-Tongue followed the Moon's directions, throwing his club as he approached. The aim was true, the cord was broken, and the Cheyenne fell to the ground dead, and was left there, while the rest of the enemy were defeated and dispersed. On his return from the pursuit, No-Tongue cut off the head of the dead Cheyenne, and took it back with him to his lodge. As he was returning, his father, the Sun, came to him, praising him for his bravery, and asked for the head. No-Tongue did not yield to his pleading, however, but only told him to wait a while, and then he should have the head. So No-Tongue went on to his lodge, where he placed some corn-meal in the mouth of the head, and also made it smoke. Then it was really dead, and he took it out and gave it to the Sun.

On receiving the head, the Sun thought that he would bring back his beloved Cheyenne son to life. So he wrapped it up with sage, and worked a long time with it, moving it about, but all in vain.

"I wasted time and waited too long," he thought. "It is no use." Then he went to look for the body of the dead Cheyenne, but the Moon had already taken that and made a feast with it.

In the morning No-Tongue again dressed in his best, and placed himself on the top of his lodge before the Sun came out of his house, so that once again he was the first thing to meet the Sun's eyes as he opened his door. The Sun was now very angry; and once more he talked to the Moon, saying that now he would surely have No-Tongue killed. The Moon asked him how he would attempt it this time.

"I shall have Big-Voice kill him, and he cannot escape," answered the Sun.

The Moon inquired who Big-Voice was, and the Sun replied that Big-Voice was the Thunder-Bird.

That night once again the Moon secretly visited No-Tongue, and told him of the Sun's latest plans. He told No-Tongue that he must get another friend to dress in his clothes and sleep in his bed that very night, while he himself must go into some obscure old woman's lodge and conceal himself in a corner under a pile of blankets.

As soon as the Moon had gone, No-Tongue found a friend to dress in his clothes and sleep in his bed, while he himself hid as the Moon had directed. He had been hidden only a little while, when the rain started, and soon after that there was a great clap of thunder. Then No-Tongue knew that the Thunder-Bird had killed his friend.

After the rain was all over, No-Tongue returned to his own lodge, where he found the dead body of his friend. He prepared the body for burial in a very fine way, and dressed it in his own clothes; then he told all the people to go out to the burial-scaffold with it, and make a great mourning.

Soon after, when the Sun came forth from his lodge, he looked toward the village, and saw the finely dressed body on the scaffold, and the great crowd of people about it mourning, and he thought surely that it was No-Tongue. So he came down and took the body, and once more prepared for a feast; but when it was prepared and he started to eat, he found that he had a very lean and tough morsel, and he said to himself that No-Tongue must have changed greatly.

When the Sun came forth again on the following morning, his eyes once more lighted on the figure of No-Tongue, finely dressed, and posed upon the top of his lodge, and he saw that he had once more been tricked.

Toward evening the Sun and the Moon met again, and the Sun related how No-Tongue had fooled him this time. He told the Moon that none of his helpers had succeeded in killing No-Tongue, and that he had finally decided to take the matter into his own hands and dispose of No-Tongue himself.

The Moon argued with the Sun, and told him that the failures had all been the Sun's own fault, that he had promised No-Tongue a long and prosperous life, and that now he was trying to break his own promises. But the Sun remained firm in his decision, and the Moon then asked him how he intended to overcome No-Tongue.

The Sun replied that he would turn himself into a huge buffalo-bull with its sides a solid mass of bone where the ribs usually are, and that he would then go into the village and chase No-Tongue until he caught him.

The Moon again sought out No-Tongue in the night, and told him that the Sun himself would try to kill him on the morrow, and he told No-Tongue what the Sun had said. Then he added that there would be only one way to kill the great bull, and that would be to shoot him in the neck near the collar-bone.

After the Moon left, No-Tongue began to lay his plans for the coming combat, which he knew would be the most severe test of all. A little way outside the village there was a ditch or wash-out just narrow enough for one to jump over it in a very long jump. No-Tongue got the Kill-Deer, who makes the boggy water-holes, to come and make a soft muddy spot just beyond the far side of the ditch, at a spot that No-Tongue had selected.

Early the next morning a huge buffalo-bull wandered into the village, and began running about among the houses. The men swarmed out of the lodges, and commenced to shoot arrows at the bull; but they seemed able neither to harm it nor to drive it away. After a time No-Tongue, for whom, of course, the bull had been searching, appeared, but kept at a distance from the bull. Then the bull pretended to be lame in order to draw No-Tongue closer, but he was not deceived. Gradually No-Tongue worked toward the side of the village near which was the wash-out, allowing the bull slowly to get closer to him. Then he started to run, and the bull followed at full speed. No-Tongue made directly for the ditch at the spot selected, and leaped it, evading by a sudden turn the mud-hole on the farther side.

The bull, in its mad pursuit, leaped the ditch also, but did not see the muddy place, and landed full in the centre of it, where he was soon mired down and helpless. Then No-Tongue came up close and shot the bull in the neck near the collar-bone, one arrow on each side.

When the bull was dead, all the people gathered, and wanted to cut it up and eat it, and No-Tongue had difficulty in persuading them not to do so; but he told them that it was not a real bull, but a great spirit, and that it would be very dangerous for all of them if it were cut up. Then he told them all to bring large bundles of brush and dry sticks, and to heap them upon and around the dead bull.

When a great pile had been built up and the bull was completely hidden, No-Tongue set fire to the brush, which made a big fire and a tremendous smoke, under cover of which the Sun escaped from the body of the bull, and returned to the sky.

That evening the Sun and the Moon met as usual, and the Sun told how he had failed to kill No-Tongue, and what a narrow escape he had had. He added that he had finally decided to let No-Tongue live, and to molest him no further, but to keep his first promise. So now No-Tongue lived a contented and quiet life in the village; for by this time he had grown past the age of a warrior, and was becoming old and losing his strength.

One day a long hunt was decided upon in the village, and all of the people were to go. After careful preparations, they started out, and with them went the old man No-Tongue. No-Tongue, however, was not very strong; and he travelled along slowly, so that he was soon left by himself, walking along far in the rear. After a time the trail came to a high hill; and when No-Tongue reached the foot of this hill, he sat down on a large stone near by. Then he took out his pipe, filled it, and was ready for a smoke. As he began to puff on his pipe, two men approached, and seated themselves one on either side of him upon the large stone.

No-Tongue recognized the two men as his two fathers, the Sun and the Moon, and he greeted them. Then they all three smoked in turn, and discussed the past life of No-Tongue. The Sun declared that he had fulfilled his promises, and made No-Tongue a great warrior with much honor and glory, and had brought him to a full and prosperous old age. Then the Moon told of all his part in helping No-Tongue toward success and honor, and he told how the Sun had tried to break his promises.

The three sat for a long time, talking and smoking, and then the Sun and Moon prepared to go. Just as the Sun was getting up from his seat at the left side of No-Tongue, he thrust the point of his elbow against No-Tongue's breast, penetrating the ribs and the heart, so that he fell over dead.

"He is dead," said the Sun. "It is better so, for he is now old and losing his strength. It is better not to live too long."

And the Sun and Moon went away.

GEORGE F. WILL.

BISMARCK, N. DAK.

TWO CHEYENNE STORIES. — The following relations were obtained at the summer encampment of the Southern Cheyenne in 1913 from Felix Roman-Nose. Felix is about thirty-five years old, I suppose, and son of the late chief and medicine-man, Roman-Nose-Thunder. He speaks English

rather well, and wears his hair cut short; but his belief and habit of thought are thoroughly reactionary. He prefaced the tales by a long rambling discourse, in which he attempted to explain the advantage of the white man over the red man. He said that "God" gave to both races a "law" a long time ago, "nobody knows when." This "law" is now "buried, nobody knows where." The cardinal principle of this "law" was the number 4, which plays so important a part in Cheyenne ceremonial.¹ The Indian has adhered to this law; but "while the Indian slept," the white man tampered with it, and added one to the perfect number, "which always comes out even," thus making five. Hence the white man's advantage. Felix said that this advantage was not gained for nothing. He declared that money troubles arise from the fact that our monetary system is based on the five-cent piece, and not on the number 4. He also confided to us that "all these floods and cyclones" which wreck the homes of white men are the direct result of this tampering with holy things, and a punishment for violating the "law" and meddling with the sacred number 4.

These stories were not sought, and came out in the course of the night's talk. No payment was made for them, and I had hopes that more might be forthcoming; but next day an old chief rode round the camp-circle, haranguing the people, and declaring that I was a government agent sent to spy into the phallic features of the Sun-Dance, then being performed. This unfounded rumor caused Felix much discomfort, as he was suspected of having told me too much. I exonerated him, and tried to dispel the illusion as to my identity; but no one believed me, and since that time I have been unable to collect more material of this sort.

1. *How the White Man got his Beard.* — White man was going up a river. He was hungry, and could find nothing to eat. Pretty soon he came to a grassy bottom where the grass was long and green. He saw the green grass, and thought, "I wish I was a buffalo, so I could eat that nice grass and satisfy my hunger!" He turned off and went over the hill. There he saw buffalo sitting. He went toward them, crying as hard as he could. The four Buffalo asked him why he was crying. He said he wanted to be a buffalo, so he could eat the grass and satisfy his hunger. One of the Buffalo took pity on him, and told him to stand still. He said, "Stand still where you are! We will take after you four times; and the fifth time we will tip you, and you will turn into a buffalo." White man said, "All right." The buffalo took after him four times; and the fifth time the buffalo tipped him, and he turned into a buffalo. Then he went back over the hill and ate the grass in the bottom, and satisfied his hunger. Then he lay down under a tree.

Pretty soon another white man came up the river and saw the grass. He was hungry, and could find nothing to eat. When he saw the buffalo under the tree, he began to cry as hard as he could. White-Man-Buffalo saw him coming, and asked him why he was crying so hard. He said, "I am hungry; and I wish I was a buffalo, so I could eat this grass and satisfy my hunger." White-Man-Buffalo was selfish and lived alone. He did not want the white man to be a buffalo. So he said, "All right. Stand still where you are! I will take after you four times; and the fifth time I will tip you, and you will turn into a buffalo." He took after him four

¹ See Mooney, "The Cheyenne Indians" (Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association, vol. i, Part 6, p. 411).

times; but when he went to tip him, the white man ran away. Then the White-Man-Buffalo chased him, and they had a race. There was fight, for the White-Man-Buffalo outran the white man. At last, however, he tipped him; but, instead of turning the white man into a buffalo, the White-Man-Buffalo turned into a man again; but he still had the buffalo's beard, and all white men have had it ever since.

2. *Why the White Man has Short Hair.* — There were two big camp-circles, one on each side of a river. In one camp-circle lived a white man who had married a wife from the other camp-circle. One day he said to his wife, "I will go visit my brother-in-law and see how he is getting along." At the same time the brother-in-law started out to visit the white man. The white man did not know this. Pretty soon the white man met two girls. They called him, and said, "Come on over here, white man!" He did not want to go. He was bashful and selfish, and lived by himself. He said, "No, I'm in a hurry. I can't stop to talk now." The girls kept calling him and beckoning to him. So pretty soon he went over to them. After a while he sat down with the girls, and they got him to lay his head in the lap of one of them. Then they said they would louse him. But he said, "No, there are no lice in my hair." The girls had some hack-berries; and when they would louse him, they would crack them in their teeth, and pretend they had found lice in his hair. All the time he was saying it was not so, but finally he went to sleep. Then they played a trick on him. They got cockle-burrs and stuck them into his hair as tight as they could, close up to the head, just as thick as they could. Then they went away, but not before brother-in-law had seen the white man with the girls as he came over the hill.

Pretty soon the white man woke up and felt of his head, and found it full of cockle-burrs. He didn't know what to do. When he went to scratch his head, he found it full of burrs. So he cut off his hair with his knife close up to his head. Then he started home again. He gashed his cheeks and tore his shirt and cried. His wife saw him coming, and sent the children out to meet him. They ran back and told her that their father was crying and had cut off his hair. She went out and asked why he was mourning. He told her that his brother-in-law was dead. But just then brother-in-law came along. So then white man said it was his uncle that was dead. But the brother-in-law said no, his uncle was alive. And then he told how white man was playing with the strange girls. So white man's wife took a club and drove him away. Ever since that time the white man has lived alone, and always wears short hair.

STANLEY CAMPBELL.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA,
NORMAN, OKLA.

A PIEGAN TALE. — During the stay of the Piegan delegates at Washington last winter, I heard the following tale of their hero "Old-Man," which apparently does not occur among the published collections.

Old-Man was travelling. He heard some one clinking on ice, and he saw two large wolves who had tied large rocks on their tails. When the rocks made holes in the ice, fat would come up; then they turned around and ate it up. So the old man saw them. He was pretty hungry. And

he was crying, "I was longing to do the way you were doing." So the Wolf told him, "My brother, it is an easy matter." Old-Man had a long tail too. And the Wolf told him, "You tie a rock to your tail too. You can do it; but do not do it more than four times a day." So Old-Man started off. When he got around the bend, he picked up a rock and tied it to his tail. And he started off singing, "Now the ice should crack." Then the ice began to crack, and the fat began to come out. Then of course he started off. Every now and then he would do the same thing over again. Then, after the fourth time, he said, "I am going to do that the fifth time to see what will happen." Then the rock broke through and fell into the water. The night was so cold that it froze up on him, and he could not pull his tail out; and he lost his tail, and became bob-tailed. And he said, "I see! The rising generation are going to all become bob-tailed." That is the reason we do not have long tails now.

TRUMAN MICHELSON.

PIEGAN TALES OF EUROPEAN ORIGIN. — From some recent work with the Piegans, it appears that they have incorporated a fairly large body of European tales in their folk-lore. However, they are fully conscious of the fact that these tales are European in origin. It is of the highest importance that they claim that some of these are old, and some only recently acquired. A few are not specified as regards age. Tales which are said to be old are "Seven-Heads," "Rabbit runs a Race with Turtle," and "Big Fool and Little Fool." Tales only recently acquired are "Cinderella," "Blue-Beard," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." Tales whose dates are not stated are "Joseph and Jacob: How his Brothers sold him to the Egyptians, the Seven Fat Cows, the Seven Lean Cows, and the Four Ears of Corn;" the interminable adventures of "Little-John" and "Anthony."¹

TRUMAN MICHELSON.

THE HAWAIIAN HULA-DANCE. — In the death in August, 1915, of Nathaniel B. Emerson, M.D., the territory of Hawaii loses one more of that older generation of native-born foreigners who knew from childhood the language and the people of old Hawaii, and interested themselves in its ancient lore. Dr. Emerson was a constant student of Hawaiian folk-lore. In 1898 he translated the "Hawaiian Antiquities" collected by David Malo in the thirties; his translation of the myth of the volcano goddess, Pele, and her sister Hiiaka, appeared just before his death; and in 1909 a study of the Hawaiian *hula*-dance was published as Bulletin 38 by the Bureau of American Ethnology in Washington. The *hula*, in its ancient and classical form, is analogous to the Japanese *Noh* dances and to other like institutions throughout the South Sea Islands. It was conventionalized into a real school of dramatic art. The object of this note is briefly to outline the facts collected by Dr. Emerson from the old Hawaiians about these ceremonial dances, as the practice and tradition have survived into modern time.

A *hula* performance consisted in a series of dramatic dances accompanied by song, sometimes by rhythmical instruments. It was given under the

¹ The informant had forgotten the names of these last two. I have supplied them, as the tales correspond extremely closely to the Fox stories of *Pitcicā*^a (= Petit-Jean) and *Ātwān*^a (= Antoine) (see American Anthropologist, N.S., vol. xv, p. 699).

patronage of a chief, often to celebrate some event, like the birthday of a son. It was dedicated to some god, generally to Laka, the goddess of co-ordinated movement, and was bound under a strict decorum to rigid ceremonial conventions. Nevertheless it was democratic, in that any one who had mastered the technique of the *hula* might organize a company, seek a patron, build a dance-house (or *halau*), and conduct a performance, the success of which depended upon the real skill of its rendering, and was a true bid for popular applause, at the same time that it was strictly censored by other experts who acted as critics. It offered opportunity for individual initiative; for each master of the *hula*, though held closely to convention for his technique, might introduce innovations or invent fresh combinations. *Aohe pau ka ike i ka halau* ("Think not that all wisdom lies in your dance-house"), runs the proverb.

The *hula* company might consist of several hundred persons, men and women, boys and girls, with a retinue of followers to secure and prepare the food-supply. These were organized into a small community governed by the *hula*-master and his under-officers. They erected a new dance-house during the rehearsal period, and dedicated it to the goddess who was to inspire the dance, whose altar and emblem were set up within the hall. No one entered without the password or "call-song" (*mele kahea*), and the answering song from within; no one joined the company without first offering a prayer at the altar. All were subject to the *hula*-master. Assisted by his colleague, called the "prop," he trained the performers and determined the style for each dance. He was responsible for the business management, acted as intermediary with the gods, and imposed the fines for breach of discipline. Two under-officers chosen by the student-body from their number collected these fines, performed ceremonial duties, and called off the dances. Two others chosen in the same way acted as aspergers to sprinkle all who entered the dance-house with sea-water and red earth, preserve order, and each day "feed the altar" with a fresh bowl of *awa*. Throughout the whole time of rehearsal there were required an ascetic abstinence and frequent bathing to keep the body pure for the habitation of the goddess. Transgressions were punished by fines of pig or of *awa*. As the time drew near for the performance, these restrictions became more rigid. All must go out with head covered and speak to no one; for the goddess was now taking possession of the worshipper "to inspire him in all his parts and faculties, — voice, hands, feet, whole body." On the night before the ceremony all bathed naked, then returned to the hall and danced for two periods before they slept. At daybreak a black pig was dedicated by laying on of hands; and while the feast was cooking, the hall was freshly decorated with vines and flowers sacred to the gods, and the altar rebuilt. At the feast which followed, all partook ceremonially, for this was the *ai-lolo*, the "eating of the brain" of the goddess. Once more the master exhorted his pupils to take heed and retain in the memory all that had been taught them. Then came the costuming, which required a ceremonial song for each part, — anklets, skirt, and wreaths for head and neck. Clearly the training for the *hula* included some valuable lessons in self-restraint, religious dependence, and group action, which had a directly educative value.

The real test of the training now came in the public performance which followed. It consisted in a series of dances chosen from a not very varied

repertory, the significance depending upon the grace or passion of the rhythmical rendering and upon the novelties hit upon by the *hula*-master. The company was divided into two parts, — the older and heavier, called *hoopa'a* ("the steadfast"), to carry the accompaniment (either vocal alone, or vocal and instrumental); and the *olapa* ("the agile") to perform the steps; but this distinction did not always hold. Accent upon the rhythm was the essential thing in the accompaniment. David Malo, the Hawaiian antiquarian, mentions only nine forms of *hula*. Dr. Emerson describes twenty-five, thirteen of which are accompanied by an instrument, generally some device for marking time. Three kinds of drum appear, two rattles (the gourd and the split bamboo), and four forms of concussion, as against two vibratory instruments and those of the simplest, — the "nose-flute" and jew's-harp.

From these instruments some of the dances derive their name; others, from the region where they originate or the story they tell. Tradition still keeps alive the thrill of excitement with which the Hawaiians some four hundred years ago heard for the first time the beating of the great *pahu* drum as the canoes of the pleasure-loving chief who brought it from the south passed along their coasts. One dance is explained by an episode in the myth of the goddess Pele. On the journey to fetch Pele's lover, Hiiaka sees the ghost of a maimed woman dancing and singing on a rock. In pity she throws her a *hala*-fruit, which the ghost eagerly holds up to smell as she sings her song of thanks. The dancers therefore bend their arms in this dance to represent the maimed ghost, and the song celebrates the attributes of Pele. The mimetic animal dances of plover, shark, dog, and pig, evidently express emotional ideas of which these animals are the conventional and concealed symbol. In one dance, puppets appear worked from behind, whose characters — that of a big braggart, a lean smart man, and their two lady-loves — suggest European analogies; their realistic action, too, is unlike Hawaiian tradition, but the natives claim for them an ancient origin. So each dance has its tradition, although more than one song may be sung to the same dance provided only that the emotional tone be similar. For example, a modern song in honor of the late King Kalakaua is sung to a dance originally belonging to an ancient hero. The dances, too, may vary in make-up. The same dance may be done by an individual or by a group to the number of hundreds. The singers and dancers are not always differentiated. Both sexes take part, sometimes dancing separate dances, sometimes together. The *hula*-master, therefore, is to be guided by his own taste and the resources of his particular company in making up his programme. The master also sets the emotional style of delivery. Some songs are of a sacred and dignified nature, celebrating the fame of ancient heroes; others of a lighter character are love-songs; of still lower rank are those sung in sport or derision. So the style must vary to suit the mood. Dr. Emerson distinguishes the *koi honua*, or common style, from the bombastic, in which the voice is choked to a guttural in rendering violent emotion; and the *hoaeae*, or sentimental, for certain love-songs. In the *olioli* the characteristic vibratory trill upon the vowel-sounds *i* and *e* becomes more frequent, as in ceremonial wailing.

So far as the pupils are concerned, the gestures of the dance and the words of the song are imposed from without. The master teaches first the gestures, then the accompanying words, but not the idea they interpret.

The classical dances celebrated the deeds of some demigod or hero by dramatizing an incident of his life in rhythmical posturings especially designed to call up particular emotions. But the dramatization was not realistic: it analyzed the story through a strictly conventionalized series of symbols. Not only hands and feet, but the head, face, and body, must be trained into appropriate and expressive co-ordinated postures. Thus the undulatory movement of the outstretched hand, Emerson tells us, "represents progress either walking or travelling;" the hand turned perpendicularly marks a precipice in the way, which is climbed by an upward lift of the arm and inclining of the hand. Under the figure of the precipice and its climbing, however, lies an emotional idea or passion of which this is the symbol, and which forms the real subject of the dance. Without a recognition of this double symbolism, the *hula* technique can by no means be understood. As the gestures, so the words, convey a second meaning. A pretty description of natural scenery, rich in specific local coloring and in allusion to ancient myth, may veil a passionate love-episode, a compliment to some chief, or a taunt of derision. Because of this artificial form of innuendo, many of the songs quoted by Dr. Emerson are to-day unintelligible without a key. Many depend not only upon knowledge of an historical allusion, but upon some specious analogy, either of sound or of image, which carries the trick of punning and metaphor to a very high pitch, and makes an art of riddling. For example, a certain plant, the *noni*, is used to produce a red dye: so, when the unsuccessful suitor of the volcano goddess wishes in revenge to ridicule her inflamed eyes, he sings about a woman pounding *noni*. This hidden symbolism has a social significance among natives of the South Sea as well as of the Hawaiian Islands. To conceal the mind from the common people by veiling language under metaphor is a mark of rank, — only the chief can detect the true interpretation, — hence the Polynesian stories of riddling-contests which suggest analogies with Greek folk-lore. Dr. Emerson thinks this excessive artifice of language, shown also in the word-linking and other plays upon words which make up the verse form, belongs to a period of deterioration from an older and purer art, where the appeal was more direct.

The volume contains a full description of the general form of each dance, with its accompanying instrument, and a detailed account of the ceremonial to be observed. It prints authentic texts, with translation and notes, of the songs sung to each dance. The subject of Hawaiian music, the theory of gesture, and of emotional style, has received more general treatment. A special study of these elements is much to be desired. It looks as if the dance were made up, like a sign-alphabet, of conventionalized physiological reactions to special emotional suggestions, perhaps to the excitation of rhythmical beats. Added to this, the ready play of metaphor in the Polynesian fancy, stimulated by the desire to aggrandize social rank, has imposed the literary form of the accompanying song, and no doubt modified both gesture and symbolism.

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PRESENT-DAY SURVIVALS OF ANCIENT JEWISH CUSTOMS. — The Folk-Lore Society of Missouri is naturally concerned with the various customs

and beliefs current among all the people of the State, whether they be the first inhabitants or the latest comers; but very little is known to most of us about the inner life of the people who have recently come to this country from other lands. There is a promising field for the scholar in the folk-lore of the immigrants in our large cities. This is especially true of the legends and customs among the orthodox Jews in our country. St. Louis has a large community of orthodox Jews who have emigrated from Russia, Poland, and Galicia. Many of these people live in a world apart. They have brought with them century-old traditions, which color their lives and fashion their thinking. The majority of their practices are common to the orthodox Jews in all the lands of the earth.

The children of Israel are indeed a "peculiar people." For nearly three thousand years they have been hurled from one end of the earth to the other; and yet, in spite of degradation and indignity, in the face of injustice and hate, they have lived by adapting themselves to their environment, although they have also always persisted in retaining their individuality in spite of change. It is this two-sidedness that has made the Jew the miracle of history; and it is just this faculty of being himself and imitating his neighbor which makes him especially interesting to the folk-lorist.

In their many wanderings, the Jews have borrowed customs and ideas from other people, and have added them to the traditions of their race. As they go from place to place, it becomes increasingly difficult to determine which practices are Jewish, and which have crept in from without. Most of the customs and rites among the Jews are so old that it is well-nigh impossible to trace them to their origin. The fact that they persist and are still practised, however, is the interesting thing for us.

By far the greater mass of their traditions and ancient practices still clings to burial-ceremonies and mourning for the dead. From early Bible times to the present the orthodox Jews have buried the corpse on the day of death, sometimes a few hours after the breath has left the body. Whatever the original reason for this practice may have been, it has continued in spite of climatic or seasonal changes. Embalming is forbidden, because in the final resurrection no part of the body should be missing. Cremation is not allowed, for the same reason. The resurrection of the body at the final judgment is a real thing to the orthodox Jews, and not a figure of speech or an allegory. This is one of the questions on which the reformed Jews take issue with their orthodox brethren.

During the short interval between death and interment, the body is never left alone. Some watcher sits with it until it is carried to the cemetery. This custom is found among many other races. The Jews declare that people sat near the dead in order to keep away the birds and beasts of prey. The most beautiful biblical example of this custom is that of Rizpah guarding the bodies of her sons.

The simplicity of an orthodox Jewish funeral is perhaps its most striking feature. With the exception of the Society of Friends, there is perhaps no other people in the world who so rigidly adhere to plainness of burial. The use of ornamented coffins is prohibited. Only a simple pine box is allowed, although in olden times cedar-wood was used. Flowers, music, processions, funeral orations, are all unknown. It is on rare occasions that a short address may be delivered, and that only in the case of a man

unusually pious or learned. Even in such cases, however, care must be taken not to exaggerate the virtues of the deceased. The body must not be dressed in elaborate garments, but a simple white shroud serves for rich and poor alike. No knots are made in the thread with which a shroud is sewed

Funerals are never held in the synagogue or at the home, but always in the cemetery. While the bier is being carried, it is placed on the ground at intervals of four feet until the grave is reached. Charity boxes are found at every orthodox funeral; and all who come, whether relatives or friends, drop into them money for the poor. The Jews are buried facing the east, — that is, toward Jerusalem, — and the tombstones front in the same direction. It is seldom that any articles are buried with the dead. Sacred books are sometimes put into the grave of a rabbi or of a great scholar, but never anything else. On leaving the cemetery, it is the custom for people to pluck a few blades of grass and throw them over the shoulder. It is believed that this is a survival of an old German superstition which the Jews borrowed. It dates back to the twelfth century.¹ Wailing and loud lamentations are customary among the women relatives, both at the funeral and later in the house of mourning.

The mourning-period lasts seven days. During this time the relatives of the dead remain in the house. They sit on the ground or on low stools. This is a survival of the days when those who bewailed the dead cast themselves upon the ground, rent their garments, and threw dust and ashes on their heads. The orthodox Jews of to-day cut a slit in the outer garment which they wear during the week of sorrow as a reminder of the rent garments of their ancestors. They do not, however, heap dust and ashes on their heads. The wearing of black is not mandatory, but, since it is not expressly forbidden, the practice is becoming more and more common in this country. This is an excellent illustration of the way in which the Jews adopt the customs of their neighbors.

Attention has been called to the similarities between mourning-customs and those relating to religious worship. For instance, the shoes are removed during mourning and also in the synagogue on the holiest day of the year, the Day of Atonement. This practice denoted the presence of holiness, for in the Bible the voice from the burning bush calls to Moses: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." An egg is eaten on the return from a funeral and also at the Passover service. The egg seems to be symbolic of the resurrection and of eternal life.

The orthodox Jews to-day visit the graves of parents and ask them to intercede with God in behalf of their children. This is not only a common, but a universal practice, since *all* orthodox Jewish prayer-books (Russian, German, Spanish, etc.) contain special prayers to the dead. The departed father or mother is looked upon as a guardian-spirit. It is usual for an orphan girl, just before her marriage, to visit the grave of her mother and invite her spirit to the wedding to bless her child.

No offerings or sacrifices were brought to the graves of ancestors among the ancient Hebrews. There is no evidence of food, flowers, or animals being brought to the dead, and there are no traces of such practices to-day.

The orthodox Jews never throw away the parings of their nails; they

¹ Jewish Encyclopedia, vol. xi, p. 599.

either bury them or burn them. The practice is first mentioned in the Talmud, about two thousand years ago.

Sometimes orthodox Jews change the name of a sick child, or add another name. They believe that in this way they can deceive the angel of death who may come to take the child, for he may not be able to identify it under its new name.

A Catholic peasant woman in Germany, Herbert Spencer tells us, "in preparing the dough, casts behind her a handful of flour, and throws a piece of dough into the furnace; when she bakes little cakes, she puts some fat into the pan, and the first cake into the fire." A Jewish housewife always throws a piece of dough into the fire when she is baking bread. This practice among Jewish women is many years old.¹ It may be that the German peasants learned the practice from the Jews; or the custom may go back to some primitive hearth-worship, from which both of these practices may be parallel survivals.

It is still customary that a younger sister must not marry before the elder, although this rule is not rigidly enforced. We know that it is a custom of ancient origin through the Bible story of Leah and Rachel.

The orthodox Jews of Russia, Poland, and Galicia, observe very strictly the following custom: Just before her wedding, a bride has her head shaved. She is then covered with a kerchief, and is led under the wedding canopy. During the remainder of her life she wears a wig. This sacrifice of hair is not considered an offering to a deity or to a spirit. Whatever its original purpose may have been, the Jews have a very sensible explanation of it. A woman's hair is her greatest beauty. After marriage she should not appear beautiful in the eyes of the world, because she might attract other men. The wig, therefore, serves as a defender of virtue, and protector of the home. It may be, of course, that this rational interpretation was invented later to justify a seemingly superstitious practice. The custom has died out in the United States, however, and one is reminded of it only on meeting old women who still wear their European wigs. The blotting-out in a few years of this ancient practice illustrates remarkably well the adaptation of the Jews to a new environment under favorable conditions. They clung to this usage in Russia because they were isolated and set apart; but in this country, where they are given an equal opportunity with others, and where they mingle with their fellows, they are gradually dropping the characteristics which make them different.

Another custom which is slowly dying out in this country is known as "Tashlik." This is the ceremony of shaking one's sins into the water. It is based on a verse in the prophet Micah: "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." On the afternoon of the Jewish New Year the more extreme of the orthodox Jews repair to some stream, where they recite prayers and shake the ends of their garments as though they were casting their sins from them. It is not known where or when this custom originated. Many very pious Jews have ridiculed it, since there is no religious sanction for the practice. It is gradually becoming extinct in this country, although one can still see on Manhattan and Brooklyn bridges in New York earnest old men and women who sincerely believe that their transgressions are being hurled, Satan-like, into the abyss below. Eads

¹ It is commanded by the rabbis in the Talmud, and is a reminder of the tithes of dough which were given to the priests in ancient Israel.

Bridge in St. Louis, too, is the witness of a like scene, and the waters of the Missouri at Kansas City undoubtedly suffer a similar pollution.

One of the oldest and most important of the religious observances of the Jews was the sacrificial offerings of animals in the Temple. This practice has almost entirely been abandoned. The only survival of it is the killing of a fowl before the Day of Atonement as a sin-offering. The bird is later eaten to break the fast which is required of all Jews on that day. But it is not absolutely essential to shed blood for the remission of sin, for a sum of money may be offered instead. This money does not go to the synagogue, but to the poor.

The Pascal lamb which used to be sacrificed at the Passover is represented now by a roasted lamb-bone on the Passover family table; or, when that is not available, by a partially burned chicken-bone. These are but symbols, and the orthodox Jew recognizes with his reformed brother that "the old order changeth, giving place to new." Another custom on Passover eve is to leave the door open for Elijah to enter, and to set a cup of wine for him to drink. This has been interpreted as an evidence of ancient hospitality, since any stranger who came in for food and shelter might be Elijah. Perhaps the most interesting survival in the Passover ritual, however, is the use of the cumulative chant of the kid.

"One kid, one kid, which my father bought for two zuzim,
One kid, one kid.

And a stick came and beat the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim,
One kid, one kid.

And a fire came and burned the stick, which beat the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim,
One kid, one kid.

And a water came and quenched the fire, which burned the stick, which beat the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim,
One kid, one kid.

And an ox came and drank the water, which quenched the fire, which burned the stick, which beat the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim,
One kid, one kid.

And a butcher came and killed the ox, which drank the water, which quenched the fire, which burned the stick, which beat the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim,
One kid, one kid.

And the angel of death came and killed the butcher, who killed the ox, which drank the water, which quenched the fire, which burned the stick, which beat the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim,
One kid, one kid.

And the Holy One, blessed be He, came and slew the angel of death, who killed the butcher, who slew the ox, which drank the water, which quenched the fire, which burned the stick, which beat the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim,
One kid, one kid."

How this verse crept into a solemn religious ritual, it is hard to say, and it is equally difficult to make conjectures as to its source and date.¹ The

¹ See W. W. Newell, in this *Journal*, vol. xviii, pp. 33 ff.

words are Aramaic, not Hebrew; and the tune is a peculiar, monotonous chant. It occurs at the very end of the service. Of course, the Jews have given a religious and allegorical significance to this simple song. To some it means a glorification of the power and strength of God, to whom all things must come back for solution. To others the kid represents Israel, whom God the Father saves from all his enemies.

In spite of the spiritual interpretations given to the song, the Chasidim, a sect among the orthodox Jews, exclude it from their service altogether, saying that it is childish and silly. Since this sect is very old and is especially noted for its piety, and because the rhyme is at the very end of the ritual, it is perhaps possible that the song is a later addition. The fact that the name of God is not given, but that he is referred to by one of his attributes, — the Holy One, blessed be He, — is an indication that the chant is of secular origin, since the Jews never use the name of God in non-religious songs or proverbs.

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THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL. — The version of the "Cherry-Tree Carol" published in the last number of the *Journal* was obtained by Miss McGill from the singing of Mr. Will Wooten, of Knott County, Kentucky. He learned it from his grandmother, who died about thirty years ago at a very advanced age. She came from North Carolina, and her people were from England. The music follows.

When Jo - seph was an old man, An old man was
he. He mar - ried Vir - gin Ma - ry, The Queen of Gal - i -
lee, He mar - ried Vir - gin Ma - ry, The Queen of Gal - i - lee.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY is about to resume publication of its *Memoirs*. Vol. X will be "Spanish-American Folk-Songs," collected by Miss Eleanor Hague. It will be published towards the close of the year.

REVIEWS.

JOHANN JACOB MEYER, *Das Weib im altindischen Epos. Ein Beitrag zur indischen und zur vergleichenden Kulturgeschichte.* Leipzig (Wilhelm Heims), 1915. xviii and 440 pp. 18.5 × 25.5 cm.

WE live in an age of feminism, and, at least on this continent, effeminization. Books on the life of women of all peoples and ages, comprehensive monographs aiming at a sort of general ethnography of woman or at a racial description of female beauty, have been cultivated like mushrooms during the last two decades or so. As a rule, this literature is light ware, solicited for the benefit of the publisher, and designed for the special taste of a certain class of readers. Such ulterior motives cannot be ascribed to Mr. Meyer's book, which is even devoid of illustrations, and which is so scientific and ponderous, that the plain layman, who may expect to find here an Indian Ploss-Bartels, will soon let the volume slip from his hands in disappointment. Despite its learned character, however, Meyer's production shares certain defects with the books above characterized. It must be patent to every ethnologist or student of civilization that it is impossible to give an adequate description of woman within any given social organization without picturing the latter as a unit. Nowhere does woman exist by herself; but she exists in association with man, parents, and progeny, and in the surroundings of her people and their culture. To select the exclusive subject "woman" of any nationality is a purely journalistic venture, not a scientific task, and will necessarily lead to one-sided and distorted views, and shifting of correct perspectives. The scientist can view the history of woman only in her proper setting, as a member of society. In deciding on his title, "Woman in the Ancient Indian Epic," Mr. Meyer has merely fallen victim to the modern feminist tendency: in fact, he largely deals with some phases of social organization and psychology in a certain period of Indian history, of marriage-rites, married life, and love, in which man's function is as important as that of woman. A disadvantage of the work is presented by the author's voluntary limitation to the two epics, the Mahābhārata and the Rāmāyaṇa, while the most attractive types of Indian womanhood are doubtless portrayed in Buddhist literature and the Sanskrit drama. Kīśagotamī, to which Thiessen has devoted a fine monograph, is an excellent example thereof. Like many of his colleagues, Mr. Meyer lacks the chronological sense, and does not even discuss the period under consideration, nor does he discriminate between older and more recent portions of the epics, with a possible view to disclosing historical developments. It is now generally assumed that the Mahābhārata developed from the fourth century B.C. to the fourth century A.D., and was completed in the sixth or seventh century. Such an enormous production, naturally, cannot be regarded as a unit, nor be treated as a uniform source. The general reader will find himself at sea as to many topics, for he is not even told what the Mahābhārata and Rāmāyaṇa are. A brief outline of the cultural background from which the chapters of the book are set off would have been a desirable supplement. Notwithstanding these strictures, it cannot be denied that within the compass of his self-imposed

limitations, the author has accomplished an earnest, conscientious, and creditable piece of work. His book is essentially documentary, all relevant texts being given in full and excellent translations. It is accordingly a valuable source-book, which will render good service to the sociologist, and may advantageously be used as a text-book for a seminar course in Indian sociology. A stupendous mass of comparative material, testifying to wide and systematic reading, is accumulated in the footnotes. The author's style is not always smooth and pleasing. The neglect of their mother-tongue on the part of many German writers is almost disconcerting; and the invasion of the written language by flat colloquialisms, which has developed during the last ten years, presents a sorry spectacle. In a learned treatise like that of Meyer, we should hardly expect to meet such slang expressions as *abmurksen*, *pisacken*, *beschummeln*, *scharnickeln*. He is very fond also of *Kraftausdrücke* and newly-formed phrases of his own manufacture, like *zurechtsäuseln*, *hineingesudelt*, *Verwünschungsvirtuose* (p. 299), *kannibalische Freude* ("cannibal joy," *Ibid.*), *ölige Weichtierhaftigkeit* (p. 388), *Vergottung*, etc. Such extravagances should be blotted out in a second edition. If so many Americans with a good knowledge of German are discouraged by German books, it is primarily due to such affected and corrupted originality of style, which in fact is not style at all, but bad taste and pretentious mannerism.

Though we may look upon such books as the present one with divided feelings, it must be conceded that they have also a decidedly ethical mission. They are good antidotes to the many pretensions of the modern-woman movement, and, in particular, are apt to counteract the monstrous dogma of the "man-made world," which exists only in the imagination of the super-feminists. In ancient Egypt, Palestine, Persia, India, China, and Japan, the world has been shaped as much by woman as by man. Great, noble, and cultured women, versed in poetry, the liberal arts, and diplomacy, and, above all, the greatest of all arts, the art of living, have flourished there during all ages in peaceful and harmonious co-operation with man.¹ The women of the Orient always accepted their natural position at the side of man for the best of society, serving the highest ideals of their countries. It remained for the modern white woman to discover that man is a species different from her, and antagonistic to her interests. She invented the illusory war-cry of the struggle of the sexes, and no longer is inclined to work with man, but against him. The results achieved are gloomy enough, — industrial slavery of women, child labor, and general misery. Let the women of the East and the West cast votes as to the real state of their happiness, and find out where the majority of happier women resides.

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¹ Sceptics may be referred to Mabel Bode, "Women Leaders of the Buddhist Reformation" (*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1893, pp. 517-566, 763-798); Mrs. Rhys Davids, *Psalms of the Early Buddhists*, I. *Psalms of the Sisters* (London, 1909); Miss A. C. Safford, *Typical Women of China* (Shanghai, 1899); M. E. Burton, *Education of Women in China* (n. d.).

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. In thirteen volumes. L. H. GRAY, Editor; G. F. MOORE, Consulting Editor. Volume I, Greek and Roman, by W. S. FOX. Boston, Marshall Jones Company, 1916. lxii+354 p. 63 pl., 11 text figs. No index.

THE consulting editor, speaking for the series, calls attention to the fact that "a comprehensive collection by competent scholars, of myths from all quarters of the world and all ages, has not hitherto been attempted," and states that the present work "may safely be pronounced one of the most important enterprises of this age of co-operative scholarship." Following him, the editor introduces briefly the several authors of the different volumes, of which three have been published, under the following titles: II, Teutonic; III, Celtic, Slavonic; IV, Finno-Ugric, Siberian; V, Semitic; VI, Indian, Iranian; VII, Armenian, African; VIII, Chinese, Japanese; IX, Oceanic;¹ X, American (north of Mexico);¹ XI, American (Latin); XII, Egypt, Far East; XIII, Index. The author, in a third preface, mentions, among other things, the circumstances which limited his choice of myths to "a comparatively small fraction of those which are logically available."

Exclusive of an "introduction to the Greek myths" (twenty pages), the work is divided into three parts, of which a hundred and forty-eight pages are devoted to "myths of the beginning, the heroes, and the after-world," nearly as many to "the Greek Gods," and twenty-two to "the mythology of ancient Italy." There follow two brief appendices on "survivals," ten pages of notes, and twenty of bibliography.

The principal Greek myths are extremely well told, and with satisfactory detail; as, for example, the story of Oedipus (pp. 48-51), — where one perhaps unreasonably misses mention of the artificial Sophoclean version suggested by the quotation from the Oedipus Coloneus, — or that of Heracles (pp. 75-95). Minor myths, as that of Canace, in which the reviewer found himself momentarily interested, are not treated. The book will not, then, serve the purpose of a reference-work, which, indeed, the irritating absence of a separate index renders impossible: it is rather a book to be read, and readable it certainly is. Its charm in this respect is delightfully enhanced by its numerous and well-chosen illustrations, many of them in colors, and many of them refreshingly new. The selection of material from American museums (e.g., Plate LXII, the Magna Mater in the Metropolitan; and Plate I, the Aphrodite in Toronto) is particularly happy.

Any spelling of Greek proper names in English tends nowadays to arouse subjective criticism. "Attike" (p. 73 and *passim*) offended in this case, especially in view of the author's declaration (p. xxii) that "the established English spelling . . . has been retained . . . in names of districts, cities, islands, and bodies of water to which frequent allusion is still made in English journalism and literature," and in view of his use of the adjective "Attic" in the same paragraph. At "Klytemaistra" one confesses to being shocked, whether by reason of its correctness, or by reason of the author's courage in using it.

A real defect in the book, from the reviewer's point of view, is the scant treatment afforded the mythology of Italy. Small though it be in comparison with that of Greece, yet it would seem that the author has done

¹ Published.

not quite adequate justice to the researches of Wissowa and Fowler; that a very considerable expansion of his brief paragraph on Etruscan mythology (p. 289) is suggested by his own Appendix II, in which he reviews Leland's "Etrusco-Roman Remains;" and that such myths as those of Evander and Cacus deserve a place beside those of Aeneas and Romulus.

Typographically the book is commendably clean, and its make-up is prepossessing. It will be royally welcomed by any who wish to read a vivid, yet carefully authenticated, version of the great stories of the Greek mythology, splendidly illustrated by ancient artists, from Execias to the Roman copyists.

JOHN R. CRAWFORD.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK,
Nov. 1, 1916.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. In thirteen volumes. LOUIS HERBERT GRAY, A.M., Ph.D., Editor; GEORGE FOOT MOORE, A.M., D.D., LL.D., Consulting Editor. Volume X, North American, by HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER, Ph.D. Boston, Marshall Jones Company, 1916. xxiv + 325 p., 33 pl., 2 text figs., map. Large 8°.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER has presented in his mythology of North American Indians a useful summary of the vast and rapidly increasing body of myths that is being collected by students of anthropology. The material is well digested; and in eleven chapters the principal cultural areas of our continent north of Mexico are treated, the Eskimo, the forest tribes, the Gulf region, the Great Plains, mountain and desert, the Pueblos, and the Pacific coast, the last-named in two divisions,—a southern and a northern. In a summary like the present one, it is necessary to select from a vast and varied mass of material; and, on the whole, the author has laid particular stress upon the cosmogonies, concepts in regard to the structure of the world, and mythical history. The vast mass of disconnected animal tales have received less attention.

In his introduction the author sets forth his general views in regard to the significance of mythology; and on the whole, his discussion of the meaning of myths as interpretations of nature, and of the influence of borrowing, is sane and conservative. In the opinion of the reviewer, it would seem that the author is too much inclined to consider mythology as a reflex of historical happenings. While it seems quite probable that historical events may have influenced mythology, a semblance of historical appearance is so often given to purely fanciful accounts, that this kind of evidence can be utilized only with the greatest caution and when supported by other facts. This is true, for instance, of the author's account of Cheyenne history and of other similar cases. The animal stories which the author discusses as characteristic of the Gulf region, and which, as he believes, have been carried from the Indians to the Negroes, are undoubtedly of Negro and European origin, and were adopted and adapted by the Indians of the Southwest.

The book is accompanied by a copy of the excellent map of linguistic stocks published originally in the "Handbook of American Indians" (Bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology) and by numerous excellent

plates illustrating certain phases of the mythological beliefs of the people of various parts of the country. A bibliography containing the more important sources is also given. The book may well be recommended to those who wish to gain a general insight into the characteristics of North American mythologies.

FRANZ BOAS.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK,
November, 1916.

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PORTO-RICAN FOLK-LORE.

RIDDLES.

BY J. ALDEN MASON.

EDITED BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

As part of a general survey of Porto Rico conducted by the New York Academy of Sciences in co-operation with the Insular Government, Dr. J. Alden Mason, now of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, was sent during the years 1914-15 to collect the folk-lore of the island. Dr. Mason performed his task with great success. He obtained an extraordinarily important and large collection of Spanish folk-lore, which, when published, will be of great utility to Spanish folk-lore studies. The traditional ballads alone, of which there is a very good collection, are worth an expedition to Porto Rico.¹ This is even more true of the folk-tales, which constitute the most abundant and best Spanish-American collection of folk-tales yet collected. The collection is rich also in coplas, décimas, and riddles. Most of the material was written by school-children from nearly every municipal district of the island. Without this help, such a large and important collection could never have been obtained. Spanish folk-loreists have to thank, therefore, not only the general collector, Dr. Mason, but also every one of the hundreds of pupils, teachers, and school superintendents who lent their aid, and in particular the Porto-Rican Department of Education under Mr. E. M. Bainter. Much of the material was also written by adults, especially from the towns of Utuado and Loíza; and a little was taken in phonetic script by Dr. Mason, who is making a study of Porto-Rican phonetics.

The Porto-Rican riddles now published are one of the important parts of the collection above mentioned. The collection of riddles is the second in importance in Spanish America. It numbers some 800 riddles in some 1288 variants; while the epoch-making Argentine

¹ These will be published soon in the *Revue Hispanique*.

collection of Lehmann-Nitsche, the only one in Spanish America that surpasses it, has 1030 riddles, in over twice that many variants.

Lack of time has prevented a complete comparative study of the Porto-Rican riddles, which will be made in the next Hispanic number of this Journal. It should be said at once, however, that a study of this material will confirm the conclusions reached in the study of the New-Mexican Spanish riddles in the last Hispanic number, where we made a comparative study of the New-Mexican, Argentine, Chilean, and Peninsular-Spanish riddle collections. Porto Rico was in closer relation to the tradition of Spain up to the year 1898, and even later, than Argentina or Chile. A comparative study of the Porto-Rican riddles will show, I believe, that it contains about the same amount of traditional Spanish material as the other collections, but we may find more of the more recently formed riddles of Spain. These comparisons can be made easily, since we have in all these collections not only the problem of actual difference, due to new changes or new forms based on old models (see my notes to the New-Mexican collection), but a more important problem of language and versification, which are by far safer guides in the determination of the age and source. Unlike the vast majority of traditional folk-lore from Spain, the riddles (and also the proverbs, and to a great extent the traditional ballads) are in a fixed, stereotyped form. Thus we shall be able to show that the New-Mexican riddles—which are the oldest in source in Spanish America, because the region has not been in contact with Peninsular Spain for over three centuries—are much closer to the old Spanish forms, both in language and metrical structure; and that the collections from Argentina, Chile, and Porto Rico share also this antiquity and common source to a very great degree.

A small number of the Porto-Rican riddles have not been printed, because of offence to good taste, defective condition, or on account of evident literary source. These number about fifty. A few which appeared unanswered are printed at the end of the collection. In the present publication we have followed the same classification as we employed in the article on New-Mexican riddles, the riddles of the first or general part being arranged in alphabetical order to facilitate references. Section D contains only those riddles which have short anecdotal explanations after the riddle is given. There are a large number of folk-tales in the Porto-Rican collection which have riddles (and, indeed, in many the riddle is the essential and important part of the tale); but these belong properly to the folk-tales, and we have decided not to include them here. Many of those folk-tales are evidently versions of the old European riddle-tales; but a large number are new creations, with traditional elements confused and mingled. In a special cycle, the Juan Bobo, or John the Simple, tales, the traditional riddle-tales have been especially utilized.

The riddles are printed in good Spanish. The large majority of them were written correctly by the school-children and other contributors. A very small number were written in dialect forms, and these we have corrected to conform with the Spanish orthography. In no case, however, have the riddles been changed or words added. Only the orthography has been corrected, and the really defective riddles have not been printed at all. This does not mean, however, that all the riddles of the printed collection are perfect. It is easy to see that in several cases verses have been omitted, words changed, assonances and rhymes garbled, and wrong answers given. Since it is desired to print the riddles as the children and other contributors wrote them, and as they evidently know them and recite them, the answers have been given as they gave them. Many riddles, therefore, although identical, have different or slightly different answers, and in a few instances it was impossible to discover the meaning of the answers as given; e.g., *solsal* (written also *zolzal*, *zorzal*, *sorsal*). The collection of Porto-Rican riddles here published is therefore a real popular collection. Judging from the conclusions of Lehmann-Nitsche with respect to the Argentine collection, the Porto-Rican collection is about from sixty-five to seventy per cent complete.

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

A. RIDDLES OF A GENERAL CHARACTER.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1.</p> <p>En el medio del mar estoy;
no soy astro ni estrella,
ni tampoco luna bella.
Adivina lo que soy;
no soy de Dios ni del mundo
ni del infierno profundo;
en medio del mar estoy.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">La letra <i>a</i>.</p> | <p>ni come, ni bebe
y siempre está gordita.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Id.</i></p> |
| <p>2.</p> <p>(a) En el medio mar estoy,
no soy de Dios ni del mundo,
ni del infierno profundo
que en dondequiera estoy.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Id.</i></p> <p>(b) En medio del mar estoy,
no soy de Dios ni del mundo,
y vivo en lo más profundo
donde no se oye rumor.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Id.</i></p> | <p>4.</p> <p>(a) A orillas del agua me arriman;
en medio del mar me ponen;
en la agonía me hallo;
llorando me desconsuelo,
al ver que no puedo entrar
en el reino de los cielos.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Id.</i></p> <p>(b) En el medio del agua me hallo,
a orillas del agua me arrimo,
llorando mi desconsuelo,
por ver que no puedo entrar
en el reino de los cielos.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Id.</i></p> |
| <p>3.</p> <p>En el medio del mar
hay una negrita,</p> | <p>5.</p> <p>(a) Sin ser padre de Adán
principio he sido;
principio y fin del alma
he sido y soy;</p> |

y aunque en medio del mar
yo siempre estoy,
se oye al fin de la tierra
mi sonido.

La letra *a*.

- (b) Sin ser padre de Adán
principio he sido;
y soy en el medio del mar
posada;
y al fin de la tierra
resuena mi sonido.

Id.

6.

Soy alguacil de las damas
y ministro singular;
ando cargado de varas
sin prender, ni castigar.

Abanico.

7.

En las manos de las damas
casi siempre estoy metido;
unas veces estirado
y otras veces encogido.

Id.

8.

- (a) ¿Cuál es el ave que vuela
sin tripas ni corazón,
que a los muertos les da alivio
y a los vivos da sabor?

La Abeja.

- (b) ¿Cuál es el ave que vuela
sin sangre en el corazón,
para los vivos la dulzura
y para los muertos el resplandor?

Id.

- (c) ¿Cuál es el insecto que hay
sin tripas ni corazón,
que a los muertos da consuelo
y a los vivos da sabor?

Id.

- (d) Por el aire va volando,
sin plumas ni corazón,
al vivo dando sustento
y al muerto consolación.

Id.

- (e) Por el cielo van volando
sin tino ni corazón
al vivo le dan sustento
y al muerto consolación.

Id.

9.

Estudiante que estudiaste
en los libros del amor,
¿cuál es el ave que vuela,
sin tripas ni corazón,
que a los muertos da consuelo
y a los vivos da sabor?

Id.

10.

Soy de la misa precisa
y tengo parte en la gloria;
soy de la misericordia
y nunca me ven en misa.

Id.

11.

- (a) Fuí por un camino,
encontré a una perra parida,
y por irle a quitar un hijo
por poco me quitan la vida.

Id.

- (b) Andando por un camino
me encontré una perra parida;
por irle a quitar un perrito
me quiso quitar la vida.

Id.

12.

- (a) En el monte está un palito,
nadie lo quiere sembrar,
que vale la onza media
a cien pesos el quintal.

Achiote.

(Véase 272.)

- (b) En el monte se halla un árbol,
nadie lo quiere sembrar,
se vende a peso la onza
y a cien pesos el quintal.

Id.

13.

Un hombre murió sin culpa,
su madre nunca nació,
y su abuela estuvo doncella
hasta que el nieto murió.

Adán, que fué hecho de tierra.

14.

¿Qué cosa es más admirada,
que nos tragamos
y ella nos traga?

El agua.

15.

Debajo del cielo
lavo los campos,
hago ruido en los paraguas,
hago correr a los niños,
hago ruido en las corrientes,
¿quién soy?

Id.

16.

- (a) Un amigo le dió a otro
lo que en el mundo no había
el amigo lo tenía
y se lo cedió a otro.

El agua del bautismo.

- (b) Un amigo a otro pidió
lo que en el mundo no había;
el amigo se lo concedió,
pero él tampoco lo tenía.

Id.

- (c) Un amigo a otro pidió
lo que en el mundo no había;
el amigo se lo dió,
pero él tampoco lo tenía.

Id.

- (d) El rey le pidió a su esclavo
lo que en el mundo no había;
el esclavo se lo dió
pero él tampoco lo tenía.

Id.

17.

En el cielo no lo hubo;
en la tierra sí se halló.
Dios con ser Dios no lo tuvo,
y un hombre a Dios se lo dió.

Id.
(Véase 90.)

18.

Muchos olores me daban
que me tenían sin talento,
pero se llegó el momento
de que el fuego se apagara.
El agua florida.

19.

- (a) Agua pasó por aquí,
cate de mi corazón;
el que no me lo adivine
es grande borricón.

Aguate.

- (b) Agua pasó por mi puerta
cate de mi corazón,
a que no me la adivina
ni de aquí a la oración.

Id.

- (c) Agua que pasó por mi casa
cate de mi corazón;
el que me adivine esta adivinanza
me robará el corazón.

Id.

20.

Agua la boca a cualquiera,
café se puede tomar,
y si usted lo va a llamar
tiene que decirle té.

Id.

21.

Del agua salió mi nombre,
sin haber ningún rescate,
para que ninguno acate
que mi nombre es disparate.

Id.

22.

Agua no es,
cate no es;
abre la ventana
y verás lo que es.

Id.

23.

Es agua y no es catre.

Id.

24.

En Francia fuí fabricada
y en España fuí vendida,
si me prendes me prendo
y si me sueltan soy perdida.

Aguja.

25.

Señor Juan va
y señor Juan viene,
y siempre señor Juan
tieso lo tiene.

Id.

26.

- (a) Lamí y torcí
y por debajo te lo metí.

Id.

- (b) Torcí, lamí
y por el agujero
te lo metí.

Id.

27.

En los cerros terremotos
que nacen los hombres llanos,
con el a, con el andén;
tiene cabeza y no pies;
tiene barba y no es hombre,
y tiene diente y no come.

El ajo.

28. Sabana blanca,
flor morada.
junto de la casa
de la pendejada. El ajo.
29. Chiquito como el puño
y tiene pendejos en el culo. *Id.*
30. ¿Qué es lo que al parir la madre
se muere? El alacrán.
31. (a) Un hombre chiquitito,
cristiano nunca lo ha sido;
Álvarez tiene por nombre
y Coque por apellido. Albaricoque.
- (b) Por mi nombre traje albores
y por mi apellido coque;
buen adivinador será
el que me lo adivinare. *Id.*
- (c) Albari traigo por nombre
y Coque por apellido;
el que me la adivinare
le regalaré un vestido. *Id.*
32. (a) La Señora Juana
va y viene, y siempre tiesa.
La aldaba de las puertas.
- (b) Don Juan va
y Don Juan viene,
y siempre tieso lo tiene. Aldaba.
33. De noche estoy acostada
y de día estoy parada. *Id.*
34. (a) En Francia fuí fabricado
y en España fuí vendido;
si me prenden me prendo
y si me sueltan soy perdido. Alfiler.
- (b) En Francia fuí fabricado,
en Puerto Rico vendido;
prendo hombres y mujeres
y si me sueltan soy perdido. *Id.*
- (c) En España fuí nacido,
en Francia fuí regalado;
si me sueltan soy perdido
y si me prenden soy gallardo. *Id.*
35. (a) Verde fué mi nacimiento
amarillo fué mi abril,
tuve que ponerme blanco
para poderte servir. Algodón.
- (b) Verde fué mi nacimiento
amarillo fué mi abril,
y blanco me he de quedar
para poderte servir. *Id.*
- (c) Amarillo fué mi abril,
verde fué mi madurez
blanco me he de poner
para poderte servir. *Id.*
36. Sábana blanca que está tendida,
el vivo la está velando
y al son de las castañetas
las tripas le van halando. *Id.*
37. (a) Doña Nica está tendida
los perros la están velando
al son de la castañeta
las tripas le van sacando. *Id.*
- (b) Doña Blanca está tendida,
los perros la están velando
al son de la castañeta
la tripa le están pasando. *Id.*
- (c) Doña Nica está tendida,
los perros la están velando;
al son de las castañetas
las tripas le están sacando. *Id.*

38.

Siempre de mí dicen algo,
aunque muy humilde soy,
no soy señor y me tratan
con la nobleza del Don.

Algodón.

39.

Cien damas en un barranco,
todas visten de blanco.

Id.

40.

¿Cuál es la planta
que hay que decirle algo
para después darle el don?

Id.

41.

Pelú por fuera
y pelú por dentro.

Id.

42.

Me hallo en los escritorios
y en las casas de comercio;
todo el mundo me mira
para ver lo que contengo;
mi vida está limitada
y mis días están contados
para cuando voy a morir.

El almanaque.

43.

Es arpa y no toca
es gata y no maulla.

Alpargata.

44.

Es alta y no es torre;
es misa y no se oye.

Altamisa.

45.

(a) Verde fué mi nacimiento
amarilla mi vejez,
y a la hora de mi muerte
negrecito me quedé.

Amarillo.

(b) Verde fué mi nacimiento,
amarilla mi vejez,
cuando me vine a morir
sequecito me quedé.

Id.

46.

(a) Es blanco como el carbón
y negro como la leche,
y dulce como el limón
y agrio como el almíbar.

Amor.

(b) Es blanco como la leche,
es prieto como el carbón;
es dulce como el melado
y es agrio como el limón.

Id.

47.

Cogieron a la clueca,
la mataron, le sacaron el huevo,
se lo echaron a otra gallina,
y sacó el pollo y lo crió.

Id.

48.

Tengo un amor que me cela
y uno que me da dinero,
y otro que me desengaña.

Id.

49.

Aurora tenía una flor;
mucho, mucho ella sabía
olerla, y su fantasía,
raro parece contarla;
adivina sin trabajo
si me lees de arriba abajo.

Id.

(Acróstico.)

50.

En Nápoles está una doncella
que hace morir al que la ama;
el nombre te he dicho ya
adivina como se llama.

Ana.

51.

Ana me llamo por nombre
y fe por condición.
¿A que no me la adivinas
ni de aquí a la oración?

Anafe.

52.

He conocido un antón
que metido en dura capa
con cuernos que casi arrastra,
no como los del montón;
tiene rojo el interior
y blanda musculatura
le apellidó como natura
y así claro se llamó.

Antocorto del mar.

53.

Me visten de carne muerta
para ir a prender a un vivo;
mi derecho ha sido tan tuerto,
que no prendo sin ser prendido.

Anzuelo.

54.

Hay una mata en el mundo
que nadie la quiere sembrar,
que una libra vale un peso
y cien pesos un quintal.

Añil.

55.

- (a) Un árbol con doce ramas,
cada rama cuatro hijos,
cada hijo siete hijos,
cada cual tiene su nombre.
Adivina si eres hombre.

Año, meses, etc.

- (b) Un árbol con doce ramas
cada rama tiene nidos,
cada nido tiene pájaros
y cada cual su apellido.

Id.

- (c) Un árbol con doce ramas,
cada rama cuatro nidos,
cada nido siete pájaros
y cada cual su apellido.

Id.

- (d) Un árbol tiene doce ramas;
en las ramas cuatro nidos,
cada nido siete huevos
y sacan un día primero.

Id.

56.

Yo soy un buen mozo
valiente y bizarro;
gasto doce damas
para mi regalo.
Todas van en coche
y gastan sus cuartos;
todas gastan medias
pero no zapatos.

Año y los doce meses.

57.

En el cielo está un palo;
ese palo tiene doce ganchos
y cada uno tiene un nombre.

Año.

58.

Un padre tiene doce hijos
y sesenta nietos,
la mitad blancos
y la mitad prietos.

El año, los meses y
las semanas.

59.

¿Cuál es el hijo mas cruel
que a su madre desbarata,
y ella con su maña y traza
se lo va comiendo a él?

Arado.

60.

Entre dos pelados
un mondado.

Id.

61.

- (a) Cuando yo no tenía te daba,
ahora que tengo nada te doy.
Vete a donde otro que no tenga
te dé,
que yo cuando no tenga te daré.
Apetito.

- (b) Cuando yo no tenía te daba;
ahora que yo tengo no te doy.
Busca a otro que no tenga que
te dé,
que cuando yo no tenga te daré.
Id.

62.

En el monte nace,
en el monte crece;
cuando se deshace
nadie lo apetece.

Árbol.

63.

Cien damas en un castillo,
todas visten de amarillo;
solo el viejo picador
viste de verde color.

El árbol de china.

64.

Es arte, es torre, es misa
y no se oye.

Artemisa.

65.

- (a) El que lo hace no lo goza
el que lo goza no lo ve.
El que lo ve no lo desea
por bonito que lo esté.

Ataud.

- (b) Estudiante que estudiaste
en los libros de Mahoma,
me dirás cómo se llama
el ave que vuela y no hace sombra.
Id.

70.

- (b) El que lo hace no lo goza,
el que lo ve no lo desea,
el que lo goza no lo ve
por más bonito que sea.

Id.

Gracias a dios que comí
lo que nunca fué sembrado,
ni fué cocida con agua
ni con candela fué asada.
Id.

- (c) El que lo hace no lo usa,
el que lo goza no lo ve,
el que lo ve no lo desea
por bonito que le esté.

Id.

71.

¿Cuál es el ave que vuela
sin sangre en el corazón,
para el vivo la nobleza
y para el muerto el resplandor?
Id.

66.

¿Qué es lo que no se ve
y no se desea?

Id.

72.

¿Cuál es el ave
que no tiene plumas?
Id.

67.

Soy ave pero no vuelo,
del extranjero he llegado,
mi corteza es dura y luego
alimento al desmayado.
Llana soy, me han embarcado;
ahora estoy en Puerto Rico;
tanto el pobre como el rico
todos me quieren comer:
para que sepan quien es
mi cutis es duro y liso.

Avellana.

73.

Sin ser un auto de fe
móvil soy en mi carrera,
por la larga carretera
de toditos me aparté;
mis ojos cristales son
y mi rebuznar de toro
asusta y hasta incomoda
al pacífico viandante;
si no se quita de delante
lo revuelco entre el arroyo.

Automóvil.

68.

- (a) Adivíname buen adivinador,
adivíname este placer:
¿cuál es el ave que vuela
y se queda sin comer?

El Ave-María.

74.

- (a) Ba trae por nombre,
Cin por condición;
el que no me la adivine
le chupa el corazón.

Bacín.

- (b) Buen adivinador,
adivíname este placer:
¿cuál es el ave que vuela
y se queda sin comer?

Id.

- (b) Ba traigo por nombre,
Cin, por condición;
el que me la adivinare
se le come el corazón.

Id.

69.

- (a) Estudiante, que has estudiado
gramática y filosofía,
decidme cuál es el ave
que vuela sin hacer sombra.

Id.

75.

Alto de sin,
bajo de altura;
mucho aposento
y puerta ninguna.

Bambúa.

76.

- (a) Voy vestida de remiendos,
siendo una mujer de honor;
miles de hombres por mi amor
salud y vida perdieron.
A muchos les impongo miedo;
el jabón nunca lo ví.
Y si me llaman lavandera
es por abusar de mí.

Bandera.

- (b) Voy vestida de remiendos
siendo una mujer de honor;
muchos hombres por mi amor
su salud y vida perdieron,
a nadie le impongo miedo;
el jabón nunca lo ví,
si me llaman lavandera
no es por burlarse de mí.

Id.

- (c) Voy vestida de remiendos
siendo una dama de honor.
Muchos por mi amor,
su salud y vida perdieron,
a muchos les infundo miedo;
el jabón nunca lo ví;
aunque me llamen lavandera
no es por burlarse de mí.

Id.

- (d) Voy vestida de remiendos
siendo una mujer de honor;
muchos hombres por mi amor
su salud y vida perdieron;
a muchos les pongo miedo;
y el jabón nunca lo ví,
y si me llaman lavandera
es por burlarse de mí.

Id.

- (e) De remiendos estoy vestida
por ser mujer de importancia;
anduve la España y Francia;
jabón no lo conocí;
y no sé por qué será
que me llaman lavandera.
¿Será por mofa de mí?

Id.

- (f) De remiendos ando vestida
como mujer de importancia;
toda la España yo he andado
y nunca jabón conocí,
a mí me llaman lavandera
y no es por burlarse de mí.

Id.

- (g) De remiendos ando vestida
como mujer de importancia;
anduve en España y Francia
y nunca jabón conocí.
Y si me llaman lavandera
será por burlarse de mí.

Id.

- (h) De remiendos voy vestida
siendo dama de importancia;
nunca jabón conocí,
y si me llaman lavandera
no es por burlarse de mí.

Id.

77.

- (a) Fuí lavandera en España,
fui lavandera en Madrid.
Y yo vine a Puerto Rico
y también aquí lo fui.

Id.

- (b) Anduve la España y la Francia
y el jabón nunca lo ví;
me dieron el nombre de lavandera
y no fué por burlarse de mí.

Id.

78.

- (a) Soy por muchos apreciada,
me han pintado de colores;
he causado muchas muertes
y empobrecido señores.

Baraja.

- (b) Blanco fué mi nacimiento,
pintado de varios colores;
he causado muchas muertes
y empobrecido señores.

Id.

- (c) Verde fué mi nacimiento,
pintada de mil colores,
soy causa de muchas muertes
y empobrezco a los señores.

Id.

- (d) Blanca fué de nacimiento,
pintada de mil colores.
Tiene muertes a su cargo
de pobrecitos señores.

Id.

- (e) Blanco fué mi nacimiento,
pintáronme de colores,
he causado muchas muertes
y he empobrecido señores.

Id.

- (f) Blanco fué mi nacimiento,
me pintaron de colores;
y causa de varias muertes
un pobrecito señor.

Baraja.

82.

Traigo las espaldas a rastro,
las costillas transparentes,
y las pisadas que yo doy
no encuentro quién me las cuente.

Id.

- (g) Blanco fué mi nacimiento,
me vistieron de colores;
causo quimeras y riñas
y empobrezco a los señores.

Id.

83.

Un galán por su camino,
corriendo su desventura,
cortando lo que está sano
y cerrándole sin costura.

Id.

- (h) De tierras lejanas vengo,
pintada de mil colores;
he causado muertes
y he empobrecido señores.

Id.

84.

Niña de quince años
que corre su desventura,
ni se corta con tijeras
ni se cose con agujas.

Id.

- (i) Soy un rey coronado,
vestido de mil colores;
con muchas muertes a cargo
he empobrecido señores.

Id.

85.

¿Quién es quien va caminando,
que no es dueño de sus pies,
que lleva el cuerpo al revés,
y el espinazo arrastrando,
que los pasos que va dando
no hay nadie que se los cuente?
Cuando quiere descansar
entra los pies en su vientre.

Barco de vela.

- (j) Blanco fué mi nacimiento,
pintáronme de colores;
he causado muchas muertes
y he enriquecido señores.

Id.

79.

- (a) Corto sin tijeras,
coso sin aguja;
echo el tramo largo
y ando sin ventura.

Barco.

86.

- (a) Una olla de palo,
las piedras de agua;
y la carne dentro
habla.

Barco.

- (b) Corta, corta buena ventura,
que corta y no deja costura.

Id.

80.

Anifica, qué animal tan fiero,
Anifica, qué fiero animal;
las costillas transparentes;
los pasos que va dejando
no hay persona que los cuente.

Id.

- (b) La olla es de palo,
las piedras de agua;
la carne está dentro
y habla.

Id.

- (c) Olla de palo,
piedra de agua;
con gente adentro
conversa y habla.

Id.

81.

En el monte nace
con mucha frescura;
echa el paso largo
y anda a la ventura.

Id.

- (d) Olla puesta,
paila de agua;
y la gente adentro
habla que habla.

Id.

- (e) Piedra de agua,
olla de palo;
la carne que va dentro
es la que habla.
El barco en el mar con
la gente que va adentro.

87.

Cosido y descosido
buey pinto es.
Buey barroso.

88.

- (a) Tú en coca y yo en cuclillas
por el medio te hago cosquillas.
Baúl.

- (b) Tú sentado y yo en cuclillas
por el agujero de en medio
te hago cosquillas.

Id.

- (c) Yo de rodillas
y tú en cuclillas,
y en la media de la hienda
te hago cosquillas.

Id.

89.

Me le monto encima
y no es maravilla;
por la hendedura
le hago cosquillas.

Id.

90.

- (a) En el mundo no lo hubo,
en la tierra no se halló;
Dios, con ser Dios no lo tuvo,
y un hombre a Dios se lo dió.

Bautismo.
(Véase 17.)

- (b) Lo que en el cielo no hubo
ni en el suelo se encontró,
Dios, con ser Dios no lo tuvo,
y un hombre a Dios se lo dió.

Id.

- (c) En el mundo no lo hubo,
ni en el cielo se halló;
Dios, con ser Dios no lo tuvo,
y un hombre a Dios se lo dió.

Id.

91.

- (a) Al romper una beata
y al romper una caneca,
es el nombre de mi dama
que mi corazón penetra,
y al caer hizo triz.

Beatriz.

- (b) Con la B de una beata
y al romper de una limeta,
tiene el nombre de mi dama
sin que le falte una letra.
En la postrera que digo
voy diciendo lo que es.

Id.

- (c) Al caer una beata
y al romper una caneca,
es el nombre de la dama
que en mi corazón penetra.
Cayó e hizo triz.

Id.

- (d) Al nombrar una beata
y al romper una caneca,
es el nombre de una dama
qui mi corazón penetra.

Id.

92.

Cien aves en un castillo
todas visten de morado.

Berenjena.

93.

Por triste que veas el árbol
no hagas menosprecio de él;
mira que ha sido buen árbol
y puede reverdecer.

Berro.

94.

Yo soy al revés de todo,
viceversa a los demás;
coge la primer mitad
y de cleta la contraria;
adivina, es necesaria.

Bicicleta.

95.

- (a) En el monte fué nacido,
lo que nunca se ha sembrado,
un palo de Caimitiro
y bonete colorado.

Bijado.

- (b) En el monte se ha encontrado
lo que nunca se ha sembrado;
con el hábito negro
y el bombito colorado.

Id.

96.

- (a) Todo el año visto de paño
de superior calidad;
me cogen los bandos para luchar;
si me alisan las arrugas
fácil soy de aceptar.

Billar.

- (b) Todo el año visto paño
de superior calidad;
me cogen las bandas para luchar;
y si me alisan las arrugas
fácil es de acertar.

Billar.

97.

- (a) Dios hizo un candil,
del candil hizo una sogá;
estirada nunca alcanza
y doblada alcanza y sobra.

Boca y brazo.

- (b) Dios me ha dado un tanque,
para ese tanque una sogá;
extendido nunca alcanza,
y encogido alcanza y sobra.

Id.

98.

Cuatro para arriba
y cinco de golpe;
con palabras de Dios
levanta un sacerdote.

Bonete.

99.

Ni es de carne, ni de hueso,
y tiene un jeme de pescuezo.

Botella.

100.

Es hereje y sin cabeza
metido entre dos solapas,
tiene ojos y tiene patas,
pero nunca va a la iglesia.

Juey.¹

101.

Animal que Dios pintó
por pintar su maravilla,
por dentro tiene la carne
y por fuera la costilla.

Id.

102.

Tiene patas y ojos y ve,
y sin cabeza Dios la dé.

Id.

103.

Cosido y no cosido,
buey pinto es.

Buey pinto.

104.

Ni tiene manteca,
ni tiene unto;
tiene la boca
y el culo juntos.

Buruquena.

105.

Cuando canta se oye a una legua,
y cuando pone, pone una fanega.

Burro.

106.

¡Adivinanza, adivinanza!
¿Cuál es el burro que no tiene
panza?

El burro de torcer sogá.

107.

- (a) Por lo de debajo
me dan cien pesos;
por el songuete
me dan cuatro pesos;
y el dale que dale
me lo dan gratis.

El Caballo, la silla y el fueite.

- (b) Por lo que llevo entre las piernas
me dan cien pesos;
por el quita y pon,
un doblón;
por el saca y mete
cuatro reales;
y el dale que dale de balde.

Caballo, silla, freno, chicote.

108.

Cuatro patas vendí en cien;
ciento vendí en diez;
pasa mano en dos
y dale que dale en tres.

Caballo y silla.

109.

Entre pierna mil
quita y pon setenta;
júrgalo con veinticinco
y sacarás treinta.

El caballo, el jinete, la
silla y la espuela (?).

110.

Largo y peludo
y es para tu culo.

Caballo.

¹ Cangrejo de mangles.

111.

Una casa grande
con siete aposentos;
y un grano de arroz
no le cabe dentro.

Cabeza.

112.

En un monte muy espeso
salió una cabeza sin cuerpo;
tiene bastón y no es general,
tiene barbas y no es Capuchino,
tiene dientes y no come.

La cabeza de ajo.

113.

(a) Blanca fué mi niñez,
colorada mi mocedad;
blanca y prieta mi vejez.
Adiviname que será.

Café.

(b) Blanco fué mi nacimiento,
amarilla mi vejez;
y negro me estoy poniendo
cuando me voy a morir.

Id.

(c) Blanco fué mi nacimiento,
amarilla mi vejez;
cuando fuí más grandecito,
negrito como una pez.

Id.

(d) Blanco fué mi nacimiento,
verde fué mi mocedad;
amarilla mi vejez.
Adivina que será.

Id.

(e) Blanco fué mi nacimiento
y de verde me vestí;
pero como me ven colorado
hacen justicia de mí.

Id.

114.

(a) Una letra consonante,
una virtud teologal,
se ponen en un instante.
¡Qué licor tan singular!

Id.

(b) Una letra consonante
una virtud vió lograr,
y formar en un instante
un licor muy singular.

Id.

(c) De una letra consonante
y una vocal tan brevial,
se forma en un instante
un licor tan singular.

Id.

115.

Colorada es su mocedad,
negro en el fogón
y gustoso en el sabor.

Id.

116.

Fuí al monte,
pujé y pujé,
clavé mi estaca
y me arrinconé.

Cagar.

117.

(a) Me monto encima de ti
menea que meneas,
gusto me doy, leche te queda.

Caimito.

(b) Trépome en ti,
tú te meneas;
gusto me da,
y leche te queda.

Id.

(c) Metértelo quiero;
gusto te doy
y leche me queda.

Id.

118.

A tu rodilla me hiqué,
derecho te la metí,
derecho te la saqué.

La caja y la llave.

119.

(a) Quien la hace no la quiere,
quien la ve no la desea,
quien la lleva no la ve.
¿Qué cosita, qué cosita es?

Caja mortuoria.
(Véase ataúd.)

(b) Quien la hizo no la goza,
quien la goza no la ve;
una cosa tan hermosa
y nadie le tiene interés.

Id.

(c) El que la hace no la goza;
el que no la hace la goza.

Id.

- (d) Quien la hace no la usa,
quien la usa no la ve;
y por bonita que sea
quien la ve no la desea.

Caja Mortuoria.
(Véase ataúd.)

120.

Estando una caja rompida
¿con qué se podrá llenar
que pueda mejor pesar
menos llena que vacía?

Una caja llena de rotos.

121.

Hago las veces de casa,
con todo y ser de papel;
tengo muchos inquilinos
y no les doy de comer.
Al principio estoy repleta,
pero momentos después,
así, paulatinamente,
uno y otro y otra vez,
queda mi casa vacía,
sin que puedan ya volver,
los que en mal tiempo se fueron
a sufrir tormentos crueles,
a convertirse en cenizas,
a ser del viento merced;
y mi casa abandonada
en el estiércol.
¿Quién podrá acordarse? ¿Quién?

La cajetilla de cigarrillos.

122.

- (a) Largo, largo como una sogá
y en el medio y en la punta
una carambola.

Calabaza.

- (b) Largo, largo como un camino
y en el medio una carambola.
¿Qué será?

Id.

- (c) Largo, largo como una sogá,
y en la punta (una) carambola.

Id.

- (d) Largo, largo como una sogá,
y la punta una carambola.

Id.

- (e) Largo, largo como una sogá,
y en el medio una carambola.

Id.

123.

Sembré pepitas,
nacieron sogas;
y más tarde
algunas bolas.

Id.

124.

Una vieja tecla y mecla,
pare los hijos teclo y meclo.

Id.

125.

La vaca negra
está acostada,
y la lame
la colorada.

Caldero y candela.
(Véase 411.)

126.

Águila vete a volar
y deja a Lorenzo solo,
y después no vengas a llorar
porque murió Pedro Bolo.

Caldero.

127.

Una vieja en cuatro pies,
se alza la saya y se sopla.

Cama.

128.

- (a) Arón me llamo en el mundo,
capitán de antiguo soy;
mi casa en el agua tengo
y mi nombre dirá quién soy.

Camarón.

- (b) Arón me llamo en el mundo,
capitán y activo soy;
la casa tengo en el agua
y el nombre dirá quién soy.

Id.

- (c) Mi cama tengo en el agua,
capitán de antiguo soy;
Arón me llamo en el mundo;
adivíname quién soy.

Id.

- (d) Arón me llamo en el mundo,
capitán de antiguo soy;
mi casa tengo en el agua
y no te diré quién soy.

Id.

(e) Arón traigo por nombre,
capitán altivo soy;
mi casa en el agua tengo,
mi nombre dirá quién soy.
Camarón.

(f) Arón me llamo,
capitán de artillería;
tengo mi castillo en el agua
y mi nombre doy por vencido.
Id.

(g) Arón me llamo en el mundo;
tengo mi casa en el agua
y no la puedo sentir.
Id.

129.

(a) Es cama que nadie se acuesta,
y seis que nadie lo baila.
Camasey.

(b) Es cama y no se dobla,
y seis y no se baila.
Id.

130.

(a) Largo y columpiado,
con los pendejos en ambos lados.
Camino.

(b) Largo, jorobado
yerbas a los lados.
Id.

(c) Largo y amartillado
y verde por los costados.
Id.

(d) Largo y amarchitado,
y verde por los lados.
Id.

(e) Largo, largo, con pelo por los
lados.
Id.

(f) Largo, largo y jorobado,
y hecha hijos por los lados.
Id.

131.

Mientras más se anda, más
nuevo es.
Id.

132.

(a) Allá arriba en el cerro
está un palito;
en el palito hay un nido,
en el nido hay un huevo,
en el huevo hay un pelo.
Halan el pelo
y chilla el huevo.
Campana.

(b) En el medio del monte
está un palito;
ese palito tiene
un ganchito;
ese ganchito tiene
un nido;
ese nido tiene
un huevo,
ese huevo tiene un pelo.
Halo el pelo y chilla el huevo.
Id.

(c) Allá arriba en aquel alto
está un árbol;
en el árbol hay un nido,
en el nido hay un huevo,
el huevo tiene un pelo.
Hala el pelo y chilla el huevo.
Id.

(d) En la iglesia hay una torre;
en la torre hay un nido,
en el nido hay un huevo,
en el huevo hay un pelo.
Halo el pelo y chilla el huevo.
Id.

(e) En el medio del mar hay un
palo;
ese palo tiene un huevo,
ese huevo tiene un pelo.
Hala el pelo y chilla el huevo.
Id.

(f) En un árbol hay un nido,
en el nido hay un huevo,
en el huevo está un pelo.
Hala el pelo y suena el huevo.
Id.

(g) Allá arriba está un pájaro;
ese pájaro tiene un huevo,
ese huevo tiene un pelo.
Se hala el pelo y chilla el huevo.
Id.

(h) En el medio del río hay un palo,
y el palo tiene un huevo,
y ese huevo tiene un pelo.
Se hala el pelo
y chilla el huevo.

Campana.

133.

Yo he visto un cuerpo sin alma,
dando voces sin cesar,
puesto al sol y al sereno
y en ademán de bailar.

Id.

134.

Una vieja con un diente,
avisa a toda su gente.

Id.

135.

En la ventana soy niña,
en el balcón soy señora;
en la sala cortesana,
y en el monte labradora.

Candela.

136.

La vaca negra está tumbada,
y viene la colorada
y la lame por detrás.

Candela y olla.

137.

La vaca negra está acostada,
lamiéndole el rabo la colorada.

Id.

138.

En el mar está una congara,
Que pare y cría con grita. (*Sic.*)

La cangosa.

139.

En el tronco de un arbusto
puse mi casa invisible;
pasaron días y me puse
a mi enemigo visible,
con bastante comestible,
y al cabo de cuarenta días
me mudé como debía,
y mi casa nunca se abrió.
Si me conoce, adivine,
sin juicio y sin corazón.

Cangrejo.

140.

Tengo fuera las costillas,
los ojos en un costado;
ando adelante y atrasado;
tengo piernas y rodillas;
flacas son mis espinillas,
y la cabeza invisible;
doy mordiscos tan terribles;
tengo la boca en mis manos;
camino de noche, y claro
que de día me hago invisible.

Id.

141.

A que usted no me adivina.
Es animal sin cabeza,
ojos, bocas; ocho patas,
pero nunca va a la iglesia.

Id.

142.

Sobre molino, molino,
sobre molino, ventanas,
sobre ventanas, luceros,
sobre luceros montañas.

Cara.

143.

Verde en el monte,
negro en la plaza,
y coloradito en casa.

Carbón.

144.

Es santo y no se adora;
es caldo y no se bebe.

Cardo santo.

145.

En el monte hay un palito,
lo que nunca se ha sembrado;
y se ha visto florecer
con botone' colorado'.

Carpintero.

146.

En el monte fuí nacido,
y en el monte fuí criado,
con mi chaquetoncito negro
y mi centro colorado.

Id.

147.

(a) Blanca como la nieve,
negra como la pez;
habla sin tener boca,
y anda sin tener pies.

Carta

- (b) Es blanca como la leche,
oscura como el café,
habla sin tener boca,
anda sin tener pies. Carta. 152.
Tiene patas y no anda,
tiene alas y no vuela,
tiene ojos y no ve
tiene boca y no come. Casa.
- (c) Blanca como una paloma
y negra como una pez,
no tiene patas y anda
no tiene boca y habla. Id. 153.
(a) Cata, toma esta mata
y llévasela a tu madre;
y si ella te pregunta,
dile que de Lina es. Catalina.
- (d) Blanca como la paloma,
oscura como la pez;
habla sin tener boca
anda sin tener pies. Id. (b) Toma, Cata, esta mata,
llévasela a tu mamá.
Dile que es de Lina.
Junta las ocho palabras
y sabrás lo que es. Id.
- (e) Blanca como la leche
y negra como la pez;
habla sin tener lengua,
y anda sin tener pies Id. Id. (c) Toma Lina, Cata, dale
a tu madre esta mata;
que la siembre que de lino es.
Junta estas cuatro letras
y sabrás lo que es. Id.
- (f) Blanca como la paloma,
negra como la pez;
anda sin tener pies
y habla sin tener boca. Id. (d) Cata, toma esta mata,
llévasela a Lina,
y dile que se la pase a Na. Id.
- (g) Es blanca como la nieve,
es negra como la pez,
habla sin tener boca,
anda sin tener pies. Id. 154.
Entre sábanas de Holanda,
blanca camisa carmesí,
parió la reina un niño
del color del perejil. Cebolla.
148.
La tierra es blanca,
el arado es negro;
y cinco fueron los bueyes
que la tierra araron. Id. 155.
Delante una dama
vestida de blanco;
derecho se lo metí
derecho se lo saqué. Id.
149.
Sábana blanca,
semilla negra;
uno la mira
y otro la riega. Id. 156.
(a) Sombrero sobre sombrero,
sombrero de fino paño;
el que me la adivinare
tiene que pensar un año. Id.
150.
Anda y no tiene pies,
habla y no tiene boca. Id. (b) Sombrero sobre sombrero,
sombrero de fino paño;
el que me la adivinare
de esclavo le sirvo un año. Id.
151.
Sábana blanca está tendida,
semilla negra se va por encima,
tres que la riegan y dos que la
miran. La carta y la tinta. Id.

(c) Sombrero sobre sombrero,
sombrero de rico paño;
el que me lo adivine
le sirvo de esclavo un año.
Cebolla.

163.

Mientras más lejos más cerca,
y mientras más cerca más lejos.
Id.
(Véase 755.)

(d) Sombrero sobre sombrero,
sombrero de fino paño;
ésta no me la adivinas
hasta que no pase un año.
Id.

164.

Entre tablita y tablita,
me hincó de rodillas
y hago cosquillas.
Cerradura y llave.

(e) Sombrero sobre sombrero,
pañó sobre fino paño;
a que no me lo adivinan
ni de aquí a un año.
Id.

165.

(a) Tengo una sábana,
y no la puedo doblar;
tengo una china
y no la puedo partir;
tengo un dinero
y no lo puedo repartir.
El cielo, la luna y las estrellas.

(f) Tela sobre tela
y sobre tela un rico paño;
y el que no me la adivine
tiene que pensar un año.
Id.

(b) Mi padre tiene una sábana
y no se puede doblar.
Cielo.

157.

Sombrero sobre sombrero,
sombrero de panamá fino.
Id.

166.

Verde fué mi nacimiento,
negra fué mi mocedad;
y luego me visten de blanco
para llevarme a quemar.
Cigarrillo.

158.

En el monte fuí nacido,
criado entre humildes lazos;
aquél que llora por mí,
ése me hace pedazos.
Id.

167.

(a) Lo meto seco
y lo saco mojado,
y la punta colorada.
Id.

159.

Me pasan de arriba abajo
y luego me tratan de pillo.
Cepillo.

(b) Lo meto seco y lo saco mojado,
y con la cabeza colorada.
Cigarro.

160.

Come por la barriga,
y caga por el espinazo.
Id.

168.

Debajo de la punta especie
labilis nabilis labadura
de cintabili.
¿Qué será?
Cinta de enagua.

161.

¿Qué será lo que no será?
El que no me adivina
¡qué tonto será!
Cera.

169.

(a) Medio moro con cabeza,
sin barriga y con un pie;
traigo todo el mundo andado,
y hasta a mi Dios sujeté.
Clavo.

162.

Es lejos y es cerca,
es cerca y no lejos.
Cerca.

- (b) Tengo cabeza de moro,
ando en un solo pie;
he andado todo el mundo,
y hasta Jesús sujeté.

Clavo.

170.

Entre pared y pared
está el negrito José.

Id.

171.

De la tierra
va terrado,
y es alto, quema lumbre,
es pisado de mujer,
y del hombre que acostumbre.

La cocina.

172.

- (a) Largo, largo como un largucho,
y tiene los huevos en el cucurucho.

Cocotero.

- (b) Largo, largo y tieso;
y tiene los huevos en el pescuezo.

Id.

173.

- (a) Dentro del cuero está el pelo,
dentro del pelo, está el hueso
dentro del hueso, está la carne
y dentro de la carne, está la
sangre.

Coco.

- (b) Primero el cuero,
y después el pelo;
y después del pelo
la carne.

Id.

174.

Mandé un muchacho a un man-
dado;
primero vino el mandado que el
muchacho.

Id.

175.

Arriba de aquel cerro
hay un pocito,
que llueva o no llueva
siempre está llenito.

Id.

176.

Allá arriba está una fuente;
nunca le llueve y bebe la gente.

Id.

177.

Con palabras de santo almorcé,
bebí agua ni del cielo
ni de la tierra.

Coco. (?)

178.

Por la calle van vendiendo agua,
carbón y leña.

Coco.

179.

Debajo de un come, come
estaba un dorme, dorme;
cayó el come, come,
y despertó el dorme, dorme;
se levantó el dorme, dorme
y se comió al come, come.

El coco y el que se lo come.

180.

Debajo de un peñón,
llorín lloraba;
si la peña caía,
llorín callaba.

Coco y puerco.

181.

- (a) Andando por un camino me bajé
y cogí tres.¹

El cogitre.

- (b) Andando por un camino, cogí
tres.

Adivíname lo que es.

Id.

- (c) Yo iba por un camino,
encontré cuatro
y cojí tres.

Id.

182.

- (a) Brinqué para arriba
y cogí tres.

Id.

- (b) Brinqué para arriba
me caí y cogí tres.

*Id.*¹ Pronounced *tre'*.

- (c) Brinqué arriba y cogí tres
Adivíname lo que es.
El cogitre.

183.

Un castillo muy cerrado,
sin campanas y sin torres,
con muchas monjitas dentro,
haciendo dulces de flores.
Colmenas.

184.

Allá arriba en aquel alto
ví una cerda parida;
por quitarle los lechones
en poco pierdo la vida.
Colmena.
(Véase abeja.)

185.

Coje trencampén
serpiente en borrasca;
carabela de muerto,
coquí que canta.
El coquí.

186.

- (a) En la ventana soy niña
en la mesa soy señora;
y cuando me voy al monte
soy la mejor cantadora.
Cotorra.

- (b) En el monte fuí princesa,
en el corredor fuí dama,
en la sala señorita
y en la mesa cortesana.
Id.

187.

- (a) En el monte vi nacer
lo que nunca se ha sembrado;
tiene la flor amarilla
y el bonete colorado.
Id.

- (b) En el monte fué nacido
lo que nunca se ha sembrado;
tiene la capita verde
y el bonete colorado.
Id.

- (c) En el monte fué nacido
lo que nunca fué sembrado;
su cuerpo viste de verde
y el bonete colorado.
Id.

- (d) En el monte se ha nacido
lo que nunca se ha sembrado;
que tiene la hoja verde
y el bonete colorado.
Id.

- (e) Verde lo ví nacer
lo que nunca fué sembrado;
tiene un botón amarillo,
y la flor es colorada.
Id.

188.

- (a) En el monte fuí nacido,
y en el monte fuí criado;
tengo las alitas verdes
y el bonete colorado.
Id.

- (b) En el monte fué nacido
y en el monte fué criado;
y las alitas son verdes
y el bonete colorado.
Id.

189.

De Santo Domingo vengo,
predicando en un sermón;
tengo el cuerpiito verde
y rojo mi corazón.
Id.

190.

Una que nunca pecó,
ni supo qué fué pecar,
murió llamando a Jesús
y no se pudo salvar.
Id.

191.

¡Qué cosa, qué cosa
tan maravillosa he visto!
Y para poderla hacer ver
de testigo pongo a Cristo.
La cristiandad.

192.

En el monte fuí nacida,
y remonté tanto el vuelo,
que caí mejor clavada
que Jesucristo en el cielo.
Cruz.

193.

- (a) De siete hermanas que somos
la más chiquita soy yo.
¿Cómo vas a ser la más chiquita,
siendo la más vieja yo?
Cuaresma.

- (b) De siete hermanas que somos
la primera yo nací;
soy la de menos edad,
¿Cómo puedo ser así?
Cuaresma.

194.

Yo ví una dama bien compuesta,
corriendo su desventura,
dejando lo que se cose
y cogiendo lo sin costura.

Culebra.

195.

Es grande y es chica,
es del grande de un limón;
tiene una rosa en el medio,
y depende del corazón.

(La flor de) cupey.

196.

Yo ví un león coronado,
de mil colores vestido;
en el vientre de su madre,
comiendo a su padre vivo.

Cura.

197.

Una mujer con un hombre,
le pueden servir á Dios;
y dos hombres también pueden,
pero dos mujeres no.

El cura en confesión.

198.

¿Cómo podrá un hombre hu-
mano,
sabiendo la ley de Dios,
casarse con hija y madre
siendo doncellas las dos?

El cura y la iglesia.

199.

Horma en saco,
garabato en falla,
y en llegando a la villa
charrasco.

Chicharrones.

200.

- (a) Cinco damas en un castillo,
todas visten de amarillo.

Chinas.

- (b) Cien damas en un castillo,
todas visten de amarillo.

Id.

201.

Cinco compañeros juntos
por lo regular vivimos,
y cuando nos dividimos
son para varios asuntos;
servimos a los vivos
y a los difuntos;
siempre en movimiento estamos;
de una parte a la otra vamos
por mandato de los hombres,
y a quien servir, no te asombres,
ni dejamos de ser quienes somos.

Los cinco dedos.

202.

- (a) Veinte varillitas
en un varillal,
ni secas ni verdes
se pueden cortar.

Los dedos.

- (b) Siete varillas
en un varillal,
ni verdes ni secas
se pueden cortar

Id.

- (c) Cinco varillas
en un varillal,
ni secas ni maduras
se pueden cortar.

Id.

- (d) Diez varillas en un varillal,
ni secas ni verdes se pueden cortar.

Id.

- (e) Ni secas, ni verdes
se pueden cortar.

Id.

203.

En el agua soy un pez.
Como hombre soy en tierra;
mucho huyo de la guerra;
no me sabes definir.
Sabrá Alemania del fin
donde llegue poco a poco;
ni Francia sabe tampoco
y sabe menos Turquía.
De Rusia, Inglaterra, Hungría
¿Cuál pensamiento es el loco?

Delfín.

204.

Quien quiera gozar del fin
que se tome del finado,
no la cabeza ni el rabo.
Y si lo viera morir,
claro te voy a decir.
No sé si has adivinado.

Delfín.

205.

(a) Tengo una caja de huesos,
y no la doy ni por cien pesos.

Los dientes.

(b) Tengo una cajita
llenita de yeso;
el que me la adivine
le doy cien pesos.

Id.

(c) Tengo una cajita
llenita de huesos,
al que me la adivine
le doy cien pesos.

Id.

(d) En el medio del cielo
tengo un cajoncito
lleno de huesos.

Id.

206.

No tengo ni un solo pelo;
soy pálido, seco y justo.
Valgo poco y sin embargo,
mucho valgo y mucho gusto.
Soy para el hombre preciso,
como el pan de cada día.
Soy su bien y soy su alegría,
y le sirvo de perjuicio.
Soy el origen del vicio,
y de la noche hago el día.

Dinero.

207.

¿Quién da lo que no tiene?

Dios.

208.

A la mar me tiré yo
al filo de una macarela,
para sacar medicina
para curar a mi abuela.

El dolor de muelas.

209.

¿Cuál es el número que sumado
y multiplicado
da el mismo resultado?

El número dos.

210.

(a) En medio del cielo estoy
sin ser astro ni estrella,
sin ser sol ni luna bella;
aciértame usted quien soy.

La letra *e*.

(b) En el medio del cielo estoy;
no soy astro ni estrella,
ni tampoco luna bella.
Dime qué soy.

Id.

(c) En medio del cielo estoy;
no soy astro ni estrella,
ni tampoco luna bella.
Adivíname lo que soy.

Id.

(d) En medio del cielo estoy,
ni soy luna, ni soy sol;
adivíname quien soy.

Id.

(e) En el medio del cielo está,
y si no le digo, no lo adivinará.

Id.

211.

(a) Si el enamorado
es bien entendido,
sabrás el nombre
de la dama y del vestido.

(Elena) el nombre,
(morado) el vestido.

(b) Si el enamorado
es discreto y entendido,
aquí va el nombre
de la dama y el vestido.

Id.

(c) Joven, el enamorado,
si eres sabio y entendido,
en este renglón te pongo
el nombre de la dama y el vestido.

La dama (Elena) y
(morado) el vestido.

(d) Si el enamorado es joven,
¿cómo se llama la niña
de quién yo me enamoré?

El nombre (Elena).

(e) Si el enamorado
es bien entendido,
allí va el nombre
de la dama y del vestido.

(Elena) el nombre,
(morado) el vestido.

- (f) Si el enamorado
es correspondido,
allí te mando mi nombre
y el de mi vestido.
Elena, morado. *Id.*
- (g) Galán, el enamorado,
si eres sabido y entendido,
en ese renglón va puesto
mi nombre y el del vestido. *Id.*
- (h) Galán, el enamorado,
si te muestras entendido,
aquí va el nombre de la dama
y el del color del vestido. *Id.*
- 212.
- (a) Mi comadre la doncella,
delgadita de cintura,
tiene las uñas gastadas
de raspar en cosa dura. Escoba. Escopeta.
Hacha.
- (b) María carrasposa,
delgadita de cintura,
tiene sus uñas gastadas
de rascar en cosa dura. *Id.*
- 213.
- (a) Una niña bién vestida,
toda llena de embarazos,
tiene la muerte consigo
y un niño la lleva en brazos. Escopeta.
- (b) Una cueva muy oscura,
con todos sus embarazos,
la muerte lleva consigo
y un viejo la carga en brazos. *Id.*
- (c) Una dama muy oscura,
llena de mil embarazos,
carga la muerte consigo
y un hombre la carga en brazos. *Id.*
- (d) Una dama linda y bella,
llena de mil embarazos,
la muerte carga consigo
y un hombre la lleva en brazos. *Id.*
- (e) Una casa muy oscura,
llena de mil embarazos,
la muerte viene con ella,
y un hombre la lleva en los brazos. *Id.*
- (f) Una caja muy oscura,
llena de mil embarazos,
la muerte lleva segura
el que la carga en los brazos. *Id.*
- (g) Una dama linda y bella
la muerte carga consigo. *Id.*
- 214.
- Cojo mi negrito,
lo subo a un cerrito,
le halo una oreja
y se saca un grito. *Id.*
- 215.
- (a) Fuí al monte,
grité y grité;
me vine a casa
muy tranquilo. Escopeta.
- (b) Fuí al monte
y pegué un grito,
y vine a mi casa
calladito. Escopeta.
- (c) Yo fuí al monte,
tiré un tiritó;
volví a casa
e hice un guisito. Escopeta y caza.
- (d) Me fuí al monte,
grité, grité;
y me traje el conejo
de siete patillas y un pie. Escopeta y paraguas.
- 216.
- Señor Juan Nepomuceno,
mande usted, señor mi padre.
Vaya en casa de mi compadre,
Juan Nepomuceno,
a que me mande e volcánico es-
candaloso
para hacer un acto asesinato
contra los pájaros volatos,
que me están comiendo los piri-
pipis,
sobrinos de los cocororos;
y si acaso no entendiere,
que me traiga. . . . Escopeta.

217.

- (a) Chiquitita como un gallo
y aguanta como un caballo.
Escupidera.

- (b) Chiquita como un gallo
y aguanta como un caballo.

Id.

218.

- (a) Sale de su sepultura
con la cruz a cuestras;
algunas veces salva al hombre
y otras la vida le cuesta.

Espada.

- (b) Sale de la sepultura
con la cruz a cuestras;
varias veces salva al hombre
y otras la vida le cuesta.

Id.

- (c) Sale de la sepultura
con la Santa Cruz a cuestras;
unas veces salva al hombre
y otras la vida le cuesta.

Id.

219.

No soy pintor ni lo he sido,
y me atrevo a retratarte,
y sin pintura pintarte.
Lo que este retrato llora
se ríe vuestro placer.
El alma, nada más falta,
para ser otra mujer.

Espejo.

220.

Limpio, claro y acrisolado
es mi ser,
y aunque soy muerto,
alma parece que tengo.
Si se ríen también río,
si lloran hago lo mismo:
sólo me falta el hablar:
en lo demás soy muy diestro.

Id.

221.

- (a) Un galán muy bien vestido,
de las damas muy querido,
nunca ha dicho una verdad,
ni en mentira lo han cogido.

Id.

- (b) Jovencito muy discreto,
de las damas muy querido,
que nunca ha dicho verdad,
ni en mentira lo han cogido.

Id.

- (c) Una dama bien compuesta,
de las damas bien querida,
que nunca ha dicho verdad
ni en mentira la han cogido.

Id.

222.

De todos tamaños soy,
en todas partes me encuentro,
desde la pobre buhardilla
hasta en el rico aposento.

Id.

223.

En el camino me la encontré
y a casa me la llevé.

Espina.

224.

Éste era mi pensamiento,
el decírtelo algún día.
¿Cuál es la que nunca duerme
y que siempre está tendida?

Estera.

225.

Allá arriba hay un plato
lleno de aceitunas;
de día se recogen,
y de noche se riegan.

Estrellas.

226.

- (a) En el cielo está un castillo
todo lleno de avellanas,
que de día las recogen
y de noche las derraman.

Id.

- (b) Dios tiene un platillo
lleno de avellanas,
por el día las recoge
y por la noche las derrama.

Id.

- (c) En el cielo hay un platillo
lleno de avellanas,
que de día se recogen
y de noche se derraman.

Id.

- (d) Allá arriba en aquel alto
hay un plato de avellanas,
que de día se recogen
y de noche se derraman.

Id.

- (e) Tiene mi Dios en el cielo 232.
 un platillo de avellanas,
 que por el día las recoge
 y por la noche las derrama.
 Estrellas. Largo, larguero,
 Martín caballero,
 calzas coloradas
 y penacho negro. Fuego.
- (f) El hijo del rey tiene
 un platillo lleno de avellanas,
 que de noche se derraman,
 y de día se recogen. 233.
 Tiene patas con que anda,
 tiene ojos con que ve;
 tiene boca con que come
 y cabeza Dios le dé. Id. Juey.¹
- (g) Tengo dos platos
 llenos de avellanas;
 por el día las recojo
 y por la noche las derramo. 234.
 En un sitio muy oscuro
 se halla un animal muy atroz;
 tiene ojos, tiene boca
 pero cabeza no. Id.
- (h) En el cielo hay un platillo
 todo cubierto de flores,
 por la noche se derraman
 y por el día se recogen. 235.
 En el monte fué nacido
 lo que nunca se sembró;
 tiene pata, tiene ojos
 y menos cabeza no. Id.
- (i) Por la noche se riegan
 y por el día se recogen. 236.
 Por el dale que dale
 Me dan tres reales. Id. Fuede.
227.
 Tengo un dinero
 y no lo puedo repartir. Id.
228.
 Las cinco letras vocales,
 añadiéndoles L y G,
 así se llama la dama
 de quién yo me enamoré. Eulogia.
229.
 Una flor en una tina. Florentina.
230.
 En el monte fuí nacido,
 criado de verde altura,
 visitado de mujeres
 y del hombre que madruga. Fogón.
231.
 (a) Un tintín con dos tintones,
 un alacrán con dos culebrones. Freno. (a) Una señora
 muy aseñorada,
 llena de remiendos
 y sin una puntada. Id.
240.
 Adivinador de la calabaza,
 dígame cuál es el ave
 que pone en casa. La gallina.

¹ Cangrejo de mangles.

- (b) Una señorita
muy aseñorada,
con tantos remiendos,
y ninguna puntada.
La gallina.

- (c) Una señora muy aseñorada,
llena de remiendos,
y sin una puntada.

241.

La desnudan de su vestido,
de sus costosas labores,
la ponen en un madero
para nosotros pecadores.

242.

Por la tarde florecen los palos,
y por la mañana amanecen las
flores
en el suelo.

Las gallinas.

243.

Va al monte y canta y canta,
y llega a la casa y se espanta.
La gallina.

244.

- (a) Pelú está encima de pelao;
hasta que pelao esté pelú,
pelú no se le quita de encima a
pelao.

La gallina y los huevos.

- (b) Pelú está sobre mondado,
y hasta que mondado
no está como pelú,
pelú no se quita
de encima de mondado.

La gallina con los huevos.

- (c) Peludo está encima de pelado,
y peluda se ha jurado
de no levantarse
hasta no sacarle
pelo a pelado.

La gallina echada en los huevos.

- (d) Peludo está encima de pelado,
y jura peludo no quitarse
de encima de pelado
hasta que el pelado
no salga peludo.

Id.

245.

Nací como cristalino,
me crié como redoma;
de la carne de mis huesos
todo el mundo se me antoja.

(La carne de) gallina.

246.

Uno que nunca pecó,
ni nunca supo pecar,
se encontró con la pasión de Jesús
y no se pudo salvar.

Gallo.

247.

- (a) Por aquí pasó un galán
todo vestido de tela;
ni es cosido con aguja
ni cortado con tijera.

Id.

- (b) Por aquí pasó un galán
con un hábito de seda;
no cosido con aguja
ni cortado con tijera.

Id.

248.

En la tierra se ha sembrado
lo que nunca se ha nacido;
en la cabeza le sale
un bonete colorado.

Id.

249.

Yo pasé por un camino,
y la vieja me dijo "adiós,"
y la moza no.

El gandul.

250.

- (a) Es garra y no de cuero,
y es pata y no de vaca.

Garrapata.

- (b) Es garra, y no de enagua,
es pata y no de vaca.

Id.

- (c) Es garra pero no de tigre,
pata pero no de mesa.

Id.

251.

Buscacena está en la piedra,
está buscando que cenar;
vino la cena y cenó
y se volvió a su lugar.

La gata parida.

252.

Estando la cena en la piedra
esperando que cenar
vino la cena y cenó
y se volvió a su lugar.

La garza y la gata; la gata
estaba parida.

253.

- (a) Adivinanza, adivinanza,
¿quién ha visto un gato sin panza?
El gato de la escopeta.

- (b) ¿Cuál es el gato
que no tiene panza?
El gato del revolver.

- (c) Adivinador de adivinanzas,
¿quién ha visto un gato
sin panza?
El gato de la escopeta.

254.

- (a) Cien damas en un corral,
todas juntas mean par a par.
Las goteras.

- (b) Cien damas en un castillo,
todas orinan iguales.
Id.

- (c) Cien damas en un corral,
lloran de par en par.
Id.

- (d) Cien damas en un corral,
todas cantan par a par.
Id.

255.

- (a) En alto estoy,
moros veo venir;
corona de rey tengo,
y no puedo huir.
Granada.

- (b) En altos estoy,
pillos veo venir;
coronas del rey tengo
y no puedo huir.
Id.

- (c) En altos me veo,
moros veo venir;
como rey tengo,
no puedo huir.
Id.

- (d) Parada en un alto estoy,
veo los moros venir;
corona de rey tengo
pero no puedo huir.
Id.

256.

Nací como clavellina,
me crié como redoma,
de los huesos de mi cuerpo
todo el mundo se enamora.
Id.

257.

Una casa con siete aposentos
y no le caben dentro.
Id.

258.

Tengo una casa
con tres cuartos,
y los tengo todos llenos
y no me cabe otro más.
Id.

259.

- (a) Verde por fuera,
blanco por dentro.
¿Qué será?
La guanábana.

- (b) Verde por afuera,
blanco por dentro,
pepita negra,
con su espinito.
Id.

- (c) Verde por encima,
blanco por dentro
y pepita negra.
¿Qué será?
Id.

260.

- (a) Nuestro señor plantó
un árbol en la tierra,
con el pelo por dentro
y las costillas por fuera.
El guano.

- (b) Mi Dios bajó de los cielos
para hacer una maravilla,
que por dentro tiene el pelo
y por fuera las costillas.
Id.

- (c) Jesucristo, Rey del cielo
enterró su maravilla,
que por dentro echó el pelo
y por fuera la costilla.
El guano. 265.
Por la mañana, oro
al mediodía, plata,
por la noche, mata. *Id.*
- (d) Cuando mi Dios vino al mundo
a pintar las maravillas,
trajo los pelos por dentro
y por fuera las costillas. *Id.* 266.
Barriga con barriga,
teta con teta;
en el agujerito de en medio
hacemos la fiesta. La guitarra.
- (e) Cuando mi Dios vino al mundo
a pintar las maravillas,
puso por dentro los pelos
y por fuera las costillas. *Id.* 267.
Una joven muy discreta,
cuatro muertos la acompañan
y un vivo le da combate. *Id.*
- (f) En el cielo hay un pintor
que pinta dos mil maravillas,
por dentro tienen la lana
y por fuera las costillas. *Id.* 268.
Una mujer
llena de embarazos,
a voces viene diciendo
que uno la lleva en los brazos. *Id.*
261.
Cuando mi Dios vino al mundo
hizo una linda amapola,
hizo un ángel. *Id.*
262.
Estaba una niñita
sentada en un balcón,
y pasa un perrito y le dice:
jau, jau, allá va. La guayaba.
263.
(a) Cien damas en un corral,
todas gritan a par. Las guineas.
- (b) Cien damas en un corral,
todas visten par a par. *Id.*
- (c) Cien damas en un cercado,
todas visten de listado. *Id.*
264.
Verde fué mi nacimiento
amarilla mi vejez,
y cuando vine a morir
estaba negro como una pez. El guineo.
- (a) Me llevaron al monte y canté,
vine a mi casa y me callé. Hacha.
- (b) Fuí al monte, alboroté, alboroté,
vine a mi casa y me arrinconé. *Id.*
- (c) Fuí al monte piqué, piqué,
vine a mi casa
y me arrinconé. *Id.*
- (d) Fuí al monte piqué, piqué,
la traje a la casa y la enganché. *Id.*
271.
(a) Va al monte y canta,
y se viene para la casa calladita. *Id.*

(b) Va al monte grita, grita,
y llega a su casa calladita.
Hacha.

(c) Voy al monte, pica, pica,
vengo a casa, calladita.

Id.

272.

En el monte está un patito
que nadie lo quiere sembrar,
se vende la onza a medio
y a cien pesos el quintal.

Hachote.
(Véase 12.)

(c) Tablita sobre tablita,
tablita sobre tablón;
manita de teque teque,
cabeza de culebrón.

Hicotea.

(d) Tablita sobre tablita,
tablón sobre tablón;
patita de jiqui jiqui,
cabeza de culebrón.

Id.

(e) Tablita sobre tablita,
tablón sobre tablón;
carita de jique-jique,
cabeza de culebrón.

Id.

273.

(a) ¿Qué es lo que andando, des-
maya?

No gasta manto ni saya.
A muchos pone en afrenta
y al matarla, está contenta.

Hambre.

(f) Tablita sobre tablita,
tablón sobre tablón;
a que no la adivinas
ni de aquí a la oración.

Id.

(b) No gasta manto ni saya,
a muchos pone en afrenta,
y al matarla está contenta.

Id.

(g) Tablita sobre tablita,
tablita sobre tablón;
la manita de tenga tenga
y el rabito de punzón.

Id.

274.

(a) Vió el pastor en su ganado
lo que no vió el rey en su reino,
ni el Papa en su Santidad,
ni Dios en toda su vida.

El hermano.
(Véase 300.)

(b) Dios no ha visto
lo que yo he visto.

Id.

(h) Sobre tablita, tablita
sobre tablita un tablón;
manita de tengue, tengue
y rabito de punzón.

Id.

(i) Tablita sobre tablita,
y sobre tablita un tablón;
manitas y culito de punzón.

Id.

276.

(c) Vió el pastor en su ganado
lo que el rey no vió en su silla,
ni el Papa en su Santidad
ni Dios en toda la vida.

Los hermanos.
(Véase 300.)

(a) Es hico y no de hamaca,
es tea y no arde.¹

Id.

(b) Hico, pero no de hamaca,
tea, pero no del monte.

Id.

275.

(a) Tablita sobre tablita,
tablón sobre tablón;
patita de geke geke,
cabeza de gongolón.

Hicotea o Icotea (=Jicotea).

(b) Tablita sobre tablita,
tablita sobre tablón;
manita de teque teque
y hocico de godón.

Id.

277.

¿Cuál es el hijo que muere
para que después nazca la madre?
El hielo.

278.

Estudiante que estudiáis
en los libros de Moisés,
¿cuál es el árbol que hay
que echa fruta sin florecer?

Higuera.

¹ Otra versión: anda.

279.

Verde fué mi nacimiento
colorada mi juventud;
para yo poder morir
negra fué mi vejez.

Higo.

280.

Sembré una mata de maíz
y se la comió el gorgojo;
y a mí me está pareciendo
que se te seca el hinojo.

Hinojo.

281.

No soy Dios ni pienso serlo,
ni la virgen es mi madre;
quitándome el ser que tengo
soy tan Dios como Dios padre.

La hostia.

282.

(a) Entre dos paredes blancas
hay una flor amarilla,
que se le puede presentar
al mismo rey de Castilla.

(b) Entre dos paredes blancas
hay una flor amarilla,
que camina y representa
ante el rey de Castilla.

(c) Entre dos paredes blancas
está una flor amarilla;
se le puede presentar
al mismo rey de Castilla.

(d) Entre dos paredes blancas
se encuentra una flor amarilla,
que se le puede presentar
al mismo rey de Castilla.

(e) Entre peña y peña blanca
hay una flor amarilla,
la que se puede comer
el mismo rey de Castilla.

(f) Entre dos paredes blancas
hay una flor amarilla,
y se la dan a comer
a la reina de Sevilla.

(g) Entre dos paredes blancas
está una flor amarilla
que se la dan a comer
a la reina de Sevilla.

Id.

283.

De dos madres fui criado,
de un solo padre engendrado,
comido por una culebra
y en una fuente lavado.

Id.

284.

(a) De Santo Domingo vengo,
encerrado en un cajón;
traigo los hábitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón.

Id.

(b) De Santo Domingo vengo,
a ver a mi padre Antón;
traigo el hábito blanco
y amarillo el corazón.

Id.

Huevo. (c) De Santo Domingo vengo
de predicar un sermón;
traigo los hábitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón.

Id.

Id. (d) Desde Santo Domingo vengo
navegando en un triguero,
por mi padre soy un cantor;
traigo los ojitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón.

Id.

(e) Desde Santo Domingo viene
un cura muy revestido,
con los hábitos blancos
y el corazón amarillo.

Id.

(f) De Santo Domingo vengo,
predicando vengo un sermón;
traigo la cáscara blanca
y amarillo el corazón.

Id.

(g) De Santo Domingo vengo,
predicando en un sermón;
tengo los hábitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón.

Id.

Id.

- (h) De Santo Domingo vengo,
navegando en un ancón;
traigo los hábitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón. Huevo. *Id.*
- (i) De Santo Domingo vengo,
de ver a mi padre Antón;
traigo los hábitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón. *Id.*
- (j) De Francia vengo volando,
siendo mi padre un cantor;
traigo los hábitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón. *Id.*
- (k) Fui nacido en una llanura,
mi padre era un cantador;
todos mis hábitos son blancos
y amarillo el corazón. *Id.*
- (l) Vengo de padres cantores,
y aunque músico no soy,
traigo los hábitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón. *Id.*
- (m) El niño San Antón
tiene los hábitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón. *Id.*
- (n) De tierras lejanas vengo
siendo mi padre un cantor;
tengo los hábitos blancos
y amarillo el corazón. *Id.*
- 285.
- (a) Licor no es licor
ni pluma, ni ala, ni pico,
y su hijo liconico
tiene plumas, alas y pico. *Id.*
- (b) Cocolico no tiene
pata ni cos ni pico,
y el padre Mecocoquico
tiene cos, tiene pata y tiene pico. *Id.*
- (c) Su hijo lico, nico,
que tiene pico,
alas, patas
y no tiene nada. *Id.*
- (d) Licor no tiene licor,
ni pluma ni ala ni pico,
y su hijo Licornico
tiene ala y tiene pico. *Id.*
- 286.
- (a) Barrilito bombón,
que no tiene tapa ni tapón;
y a que no me la adivinas
ni de aquí a la oración. *Id.*
- (b) Calabacita bombón,
no tiene tapa ni tapón;
toda la hice pedazos
por comerle el corazón. *Id.*
- (c) Calabacita, calabazón,
que no tiene tapa ni tapón. *Id.*
- (d) Calabacita de bombón,
sin tapita y sin tapón. *Id.*
- (e) Calabacita de bombón,
sin tapita y sin tapón. *Id.*
- 287.
- (a) Blanquito es,
con pan se come,
en la sartén se fríe,
¿qué será? *Id.*
- (b) Blanquito es,
con pan se come;
en la sartén se fríe
y la gallina lo pone. *Id.*
- 288.
- Una arquita muy chiquita,
blanquita como la cal;
todo el mundo la sabe abrir,
pero nadie la sabe cerrar. *Id.*
- 289.
- Juana Camacho
dió a luz un muchacho,
ni muerto ni vivo,
ni hembra ni macho. *Id.*

290.

Alicó no tiene alita,
patita, piquito, ni co;
nace alicó, tiene alita,
patita, piquito y co.

Huevo y pollo.

291.

(a) Una casa sin puerta y sin ventana,
sin ninguna brujería,
una cosa llorando en ella,
¿por dónde se metería?

Huevo.

(b) Una casa sin ventana,
sin puerta ni brujería,
que tiene un galán adentro,
¿por dónde se metería?

Id.

(c) Una casa sin ventanas,
ni puerta ni brujerías,
teniendo un galán adentro
¿por dónde se metería?

Id.

(d) Una casa bien cerrada
sin nada de brujería;
un niño le llora adentro;
¿por dónde se metería?

Id.

292.

(a) Mucho más alto que un pino
y no resisto un comino.

Humo.

(b) ¿Qué es mucho más alto que
un pino
y no aguanta ni un comino?

Id.

(c) Es alto como un pino
y pesa como un comino.

Id.

293.

Chiquitito como nada,
y tanto tormento que da.

Id.

294.

En el suelo está,
hace marimientto;
en el breve instante
está en el elemento.

Id.

295.

(a) ¿Qué es lo que antes de nacer
anda el hijo por la calle?

Id.

(b) Antes de nacer la madre
sale el hijo a la calle.

Id.

(c) Antes de nacer la madre,
anda el niño por la calle.

Id.

296.

Se echó mi niña a bailar,
y del baile salió preñada.

Huso.

297.

(a) Doña Blanca está tendida,
el fraile la está mirando.
Al son de las castañetas
las tripas le van colgando.

Id.

(b) Al son de las castañuelas, las
tripas colgando lleva.

Id.

298.

Largo poco más de un palmo,
grueso lo que puede ser;
se carga y descarga
en mano de una mujer.

Id.

299.

Ni soy Dios, ni pienso serlo,
ni Santa María es mi madre,
que en llegando al ser que tengo
soy tan Dios como Dios Padre.

La iglesia.

300.

(a) ¿Qué vió un pastor en el monte,
que Dios con ser Dios no lo pudo
ver?

Su Igual (otro pastor).
(Véase 274.)

(b) Vió un pastor en la montaña
lo que el rey no vió en España;
en Jerusalén ni Dios,
con ser Dios lo vió.

Id.

- (c) Vió un pastor en su cabaña
lo que el rey no vió en España;
en Jerusalén ni Dios,
con ser Dios lo vió.

Su Igual.

- (d) El pastor ve en su ganado
lo que el rey no ve en su silla;
ni el Padre Santo lo ha visto
ni Dios lo verá en su vida.

Id.

- (e) Dios con ser Dios no véa,
lo que el hombre pudo ver
el rey acaso,
y el hombre a cada paso.

Id.

301.

Cuando me suelo enojar
de madre salen los ríos;
hago al más fuerte temblar
y eludir mis bríos;
en el fuego viene a dar.

El invierno.

302.

Del sorolabel quitando el so-
rola,
queda el bel de Loiza lo primero;
es el nombre de la dama
por quien vivo y por quien muero.

Isabel.

303.

¿Qué fué lo que no nació,
pero murió,
y en el vientre de su madre
se enterró,
quedando su madre viva
cuando el difunto murió?

Jesucristo.

304.

Soy más viejo que mi padre,
y de mucha mas edad,
y de más capacidad.
Esto no lo cuenta nadie.

Id.

305.

Tengo una casa
con cuatro aposentos,
y sólo soy
y no quepo adentro.

El a jonjolí.

305'.

Véase 100-102, 233-235.

Juey.

306.

Tantos y tantos,
y todos con el culo blanco.

El junco.

307.

Justa me llaman por doquier,
soy alabada sin tasa,
y a todos parezco bien;
nadie me quiere en su casa.

La justicia.

308.

Por aquí ha pasado un hombre
lo más legal que se cuenta,
no es hombre, que es animal;
adivíname esa cuenta.

El lagartijo.

309.

Delante de Dios estoy,
entre cadenas metida,
ya me suben, ya me bajen,
ya estoy muerta, ya estoy viva.

Lámpara del Señor.

310.

Sale de cuatro picachos
y les gusta a los muchachos.

Leche.

311.

- (a) Entre dos paredes
está una niña sentada;
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada.

Lengua.

- (b) En medio de dos peñas
está una flor colorada;
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada.

Id.

- (c) Entre cielo y cielo
hay una dama;
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada.

Id.

- (d) Entre dos montañas blancas
hay una flor colorada;
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada.

Id.

- (e) Entre pared y pared
hay una flor colorada;
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada. *Id.*

Lengua.

- (f) Entre solapa y solapa
está una dama,
que llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada. *Id.*
- (a) Entre Peña y Peña
está una palomita,
que aunque llueva o haga seca,
siempre está mojadita. *Id.*

312.

- (g) Una señorita muy enseñorada,
siempre está en su casa
y siempre está mojada. *Id.*
- (b) Debajo de una peñita
está una pavita;
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojadita. *Id.*

- (h) En un cuarto muy obscuro
hay una dama encerrada;
llueva o haya seca
siempre está mojada. *Id.*
- (c) Entre tapa y tapa
está una lajita;
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojadita. *Id.*

- (i) En un cuarto
hay una dama;
llueva o no llueva
siempre está mojada. *Id.*
- (d) Debajo de una piedra,
hay una lajita;
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojadita. *Id.*

- (j) Una trigueña sentada
entre dos paredes blancas,
llueva o no llueva
siempre está mojada. *Id.*
- (e) Allá arriba está una pavita,
llueva o no llueva;
siempre está mojadita. *Id.*

- (k) En el medio de la mar
está una niña sentada,
que, llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada. *Id.*
- (f) Entre laja y laja
está una lajita,
que siempre está mojadita. *Id.*

313.

- (l) En el medio de dos peñas,
está una gallina echada;
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada. *Id.*
- (m) Debajo de una cueva
está una pava echada,
que llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada. *Id.*
- Serpiente maligna,
feroz y ligera,
que nunca se aparta
de su madriguera.
Se vuelve y rodea
en tal condición,
que de muchos es causa
de su perdición. *Id.*

314.

- (n) En medio de dos peñas
está una dama,
llueva o no llueva,
siempre está mojada. *Id.*
- Importa al mundo y no importa,
ríe, llora, ruega y manda,
y tiene una espada blanda,
que dentro de la vaina corta. *Id.*

315.

Allá arriba (de) aquel cerro
está mi comadre,
con un abaniquito
dale que dale.

Lengua.

316.

Allá arriba en aquel monte
tengo una cabrita amarrada;
escuchen señores, escuchen,
y oirán como está.

Id.

317.

Tengo un cercadito
cargado de espeques,
guardando una niña
para que no peque.

Id.

318.

(a) Entre medio de dos peñas
está una gallinita echada;
óyela, búscala, escúchala.
¿Qué será?

Id.

(b) En el medio del mar
hay una mata de margaritas.
¡Óyela, escúchala, entiéndela!

Id.

(c) ¡Óyela, atiéndela, escúchala!

Id.

319.

(a) En estrecha cárcel encerrada,
con soldados de marfil,
está la roja culebra,
que es la madre del mentir.

Id.

(b) Guardada en estrecha cárcel
por soldados de marfil,
está una roja culebra
que es la madre del mentir.

Id.

(c) En una estrecha cárcel,
con soldados de marfil,
hay una sola serpiente
que es la madre del vivir.

Id.

320.

Yo soy un hombre moreno
que vengo de las alturas,
de mujer soy pisado
y del hombre estremadura.

Leña.

321.

Es buena para otro
pero mejor para uno mismo.

La libertad.

322.

(a) Fuí a un cuarto
encontré un muerto,
hablé con él
y le saqué el secreto.

*Libro.**Id.*

(b) Entré a un cuarto,
me encontré un muerto;
hablé con él
y me dijo su secreto.

Id.

323.

Chiquito como un gallo
y carga más que un caballo.

Id.

324.

Con dos caras,
y con una lengua sola.

Id.

325.

Tengo una casa en el aire
fabricada con el viento;
las orillas de cristal
y de algodón el cimientto.

Lira.

326.

(a) De Isabel quitando el bel
y de Lucas lo postrero,
adivina, caballero,
el nombre de la dama
por quien yo muero.

Luisa.

(b) De Isabel quitando el bel
y de Lucas lo postrero,
es el nombre de mi dama.
Adivíname, compañero.

Id.

327.

Soy de la providencia,
en el cielo soy precisa.
Tengo la parte en la gloria,
y nadie me ha visto en misa.

La luna.

328.

Tengo cuernos, mas soy mansa,
e infundo tranquilidad,
poetas y amantes me aman
y se inspiran en mi faz.

Id.

329.

Tengo una china
y no la puedo partir.

Id.

330.

¿Qué es alto por alto,
redondo como un plato?

Id.

331.

Allá arriba en aquel alto,
hay una mata de rosa,
para cuando mi amante pase,
que coja la más hermosa.

Id.

332.

Redonda como una taza,
y va conmigo a la plaza.

Id.

333.

Por aquí pasó un galán
todo vestido de seda;
ni se ha ido, ni está aquí.
¿Quién será esa doncella?

Luz.

334.

En una piedra de acero
tengo mi casa metida.
Si yo quiero hacerlo
hago de la noche el día.

Id.

335.

Pequeñito como una mota,
y llena la casa hasta la boca.

Id.

336.

Chiquitita como una bellota,
y llena la casa hasta la boca.

Id.

337.

Ando con mi amo
en pueblo y campo;
no veo la luz del día
hasta que no llego a casa.

La llave.

338.

Delante de tu nobleza
de rodillas me hiqué;
derecho te lo metí
y derecho te lo saqué.

Id.

339.

Chico como un gongolón,
y guarda la casa como un león.

Id.

340.

(a) Chico como una pata de gallina
y guardo cien quintales de harina.

Id.

(b) Chiquitita como una pata de
gallina,
y encierra cien fanegas de harina.

Id.

(c) Chiquitita como una pata de
gallina,
y encierra cien quintales de harina.

Id.

341.

Soy de la congregación,
de la iglesia más precisa;
no tengo parte con Dios,
y no puedo faltar en misa.

La llave de la iglesia.

342.

Una en un minuto,
dos en un momento,
y ninguna en un siglo.

La letra *m*.

343.

- (a) Allá arriba tengo
mi ganado comiendo.
Mientras más yerba le doy
más flaco se está poniendo.

Machete.

- (b) Allá arriba en aquel cerro
tengo una vaca comiendo;
mientras más pasto le doy
más flaca se va poniendo.

Id.

344.

- Fuí al monte, piqué, piqué,
vine a casa y (la) enganché.

Id.

345.

- Confusa estoy,
maravillada me hallo.
¿Qué vendrá a ser de mí la suegra
de la mujer de mi hermano?

Mi madre.

346.

- (a) ¿Cuál es la hermana de mi tía
que no sea tía mía,
siendo ella hermana de mi tía
e hija de mis abuelos?

 Mi mamá. Es hermana de mi
 tía e hija de mis abuelos y
 no es mi tía.

(Véase Sección D.)

- (b) Mi tía tiene una hermana
que no es tía mía.

Madre.

- (c) Yo tengo una tía,
mi tía tiene una hermana,
y la hermana de mi tía
no es tía mía.

Id.

347.

- Verde fué mi mocedad,
amarilla mi vejez;
y cuando vine a morir
fuí prieto como pez.

Maduro.

348.

- Alto como un hombre,
y no es hombre;
tiene barbas como un hombre
y no es hombre;
y tiene dientes como un hombre
y no come.

Maíz.

349.

- Yo soy hombre que ha venido
de las haciendas voluntarias.
Con el vistuario que tengo
mantengo los animales,
y caliento los fogales.

Id.

350.

- Cuando chiquito vestí,
cuando grande me desnudaron,
y para mayor trabajo
por la ropa me guindaron.

Id.

351.

- Primero fuí hombre
y después fuí mujer,
y para volver a ser hombre
hube que echarme a arder.

Maíz (grano, harina y zorullo).

352.

- Planta verde
y flor morada;
alrededor de la cosa
la pendejada.

Maíz.

353.

- Una vieja seca y meca,
pinta y rayada y media hueca,
pare los hijos secos y mecos
pintos, rayados y medio huecos.

Malla.

354.

- (a) En un alto fuí criado,
tengo la sangre en los pies,
los huesos en la barriga;
adivíname lo que es.
Si te hallas descrupulente
la muestra te puedo dar,
tiene cuero como res
y la carne regular.

Mamey.

- (b) En un alto fuí criado,
tengo la sangre en los pies;
los huesos en la barriga;
adivíname lo que es.

Id.

355.

- En el monte fuí nacido
y en el monte fuí criado;
tengo el nombre de cristiano,
pero no he sido bautizado.

La María.

356.

Nací en el mundo sin padre
y en el monte fuí criado.
Soy tan amante a la luz
y siempre tan desgraciado.

La mariposa.

357.

Tú lo tienes hondo,
y yo lo tengo largo;
menea las caderas
y haremos algo.

Las masa.

358.

Móngalo, Móngalo está col-
gando,
Míngolo, Míngolo lo está velando,
si Móngolo, Móngalo se cayera,
Míngolo, Míngolo se lo comiera.

La mata de guineo y nosotros.
(Véase Sección D.)

359.

Soy una red bien tejida
cuyo nudo no se ve,
y dura toda la vida
en esta red de pescar;
unos penan por salir
y otros penan por entrar.

Matrimonio.

360.

- (a) En un punto y un instante,
en un punto fué mi ser;
y un punto vendré a ser
porque mi vida es andante;
sirvo al rey, sirvo al tunante
y al que me quiera comprar,
y para mentar mi nombre
me parten por la mitad.

Media.

- (b) En un punto, en un instante,
en un punto fué mi ser.
Tengo la vida que darte
y sirvo al rey y al tunante,
y al que me quiera ocupar;
y para mentar mi nombre
me parten por la mitad.

Id.

- (c) De punto a punto es mi ser
y ando por el mundo andante;
sirvo al rey y al mendigante
y a todo el que me quiera usar;
y el que me quiere nombrar,
me parte por la mitad.

Id.

- (d) Mi todo en un punto empieza,
y en un punto ha de acabar;
el que adivine mi nombre
solo dirá la mitad.

Id.

- (e) Mi ser en un punto empieza
y en un punto acabará.
El que adivine mi nombre
sólo dirá la mitad.

Id.

361.

- (a) Por la mañana cuando yo me
levanto,
pelú por fuera y pelú por dentro,
saco la pata, métola adentro.

Id.

- (b) Pelú por fuera
pelú por dentro;
abre el agujero
y ensártalo adentro.

Id.

362.

Un año te doy de plazo,
y de tregua el mes que viene;
a que no me la adivina
si yo no se la dijere.

Memoria.

363.

Iban tres hombres por un ca-
mino;
uno era ciego, otro era manco
y el otro estaba desnudo;
el ciego vió un pez, el manco lo
cogió
y el desnudo en el seno se lo echó.

Mentira.

364.

- (a) En el monte fuí nacida,
debajo de verdes ramas;
ahora me estoy mirando
en servicio de esta dama;
a mí me dan a comer
en tazas y cominillos,
y yo me atrevo a jurar
que en mi vida no he comido.

Mesa.

- (b) En un monte fué nacida
y ahora la han traído aquí,
para servirles a estas damas.
Ellas me dan que comer
comidas muy regaladas,
y yo les puedo jurar
que no he comido nada.

- (c) En el monte fuí nacida,
vestida de verde rama,
y ahora me encuentro aquí
al servicio de estas damas;
ellas me ponen a comer
y yo no me como nada.

Mesa.

365.

Yo sola soy en el mundo,
y mi Dios no me engendró,
y dichoso se ha de llamar
el que diga quien soy yo.

M—.

- (d) En el monte fuí nacida
con mi troncón y mis ramas,
y hoy por mi buena suerte
me encuentro en frente de damas.
Ellas me dan de comer
y yo no les pido nada.

Id.

366.

Ya tocaron las campanas
en el convento;
corre adivinador
y métete adentro.

Misa.

- (e) En el bosque fuí nacida,
en el bosque fuí criada,
y he venido aquí a esta casa
a servirles a estas damas.
Ellas me dan de comer
comida muy regalada,
y yo me atrevo a jurar
que no he comido nada.

Id.

367.

Éste es un árbol
que tiene doce ganchos,
y cada gancho tiene
un nudo y cada nudo tiene
su apellido.

Los meses del año.

- (f) En el monte nací,
debajo de verdes ramas,
y hoy he venido aquí,
al servicio de esta casa.
Ella me dió de comer
en platos y lozas finas,
y nada de eso me gusta,
porque en mi vida he comido.

Id.

368.

En el medio del mar hay un nido,
y en el nido hay doce pollos,
cada cual tiene su nombre.

Id.

- (g) En el monte fuí nacida,
criada entre verdes ramas;
y ahora me hallo yo en servicio
de esta hermosísima dama.

Id.

369.

- (a) Dígame señor galán,
que yo preguntarle quiero,
¿que quién ha visto cortar
primero carne que cuero?

La molleja (de la gallina).

- (h) En el monte fuí nacida
debajo de verdes ramas,
y aquí he venido a esta casa
al servicio de una dama.

Id.

- (b) Dime sabio pensador,
que yo preguntarte quiero,
¿cómo es posible cortar
carne primero que cuero?

Id.

- (i) En el monte fuí nacida
debajo de verdes ramas,
y he venido a esta casa
al servicio de esta dama.

Id.

- (c) Dígame señor galán,
lo que preguntarle quiero.
¿Cómo se podrá cortar
primero carne que cuero?

Id.

- (j) En el campo fuí nacido,
debajo de verdes ramas;
y al hombre de más valor,
lo hago andar a gatas.

Id.

- (d) Vengo a hacer una adivinanza
que me la hizo marrero.
¿Dónde se ha visto partir
carne primero que cuero?

Id.

- (e) ¿De qué manera
picamos primero
carne que cuero?

Id.

370.

Tú allá y yo acá,
si no nos menamos
no haremos nada.

Molino.

371.

Un pelo largo,
dos como el puño,
dándole vuelta
alrededor del culo.

Id.

372.

Somos dos hermanitos
huérfanos de padre y madre;
andamos corriendo el mundo
y trabajamos de gratis.

Id.

373.

¿Cuál es la planta
que muere y vive?

El moriviví.

374.

El morro está en la sábana
con el negro Francisco Coy;
y al que me lo adivinare
cincuenta pesos le doy.

Morrocoy.

375.

Morrongo le van diciendo
los que lo llevan en brazos.

Morrongo.

376.

(a) ¿Cuál es la madre
que pare más de cien hijos,
y sin el calor de ella
en el mismo día se crían?

La mosca.

(b) ¿Cuál es el ave que pone
cuarenta huevos al día,
y sin calor de su madre
caminan al otro día?

Id.

377.

¿Cuál es el ave que pone
doscientos huevos en un día?

Id.

378.

Chiquito, chiquito
me cayó detrás;
él a los tajos
y yo a las trompadas.

Mosquito.

379.

¿Quién es el hombre humano
que con sangre se mantiene;
la lengua que viene hablando
y ningún sabio la comprende?

Id.

380.

Ojos vivos, ojos muertos,
gorras al viento;
adivínamela al momento.

El muerto.

381.

En el monte de Gerita
está una almita de dos,
que no la abre ni la cierra
más que el poder de Dios.

La mujer en cinta.

382.

(a) Por aquel camino
vienen dos,
uno se moja
y el otro no.

Id.

(Véase paraguas.)

(b) Por un camino van dos;
a uno le da sombra
y al otro sol.

Id.

(c) Por aquél cerro van dos;
uno se moja y otro no.

Id.

383.

En el monte de Geró
está una hormita de do;
ni moro ni cristiano la abre
más que mi Dios.

Id.

384.

Una A, con media luna,
una E, con luna entera,
y una Ñ, con su tilde,
y una T, con su tintero.

La mujer con su tintero(?).

385.

Corral redondo,
vacas al fondo;
cordero manso,
perro rabioso.

Mundo.

386.

¿Cuál es el animal
que lleva consigo en su nombre
las cinco letras vocales?

Murciélago.

387.

Adivinador de la chanfuneta,
dime cuál es el ave que tiene tela.

Id.

388.

Estudiante que estudiaste
libros de filosofía,
¿Cuál es el ave que vuela,
que tiene tetas y cría?

Id.

389.

¿Qué es lo que el muerto come,
que si el vivo lo come
se muere también?

Nada.

390.¹

La naranja nació verde,
el tiempo la maduró;
mi corazón nació libre
y el tuyo lo cautivó.

Naranja.

391.

Soy una sutil tijera,
pero al cortar hago ruido;
también llevo atrás cosido
lo que corto de manera,
que si enciendes una vela
nunca verás mi puntada;
corto, coso y después nada,
hilo grueso como cable;
adivíname si sabes;
reviéntame una puntada.

Navío.

392.

(a) En vida me sepulté,
carne y sangre es mi comida;
me sacan de la sepultura
para quitarme la vida.

Nigua.

(b) Viva fué mi sepultura,
sangre y carne mi comida,
y me han de desenterrar
para quitarme la vida.

Id.

393.

Una niña linda y profana,
hace su casa en tierra cristiana.

Id.

394.

Los ojos tienen sus niñas,
y las niñas tienen sus ojos,
y los ojos de las niñas
son las niñas de mis ojos.

Las niñas de los ojos.

395.

Mi padre es un carpintero,
pero no de los más malos,
que formó un tinajero
antes de nacer el palo.

Niño.

396.

(a) Torito negro
cayó en el mar;
ni yuntas de bueyes
lo pueden sacar.

Noche.

(b) Torito negro
cayó en el mar;
ni perro ni gato
lo pueden sacar.

Id.

(c) Torito negro
cayó en el mar;
ni sogas, ni hombres
lo pudieron sacar.

Id.

(d) Pollito negro
cayó en el mar;
ni hembra, ni macho
lo pueden sacar.

Id.

(e) Torito negro
cayó en la mar;
ni cadenas, ni sogas
lo pueden sacar.

Id.

¹ This is a *copla* rather than a riddle.

397.

- (a) Torito negro se fué á bañar;
torito blanco lo fué á buscar.
La noche y el día.

- (b) Soy la redondez del mundo,
sin mí no puede haber Dios;
papas, cardenales, sí;
pero pontífices, no.

Id.

- (b) Torito blanco cayó en el mar;
torito negro lo fué á sacar.
El día y la noche.

403.

Si en el suelo,
si en la cama,
juntamos pelo con pelo
y el pelo queda en el medio.

El ojo.

398.

- (a) Tengo una adivinanza
de dos razones,
que de nada se quita
y en todo se pone.

Nombre.

404.

Sábana blanca está tendida,
pepitas negras le bailan encima.
Los ojos.

- (b) Es una cosa muy menesterosa,
y en todo lugar se pone.

Id.

405.

Dos cabritos en un sartén,
ni uno, ni otro se puede ver.

Id.

399.

- (a) Cajita cerrada
de buen parecer,
que ningún carpintero
la puede hacer.

Nuez.

406.

Dos damas en un andén,
ni la una ni la otra
se pueden ver.

Id.

- (b) Hojita verde de buen parecer,
ningún carpintero la ha podido
hacer.

Id.

407.

Dos niñas van por un camino;
por mucho que corren
nunca se alcanzan.

Id.

400.

Cien damas en una barranca,
todas con el culo blanco.
El ñame.

401.

- (a) Último soy en el cielo,
con Dios en tercer lugar;
me embarco siempre en navío
y nunca estoy en el mar.

La letra O.

408.

Dos hermanitas,
ni se ven, ni se visitan.
Las orejas.

- (b) En la hostia soy primera,
con Dios en tercer lugar;
en el cielo la postrera,
pero no existo en el mar.

Id.

409.

En medio de una Peña
están dos hermanas;
nunca se ven
y siempre se hablan.

Id.

402.

- (a) Soy la redondez del mundo,
sin mí no puede haber Dios;
papas y curas sí,
pero pontífices, no.

Id.

410.

¿Qué es lo que tenemos
en el cuerpo,
que no nos hace falta,
ni nos deja de hacer?

Id.

411.

La vaca negra
está acostada;
por debajo la lame
la colorada.

Olla y candela.
(Véase 125.)

412.

La vaca negra está acostada
lamiéndole el culo a la colorada.

Id.

413.

¿Qué es, qué es,
que mientras más grande
menos se ve?

La oscuridad.

414.

¿Qué es lo que Dios no verá,
ni pensará ver?

Otro como él.
(Véase 300.)

415.

¿Cuál es el hijo que quema
la lengua de la madre?

Pabilo (de la vela).

416.

Tengo un tío
que no es tío,
hermano de mi tío.
¿Qué será mío?

Mi padre.

417.

Soy del prado la gigante,
llevo en mi seno una fuente;
el cansado caminante
bajo mi sombra se sienta;
sus fatigas menos fuertes
mi mecerse no le alarma,
y con alegría del alma
el rancho cubro del pobre;
el que dijere mi nombre
es quien se lleva la palma.

Palma.

418.

Alto, alto y tieso,
y carga el fruto
en el pescuezo.

Palma de coco.

419.

En lo más alto viviente
tiene mi Dios una fuente,
ni es fuente ni es corriente
y mana agua para siempre.

Palma (del coco)

420.

Largo y recio,
y los huevos los llevo
en el pescuezo.

La palma y los cocos.

421.

(a) En el monte hay un arbolito
que está en mala condición
y todos los años pare
una hembra y un varón.

Palma de yagua

(b) En el monte está un arbolito
que no tiene condición,
pero todos los años pare
una hembra y un varón.

Id.

422.

Póngolo, Póngolo
está goteando,
Píngolo, Píngolo
está aparando.

Palma de yagua y puerco.

423.

Jíngili Jíngili está colgando,
Jóngolo Jóngolo está velando;
si Jíngili Jíngili se cayera
Jóngolo Jóngolo se la comiera.

La palma y el puerco.
(Véase Sección D.)

424.

Largo tiraba y corto cogía,
pie colorado plato ponía.

Paloma.

425.

Quiero comer, dame pan;
el vestido, señora Tállame,
me está demás, quiero quitarme,
y después sigo mi afán,
y mañana, aunque sea vieja,
te me cuelgo en las orejas;
adivíname galán.

Pantalla.

426.

Espinazo para adelante
y barriga para atrás;
adivíname señor, ¿qué será?

Pantorrilla.

427.

Un convento bien cerrado,
sin campanas y sin torre,
con sus monjas y abadesas,
haciendo dulces de flores.

Panal de abejas.

428.

Blanco como la nieve,
negro como la pez,
habla y no tiene lengua,
anda y no tiene pies.

Papel.
(Véase carta.)

429.

(a) ¿Qué es lo que se tira al suelo
y no se rompe,
y se tira al agua
y se rompe?

Id.

(b) Lo tiro en el agua y se rompe,
lo tiro en el suelo y no se rompe.

Id.

430.

(a) En una sierra me trepé,
a mi amo le grité,
que me trujera la capa
de siete costillas y un pie.

Paraguas.

(b) Allá arriba de aquel cerro
a mi compadre grité,
que me trajera un cabrito
de siete costillas y un pie.

Id.

(c) Allá arriba en aquel cerro
a mi compadre llamé,
que me trajera un cochino
con cien costillas y un pie.

Id.

(d) A la torre me subí,
de la torre te grité,
que me tires un conejo
de siete costillas y un pie.

Id.

(e) En un cerro me trepé
y a mi amante le grité,
que me trajera la cabra
con seis costillas y un pie.

Id.

(f) Me asomé a la ventana,
a mi comadre llamé,
para que me trajera un conejo
con siete patas y un pie.

Id.

(g) En un cerro me trepé,
a mi amante le grité,
que me trajera la capa
con seis costillas y un pie.

Id.

(h) En un cerro me subí,
a mi amante le grité,
que me trajera un conejo
con diez costillas y un pie.

Id.

(i) Allá arriba de aquel cerro me
trepé,
y a casa un grito pegué,
que me traigan un conejo
con diez costillas y un pie.

Id.

(j) Allá arriba me gritaron
Que les llevara cuatro costillas y
un pie.

Id.

(k) Montié, montié, encontré un
cabrito,
con diez costillas y un pie.

Id.

(l) Allá arriba les mandé
que me mandaran
siete astillas
y un pie.

Id.

431.

Por aquella cuesta
abajo van dos,
uno se moja
y el otro no.

El paraguas y el que lo llevaba.

432.

(a) Una madre verrugosa
y un hijo enredador;
una hija buena moza
y un nieto predicador.

La parra, el sarmiento,
las uvas y el vino.

- (b) Una viejita arrugadita
entre una trampita.
Pasa, bobo, ¿qué será?

Pasa.

- (c) Chiquita y arrugada.
Pasa, bobo, ¿qué será?

Id.

- (d) Una viejita arrugada,
con una trencita en la espalda.

Id.

- (e) Una viejecita arrugada,
con dos palitos atrás.
Pasa, bobo, ¿qué será?

Id.

- (f) Una vieja engarruñada
pasa, voló, ¿qué será?

Id.

433.

Una vieja encarrujadita,
con un bastón en la cabecita.

Id.

434.

- (a) Detrás de la puerta está,
una viejita muy arrugada;
pasa, bobo, ¿qué será?

Id.

- (b) En aquel cerro
hay una viejecita sentada,
con palito en la mano.
Pasa, bruto, ¿qué será?

Id.

435.

- (a) En palio vengo amarrado,
visitando los enfermos;
mi cuerpo doy por comida,
y mi alma por sustento.

El pastel.¹

- (b) Debajo de palio vengo
visitando a los enfermos.

Id.

- (c) Bajo de un palio vengo.
A que nadie me adivina;
que no es ningún sacramento.

Id.

436.

Corvas para adelante
y rodillas para atrás.

Patatas (del pavo).

437.

- (a) Rondando por un camino
me encontré un niño sin brazos;
por irle a comer el alma
le hice el cuerpo pedazos.

Patilla (Sandía).

- (b) Andando por un camino
me encontré una niña sin brazos;
al tiempo de irle a coger
toda se hizo pedazos.

Id.

(Véase 473.)

- (c) Yendo por un camino,
me encontré una niña sin brazos.
Por comerle el corazón
toda la hice pedazos.

Patilla.

- (d) En el camino encontré
una niña sin brazos;
por comerle el corazón
la hice toda pedazos.

Id.

438.

- (a) Rodillas para atrás
y piernas para adelante;
tírenle señores,
que voy al instante.

Pavo.

- (b) Rodillas para atrás
y corvas para adelante,
cabeza de rey
y buey de alicante.

Pavo real.

- (c) Rodillas para atrás,
y corvas para adelante,
corona de rey,
y voz de alicante.

Pavo.

439.

- (a) De dos paredes muy oscuras
sale un hombre dando voces;
ni se ve ni se conoce
y su nombre dirá quien es.

Pedo.

- (b) Entre dos montes feroces
hay un hombre dando voces.

Id.

- (c) De una cueva muy oscura
sale un hombre dando voces;
ni se ve ni se verá
y por la voz lo conoces.

Id.

¹ In Mexico the answer is *hostia*.

440.

Busnio salió del nido
y a tu ventana llegó,
y le preguntó a Santa Ana
que qué fué lo que pasó.

Pedo.

441.

(a) ¿Quién fué aquel que nació
sin hueso y sin coyuntura,
que fué tanta su desventura
que cantando se murió?

Id.

(b) ¿Quién fué aquel que nació
sin hueso y sin coyuntura,
y fué tanta su ventura
que cantando se murió.

Id.

442.

De Santo Domingo vengo,
rodando como una bola;
atájame ese cochino,
que me ha reventado la sogá.

Id.

443.

Chiquito como una uña,
y refunfuña.

Id.

444.

Chiquitito como un arado,
sube al cerro y tumba ganado.

Peine.

445.

Troncón verde,
monte verdejo
en el redonde
de la crisma.

Los pendejos.

446.

(a) ¿Qué cosa hay en el mundo
Que no se puede creer?
Da disgusto, da placer,
va al cielo, va profundo,
y nadie lo puede ver.

Pensamiento.

(b) ¿Cuál es la cosa del mundo
que nadie la puede ver?
Da tormento, da placer,
y se remonta a lo profundo?

Id.

447.

Es una cosa maravillosa
que está sobre todas las cosas.
(El nombre de los) persas (?).

448.

(a) Estando quieto en mi casa
me vinieron a prender;
mi casa se salió por la ventana
y yo preso me quedé.

Pez (en la atarraya).

(b) Estando dentro de mi casa
me vinieron a prender;
mi casa se salió por la ventana
y yo preso me quedé.

Pez.

(c) Muy pequeñita en mi casa
me vinieron a prender;
la casa salió por la ventana
y yo preso me quedé.

Id.

(d) Estando en mi casa tranquilo
vino la justicia a prenderme;
mi casa salió por la ventana
y yo preso me quedé.

Id.

(e) Estando en mi casa quieto,
me vinieron a coger,
la casa se salió por la ventana
y yo preso me quedé.

Id.

449.

En un monte muy espeso
anda un hombre sin pescuezo.

Id.

450.

Veinte valió por primera,
quince por segunda vez,
y al concluir su carrera
con quince la acompañé.

Id.

451.

Apunté a lo que ví
y maté a lo que no ví.

Los pichones de la palma.

452.

Tres en el día,
tres en la semana;
tres en el mes,
tres en el año,
y siempre las tres.

Las tres piedras del fogón.

453.

Tres negritas en un corral,
una sin la otra no puede trabajar.
Piedras del fogón.

(d) Si por primera vez miento,
si no es verdad,
el que no me la adivine
bruto y animal será.

Id.

454.

(a) Espinazo para adelante,
barriga para atrás.
Adivíname qué será.

(e) Pi, hacen los pollitos,
y miento si no es verdad.

Id.

La pierna.

(b) Espinazo para adelante,
barriga para atrás;
tonto, pierna, caballo,
¿qué será?

(f) Pi, dicen los pollitos;
miento si no es verdad;
y si no me la adivinas
eres perro, burro y animal.

Id.

Id.

457.

(a) Tú lo tienes hondo,
y yo lo tengo largo;
menea tu culito
y hacemos algo.

(a) Iglesia chiquita,
gente menudita,
y sacristán de palo.

Id.¹

El pilón y la maceta.

(b) Largo lo tienes tú,
y gordo lo tengo yo;
mis culpas serán
si no te lo meto.

(b) Gente grande,
y gente menudita
y sacristán de palo.

Id.¹

Id.

458.

(c) Tú con tu largo
y yo con mi redondo,
meneamos las caras
y hacemos el pronto.

(a) Botón sobre botón,
botón de filigrana.
A que no me lo adivinas,
ni de aquí a pasado mañana.

Piña.

Id.

(d) Tú lo tienes largo
yo lo tengo hondo;
meneas tu cachita
siempre hacemos algo.

(b) Botón sobre botón,
botón de filigrana;
a que no me la adivinas
ni de aquí a pasado mañana.

Id.

Id.

456.

(a) Pi llaman los pollitos,
miento si no es verdad;
el que no me la adivina
bruto animal será.

(c) Botón sobre botón,
botón de colombiana;
a que no me la adivina
ni de aquí a pasado mañana.

Id.

Pimiento.

(b) Pi trae por nombre,
miento si digo verdad;
el que no lo adivine
es un burrito animal.

(d) Botón de filigrana,
de filigrana botón;
a que no me la adivina
ni de aquí a por la mañana.

Id.

Id.

(c) Pi, dicen los pollos.
Miento si digo la verdad.

(e) Botón sobre botón,
botón de filigrana;
a que no me la adivinas
ni de aquí a por la mañana.

Id.

Id.

¹ In New Mexico the answer is *olla de frijoles y meneador*.

- (f) Botón sobre botón,
botón de filigrana;
a que no me la adivina
hasta pasado mañana. Piña. 462.
Andando por un camino
me encontré con un convento,
las monjas vestidas de blanco;
más arriba dos ventanas,
más arriba dos espejos,
y doblando por una esquina
la calle real por donde
se pasean los caballeros. Piojos.
- (g) Botón sobre botón,
botoncito de avellanas;
a que no me adivinas
ni de aquí a pasado mañana. Id. 463.
(a) En el monte fué nacido
lo que nunca fué sembrado;
echa la flor amarilla
y el bonete colorado. Pitahaya.
- (i) Botón sobre botón,
botón de filigrana,
a que no me la adivinan
de aquí a tres semanas. Id. (b) En el monte fué nacido
lo que nunca fué sembrado;
ella la flor amarilla
y él violeta o colorado. Id.
- (j) Tablitas sobre tablitas,
tablón sobre tablón;
a que no me adivina
de aquí a la oración. Id. (c) En el monte hay un bejuco,
el que nadie ha sembrado;
y en la puerta del cogollo
echa un botón colorado. Id.
459. (d) Verde yo la ví nacer,
aunque nunca fué sembrada;
echa la flor amarilla,
su semilla es colorada. Id.
- (a) Tablita sobre tablita,
sobre tablita un tablón,
sobre el tablón una dama,
sobre la dama una flor. Id. (e) Verde la ví nacer
la que nunca fué sembrada;
tiene la flor amarilla
y la fruta colorada. Id.
- (b) Piñita sobre piñita,
sobre piñita piñón,
sobre piñón paño fino,
sobre paño fino, flor. Id. 464.
460. (a) Oro no es,
plata no es;
abre la cortina
y verás lo que es. Plátano.
- Qué cosa, qué cosa
tan maravillosa,
que de un pino verde
nace una rosa.
Y de una rosa
nace un pincel.
Diga, señorita,
¿qué puede ser? Id. (b) Oro no es;
plata no es;
a que no la adivinas
de aquí a la oración. Id.
461. (c) Oro no es,
plata no es,
alza la cortina
y verás lo que es. Id.
- Una bolsita bien remendadita,
y maldita la puntadita. Id.

- (d) Oro no soy,
plata no soy;
abre la puerta
y verás lo que es.

Plátano.

465.

Sábana blanca,
la flor morada;
detrás de la cosa
la pendejada.

Id.

466.

- (a) Una niña tan decente,
tuvo un hijo por la frente,
y por ser su parto airoso,
por no volver a parir,
a la muerte quiso sufrir
un cuchillo rigoroso.

(La mata de) plátano.

- (b) Una niña muy decente
pare los hijos por la frente.

Id.

467.

¿Cuál es la planta
que antes de parir la fruta
deja a sus hijos criados?

Plátano.

468.

- (a) Blanquito mi nacimiento
y verde mi mocedad,
amarilla mi vejez,
y cuando me vine a morir
negrito como una pez.

Id.

- (b) Verde fué mi nacimiento,
amarilla mi vejez;
cuando me vine a morir
todo prieto me quedé.

Id.

- (c) Verde fué mi juventud,
amarilla mi vejez,
y cuando me quise morir,
me puse como la pez.

Id.

- (d) Verde fué mi nacimiento,
amarilla mi vejez,
y cuando vine a morir
fuí negro como una pez.

Id.

- (e) Rojo fué mi nacimiento,
verde fué mi mocedad,
amarilla mi vejez,
y cuando vine a morir
negrito como una pez.

Id.

- (f) Blanco fué mi nacimiento
verde fué mi mocedad,
amarilla mi vejez;
adivina qué será.

Id.

- (g) Verde fué mi nacimiento,
amarilla mi vejez;
y cuando me fuí a morir
tan negro como una pez.

Id.

- (h) Verde fué mi juventud,
amarilla mi vejez;
y cuando me fuí a morir
me puse como la pez.

Id.

469.

- (a) Blanquito es,
en él se come.
¿Qué será?

Plato.

- (b) Es blanco y no se come,
y sirve para comer.

Id.

470.

Sábana blanca,
semilla negra
dos que la miran
y tres que la riegan.

La pluma, papel y tinta.

471.

Vestida nací con más gentileza,
cortáronme gente mi noble cabeza;
ando por el mundo gimiendo y
llorando,
y con lágrimas negras yo les voy
hablando.

Pluma.

472.

Cortáronme la cabeza
y de ella me hicieron pies;
me andaron de tierra en tierra;
adivina lo que es.

Id.

473.

- (a) Andando por mi camino
me encontré un niño sin brazos,
por comerle el corazón
le hice el alma pedazos.

La patilla.
(Véase 437.)

- (b) Andando por un camino
me encontré un niño sin brazos;
por comerle el corazón
le hice el cuerpo pedazos.

La patilla.

474.

Mi peludo está echado,
pelú dice que no se levanta
hasta que monde no eche pelo.

Pollito.

475.

Nació el arán con ti,
sin pata, sin cabeza, y sin arí.
Y volvió y nació que el arán con ti,
con pata, con cabeza y con arí.

Pollo.

476.

Es puerto y no se embarcan;
es rico y no tiene ochavos.

Puerto Rico.

477.

Ramona me dió un consuelo,
Basilia se disgustó;
no quiero que me consuele
disgusto no quiero yo.

Rábano.

478.

- (a) Cien varillas en un varillal,
ni verdes ni maduras
se pueden cortar.

Rayos del sol.

- (b) Cien damas en un corral
que ni secas ni verdes
se pueden cortar.

Id.

- (c) Cien varillitas en un varillal,
ni verdes ni secas se pueden cortar.

Id.

479.

Mi padre en Francia
y yo aquí,
me hizo una guiñada,
y yo desde aquí lo ví.

Relámpago.

480.

- (a) Soy un buen mozo
valiente y gallardo,
gasto doce damas
para mi regalo;
todas van en coche
y gastan sus cuartos
todas llevan medias,
pero no zapatos.

Reloj.

- (b) Tengo doce damas
para mi resguardo,
pero no zapatos.

Id.

481.

Dios con ser Dios no ha podido
ni el pastor por la montaña
ver lo que vió el rey de España.

(Otro) Rey gobernando.
(Véase 300.)

482.

- (a) Largo, largo como un camino,
y hoza como un cochino.

Río.

- (b) Largo, largo como un camino
y hoza tanto como un cochino.

Id.

- (c) Largo como un camino,
y hoza como un cochino.

Id.

- (d) Largo, largo como un camino,
y va hozando como un cochino.

Id.

483.

De padre negro nací,
yo soy blanco por mi suerte,
y como yo soy tan fuerte
hasta a mi padre vencí.

Ron.

484.

- (a) Una dama entró aquí
y un galán entró con ella,
y la dama se salió
y el galán quedó preñado de ella.

(Botella de) ron.

- (b) Un hombre se enamoró
de una doncella preñada;
la doncella se despreñó
y él se quedó preñado.

Id.

- (c) Un galán se enamoró
de una preñada doncella;
ella se despenñó
y él quedó preñado de ella.

Id.

485.

Sábana blanca
está tendida,
torito negro
le baila encima.

Ropa y plancha.

486.

Con las últimas letras
de cuatro flores,
se celebra el dulce nombre
de mis amores;
saca la cuenta:
Azahar, Jacinto, Malvas
y Violeta.

Rosa.

487.

Diez monedas me entregaron
más finas que un reloj;
tienen un letrado que dice:
guárdame que soy de Dios.

El rosario.

488.

Ciento cincuenta doncellas
son hijas de quince padres;
unas le piden el pan
y otras le piden el ave.

Id.

489.

En el mar está una copa,
en la copa una bebida,
en la bebida una rosa,
y en la rosa una María.

Rosmarino.

490.

- (a) ¿Qué cosa tiene el molino
precisa y no necesaria,
que no molerá sin ella
y no le sirve de nada?

Ruido.

- (b) ¿Qué cosa tiene el molino
preciso y no necesario,
que no molerá sin ello
y no le sirve de nada?

Id.

- (c) Una cosa tiene el coche
que no le sirve de nada,
ni es preciso, ni hace falta,
y no puede andar sin ella.

Id.

491.

Un coche con arnés
y caballos y con cochero,
y sin eso no puede andar.

Id.

492.

¿Qué es lo que lleva un carro
cuando va andar,
que no puede andar sin él,
y no le hace falta?

Id.

493.

- (a) En el mundo ha nacido
lo que nunca se sembró,
bajo el nombre de Dios
y nunca fué bautizado.

Rui señor.

- (b) En el monte ha nacido
lo que nunca se ha sembrado,
tiene el nombre del señor
y no ha sido bautizado.

Id.

- (c) En el monte fué nacido
lo que nunca fué criado,
tiene el nombre del Señor
y no ha sido bautizado.

Id.

- (d) En el monte fuí nacido,
en el monte fuí criado;
traje nombre del señor
y nunca fuí bautizado.

Id.

494.

Soy blanca como la nieve,
en el campo fuí criada;
como a los perros me llaman
diciéndome: sal, aquí.
El mismo rey en persona,
no puede pasar sin mí.

Sal.

495.

Me dicen "sal de mi casa,"
como si yo un perro fuera.
No hay caballero en la ciudad
que en su casa no me quiera.

Id.

496.

En casa de rey Viruta
me dijeron, "Sal de aquí."
Siempre me está botando
y nunca salgo de allí.

Id.

497.

- (a) Chiquitita como un arador,
sube a la mesa del gobernador.

Id.

- (b) Chiquititita como un arador,
y subiera a casa del gobernador.

Id.

- (c) Chiquitito como un arador,
y sube a la mesa del emperador.

Sal o salero.

498.

En la casa del rey me comen;
no pueden estar sin mí
y me botan como perro.
Sal.

499.

Soy moza que tengo sal,
digna como esposa soy;
en la caja o al mar voy;
en la mesa fina soy;
me hallarás siempre muy fina
pero no me lo adivina.
Sardina.

500.

(a) De siete hermanas que somos,
yo la primera nací.
Y soy la más chiquita.
¿Cómo puede ser así?
Semana Santa.

(b) De siete hermanas que somos
soy la menor en edad.
He nacido la más vieja
¿dime bien lo que será?
Id.

(c) De siete hermanas que somos,
¿cómo esto va a ser así?
siendo yo la más chiquita
fui la primera que nací.
Semana chiquita de la
cuaresma.

501.

Tengo una vaca en el campo,
que mientras más come
más flaca se pone.
Serrucho.

502.

Alto lo tiro,
bajo lo espero;
fuerte te amarra,
dientes de acero.
La Sierra.

503.

Por el quitipón un doblo,
y por el que llevo
entre las piernas un millón.
Silla y caballo.

504.

(a) Dicen que soy rey
y no tengo reino,
dicen que soy rubio
y no tengo pelo,
y dicen que ando
y no me meneo
y arreglo relojes
sin ser relojero.

Sol

(b) Dicen que soy rey
y no tengo reino;
dicen que soy rubio
y no tengo pelo;
dicen que yo ando
y no me meneo;
compongo relojes
y no soy relojero.

Id

(c) Dicen que soy rey
y no tengo reino;
afirman que ando
y no me meneo;
arreglo relojes
y no soy relojero.

Id.

(d) Dicen que soy rey
y no tengo reino;
afirman que ando
y no me meneo;
compongo relojes
sin ser relojero.

Id.

(e) Dicen que soy rubio
y no tengo pelo;
afirman que ando
y no me meneo,
arreglo relojes
sin ser relojero.

Id.

505.

Soga larga,
paso hondo,
si no se dobla
no llega al fondo.

Id.

506.

(a) Es sol y no alumbra,
y es sal y no salada.
Salsal (*sic*).

- (b) Entre flor y flor lechuga,
entre lechuga una flor;
entre la flor Nicolasa,
y entre Nicolasa el sol.

Salsal (*sic*).
La hostia (*sic*).

507.

Procedo de sol y luna,
ambos nunca puedo ver.
Espíritu no es mi ser,
sustancia en mí no hay ninguna.
A veces soy importuna,
otras veces favorable;
y soy fija ya notable.
Corro y ando, mas sin pies.
En todas partes estaré,
y siempre soy imparcial.

Sombra.

508.

Una negra, al parecer,
con el mirar se mantiene;
tiene carne y no la tiene;
que la carne la tengo yo,
y es la que mi cuerpo tiene.

Id.

509.

Con ser ninguno mi ser
muchas varas en el día;
suelo menguar y crecer
y no me puedo mover,
si no tengo compañía.

Id.

510.

Es una figura
que de mi ser se mantiene;
tiene cuerpo y carne no,
porque su carne soy yo
de la que su cuerpo tiene.

Id.

511.

Nunca podrás alcanzarme
por más que corras tras mí;
aunque quieras separarte
siempre irás tú junto a mí.

512.

Corrí, corrí,
me doble y no la cogí.

Id.

513.

Fuí al mar y me bañé,
toqué el agua y no me mojé.

Id.

514.

¿Cuál es la cosa que entra
en el río y no se moja?
No es sol ni luna,
ni cosa ninguna.

Id.

515.

- (a) En la mano soy cortés;
en mi lugar desatento;
soy el juguete del viento
y superior a un Marqués.

Sombrero.

- (b) En mi mano soy cortés,
en mi lugar desatento;
soy juguete del viento,
soy superior.

Id.

516.

Toda la noche
morra que morra;
y por la mañana
te zampa la porra.

Id.

517.

Si quieres aquí, aquí,
si quieres, en la cama,
junta el pelo
y queda lo negro.

Sueño.

518.

Estaba porque la ví,
y porque la ví estaba
sobre la pierna,
y sobre la pierna estaba.

La taba (de la rodilla).

519.

- (a) Chiquitita como una pulga
y cría orejas como mulas.

Tabaco.

- (b) Pequeñito más que una pulga,
y tiene orejas de burro.

Id.

- (c) Chiquitito como una pulga
y tiene orejas como una mula.

Tabaco.

520.

Del color de mi vestido
tengo yo mi corazón;
no soy pícaro entremetido
y me gasta en conversación.

Id.

521.

Largo como una cuarta,
sin hueso y sin coyuntura;
cógelo niña en tu mano
y métele en tu hendedura.

Id.

522.

Eres clavel y eres rosa
eres rosa sin abrir,
eres cachiporra y porra,
barriga de tamboril.

Tamboril.

523.

Las tres letras vocales
con la R, S y T,
tiene el nombre de mi dama
de quien yo me enamoré,
y en la postrera que digo
voy diciendo lo que es.

Teresa.

524.

Cuatro vasos llenos,
y ninguno se derrama.

Las tetas (de vaca).

525.

- (a) Arón se llama mi nombre,
sacerdote en tierra soy;
mi casa está sobre el agua.
Acíérteme usted quien soy.

Tiburón.

- (b) Arón me llamo en el mundo
capitán y activo soy,
mi casa tengo en el agua
y mi nombre dice quien soy.

Id.

526.

Un hombre murió sin culpa
porque Dios no lo crió,
y su abuela estuvo doncella
hasta que el nieto murió.

La tierra.

527.

- (a) Dos hermanas diligentes
andaban a un compás,
con dos picos en la frente,
y con dos ojos atrás.

Tijeras.

- (b) Yo y mi hermana diligentes
andamos en un compás,
con las piernas hacía adelante
y los ojos hacia atrás.

Id.

- (c) Dos palomas van volando
y ambas van a un compás,
el pico llevan para adelante,
y los ojos llevan para atrás.

Id.

- (d) Tengo en mi casa guardado
lo que no quiero prestar,
tiene las puntas para adelante
y la cabeza para atrás.

Id.

- (e) En mi casa tengo
lo que no puedo prestar,
tiene la cabeza por abajo
y los pies para adelante.

Id.

- (f) Tengo en mi casa guardado
lo que no quiero emprestar,
tiene las puntas para adelante
y la cabeza para atrás.

Id.

- (g) Mi comadre la negrita,
mírala qué linda va;
con ojitos para atrás
y las patitas para adelante.

Id.

- (h) Mi comadre la negrita,
tan ligerita que va,
con las patitas para adelante
y los ojitos para atrás.

Id.

- (i) El diablito de la negrita
qué ligerito va,
con las patillas para adelante
y la cabeza para atrás.

Id.

- (j) Ojos para adelante
y pico para atrás.

Id.

528.

Tengo dos puntas en la cabeza;
dos ojos en los pies;
y para hacerme trabajar,
los ojos me han de tapar.

Tijeras.

529.

(a) Junto al pie,
junto al culo,
métele el brazo
y sácale el jugo.

Tinaja.

(b) Póngote el pie
junto al culo,
métote el dedo
y sacote el jugo.

Id.

530.

¿Qué se dice con el to,
con el sí y con el no?

Tocino.

531.

Toma sol a tu morada,
te enamora ese color
¿entiendes el tomasol?
y fíjame una mirada;
contesta mujer amada,
como quedaría esa flor.

Tomasol.

532.

San Juan va y San Juan viene,
y San Juan siempre tieso lo tiene.

Trapiche.

533.

Una madre detrás de un hijo,
un hijo detrás de una madre;
ni la madre alcanza al hijo,
ni el hijo alcanza a la madre.

Id.

534.

Tiene los brazos en la cabeza,
los dientes en la barriga,
y si le dan que comer
suena como cosa viva.

Id.

535.

(a) De alto suele caer,
con salto brinco y ligero;
tiene patas y pies de acero;
con capa no puede bailar
y sin capa puede bailar;
la capa le han de quitar
para que pueda bailar.

Trompo.

(b) De un alto suele bajar
con brincos, saltos, ligero;
tiene plumas, pies de acero,
sabe escribir y bailar;
con capa no puede estar,
ni sin capa estar tampoco,
y para volverse loco
la capa le han de quitar.

Id.

(c) De lo alto lo vide bajar
con prontitud y ligero;
trae su pluma que es de acero,
sabe escribir y contar;
con capa no puede andar
y sin la capa tampoco;
y para volverse loco
la capa le han de quitar.

Id.

(d) De alto lo ví bajar
a un bailador muy ligero;
tiene capa, tiene acero,
sabe escribir y bailar;
sin capa no puede andar
ni puede bailar tampoco;
y para volverse loco
la capa le han de quitar.

Id.

(e) Del alto suele bajar,
como salta y brinca ligero;
tiene los pies de acero,
sabe escribir y contar;
sin capa no puede andar
ni con capa andar tampoco.

Id.

(f) La capa le han de quitar,
sabe escribir y bailar;
tiene capa y tiene acero,
y para volverse loco
le han de quitar el sombrero.

Id.

(g) Cota me dan para andar,
para andar me dan cota,
y para poder andar
la cota me han de quitar.

Id.

(h) De alto viene bajando,
con mucho viento y ligero,
en la punta trae acero,
y para empezar a bailar
la capa le han de quitar.

Id.

(i) De lo alto vengo bajando
con largo tranco y ligero;
carga pluma, carga acero,
y más sin igual,
para volverme loco,
la capa me han de quitar.

Trompo.

(j) Del alto vengo bajando,
con largo tranco y ligero;
carga pluma, carga acero,
sé escribir y contar,
y para volverme loco
la capa me han de quitar.

Id.

(k) Y para que se vuelva loco
la capa le han de quitar.

Id.

536.

¿Cuál es la flor que tiene
saya, chaqueta, camisa y pantalón?

La Tulipa doble.

537.

Con T, me llamo Teresa,
con U, me llamo Urbana,
con P, me llamo Pepita,
con A, me llamo Americana;
ajusta esas cuatro letras
y verás como me llamo.

Tupa.

538.

(a) Cuatro losas,
cuatro telosas,
un pujavante
y un espanta moscas.

Vaca.

(b) Cuatro telosas,
cuatro mamosas,
dos tenefantes,
y el espanta moscas.

Id.

(c) Cuatro telosas
cuatro mamosas,
dos tira mantos
y un espanta moscas.

Id.

(d) Cuatro telosas,
cuatro mendosas,
dos puso adelante
y un espanta moscas.

Id.

(e) Cuatro telosas,
cuatro mamosas,
dos pujabantes
y un quita moscas.

Vaca, (las patas, etc.).

(f) Cuatro pelotas
cuatro mendosas,
dos pujavantes
y un bota moscas.

Vaca.

(g) Cuatro mamosas,
cuatro telosas;
un mirabá
y un espanta moscas.

Id.

539.

Dos duro — duros,
cuatro dale — dales,
un espanta moscas
y cuatro manantiales.

La vaca, (las patas, las tetas,
los cuernos y el rabo).

540.

(a) Por aquel camino va
caminando y no es gente.
Adivínalo, prudente,
que el nombre quedó ya atrás.

Vaca.

(b) Por un caminito va
caminando quien no es gente.
Adivina, prudente
que el nombre lo ves atrás.

Id.

541.

Cuco sobre cuco,
debajo un cuco,
un me guarranche,
guarranche inche,
garabato empareje.

Id.

542.

(a) Caballito sin tripas
y sin panza,
anda la villa,
y no se cansa.

Vapor.

(b) Un caballito sin tripas
y sin panza,
anda todo el mundo entero
y no se cansa.

Id.

543.

Del monte sale
con gran frescura,
y de España viene
con gran donosura.

Vapor.

544.

Tira tranco largo,
paso regular.

Id.

545.

(a) En el monte nace,
y en el monte crece;
viene al pueblo
y todo se lo merece.

Vara del alcalde.

(b) En el monte nace
en el monte crece,
y llega al pueblo
y todos le obedecen.

Id.

(c) En el monte nace,
en el monte crece,
sale a la calle
y todos la obedecen.

Id.

546.

Lo meto seco
y lo saco mojado.

Vaso (o copa cuando se
mete en la tinaja).

Id.

547.

(a) Una dama entró aquí,
un galán entró con ella;
ni se ha ido, ni está aquí,
no sé dar razón de ella.

Vela.

(b) Una dama entró aquí,
un galán entró con ella;
ni se ha ido, ni está aquí,
ni sé donde estará ella.

Id.

(c) Una dama entró aquí,
y un galán entró con ella,
ni se ha ido, ni está aquí,
ni sabemos qué fué de ella.

Id.

(d) Una dama entró aquí,
un galán entró con ella.
No se ha ido ni está aquí,
¿qué se ha hecho de esta doncella?
Id.

(e) Por aquí pasó una dama,
un galán iba con ella;
ni se ha ido, ni está aquí,
¿dónde estará esa doncella?
Id.

(f) Por aquí pasó una dama
vestida toda de seda;
ni se ha ido, ni está aquí,
¿qué diremos de ella?
Id.

(g) Una dama entró aquí,
un galán entró con ella;
ni se ha quedado
ni está aquí.
Id.

548.

(a) Una dama muy delgada
y de palidez mortal,
que se alegra y se reanima
cuando la van a quemar.
Id.

(b) Una dama fina y pálida
de estatura natural,
que se alegra y se reanima
cuando la van a quemar.
Id.

549.

Al ver una señora
me causó la risa.
Le ví por fuera la carne
y por dentro la camisa.
Id.

550.

La señora desde que nació
mientras más grande va creciendo
más chiquita se va poniendo.
Id.

551.

Blanquito como una vela,
y por dentro la candela.
Id.

552.
 (a) Una vieja larga y flaca
 va chorreando la manteca. Vela. *Id.*
 (b) Una vieja larga y seca,
 chorreando la manteca. *Id.*
 (c) Una vieja larga y flaca,
 y le chorrea la manteca. *Id.*
 (d) Larga y flaca
 y echa manteca
 por las costillas. *Id.*
553.
 En las manos soy cortés,
 en mi lugar desatento;
 soy el juguete del viento
 y superior a un Marqués. Velo. *Id.*
 (Véase sombrero.)
554.
 Es venta y no se vende,
 es ana y no es gente. Ventana. *Id.*
555.
 (a) Ví sentada en un balcón
 una hermosa Catalana;
 léele el primer renglón
 y verás como se llama. Vicenta. *Id.*
 (b) Ví sentada en un balcón
 una rosa catalana;
 lee el primer renglón
 y verás como se llama. *Id.*
 (c) Ví sentada en un balcón
 una hermosísima dama;
 deletrea el primer renglón
 y verás como se llama. *Id.*
 (d) Ví sentada en un balcón
 una hermosísima dama;
 estudia el primer renglón
 y verás como se llama. *Id.*
556.
 ¿Qué es lo que hay en el mundo
 que la tierra no le puede? Vidrio negro.
557.
 (a) Chiquitín, chiquitín,
 como un granito de anís;
 comerás, comerás
 y nunca adivinarás. Viento. *Id.*
 (b) Chiquití, chiquití
 como grano de anís;
 beberás, beberás,
 y nunca adivinarás. *Id.*
558.
 (a) Sopla sin alas,
 silba sin boca.
 Tú no lo ves
 ni lo tocas. *Id.*

(b) Vuela sin alas,
silba sin boca.
Tú no lo ves
ni lo tocas.

Viento.

(c) Azota sin mano,
silba sin boca;
y tú no lo ves
ni lo tocas.

Id.

559.

(a) Cien damas en un castillo,
todas visten de morado.

Violetas.

(b) Cien damas en un prado,
todas visten de morado.

Id.

(c) Cien damas en un cercado,
todas visten de morado.

Id.

560.

En el monte nace,
y en el monte se cría,
y entra a la iglesia
con mucha alegría.

Violín.

561.

Ya Uclides está preparando,
tía lavando el negrito;
si yo no me precipito
la mesa me está aguardando.

Yautía.

562.

Cuatro telosas,
cuatro mamosas,
un mirabal,
y un espanta moscas.

Yunta de bueyes y el arado.
(Véase vaca.)

563.

(a) Estudiante que estudiáis
en los libros de San Juan,
¿cuál es el ave del monte,
que tiene el nombre de San?

Zancudo.

(b) Estudiante que estudiáis
en el libro de San Juan,
¿cuál es el ave que vuela
que el nombre tiene de san?

Id.

564.

(a) De los altos montes vengo,
de pegar una sangría;
dejando al enfermo sano
al punto de perder la vida.

Id.

(b) De alto vengo volando
a pegarte una sombría.
Al malo lo pongo bueno;
regreso a perder la vida.

Id.

565.

(a) Estudiador que estudiaste
en los libros de Mahoma,
dime cual es el animal
que vuela y no hace sombra.

Id.

(b) Estudiador que estudiaste,
en los libros de Mahoma,
me dirás cómo se llama
el ave que vuela y no hace sombra.

Id.

566.

De los altos montes vengo
a pegar una sangría,
a sacar la sangre mala
y dejar sana la herida.

Id.

567.

(a) Brinco de la cama
y caigo encima de ti,
si no te lo meto,
¿qué será de mí?

Zapato.

(b) Salto de la cama
caigo encima de ti,
si no me los das
¿qué será de ti?

Id.

568.

Mi marido me dijo
que se lo metiera todo,
y yo se lo metí
hasta la meta.

Id.

569.

Debajo te tengo,
metértelo quiero.
¡Mal rayo te parta
si no te lo meto!

Id.

570.
Chiquito como la mano
y carga tanto como un caballo.
Zapato.

571.
Una casa bien compuesta,
de pellejo de animales;
unas hermanas viven en ella
para librarse de males.

Zapatos.

572.
Del acero lo fabrican,
yerba, nuestro cuerpo es;
andamos de dos en dos
y con la punta en los pies.

Zapatos y medias.

573.
(a) Todas las mujeres
los tienen enteros,
por su gusto y gana
se rompen el cuero,
y quedan colgando
sus dos compañeros.

Los zarcillos.

(b) Todas las mujeres
los tienen enteros,
y por su gusto y gana
se rompen el cuero,
y les quedan colgando
sus dos compañeros.

Id.

B. RIDDLES WHICH INVOLVE JESTS, PLAY UPON WORDS, ETC.

574.
¿En qué se parece una vela a un soldado?—En que llega a cabo.

575.
¿En qué se parece un cigarro a un soldado?—En que asciende a cabo.

576.
¿En qué se parecen las policías a las velas?—En que se hacen cabos.

577.
¿En qué se parecen las casas a los hombres?—En que tienen frente.

578.
¿En qué se parece el gato al cura?—En que caza (casan).

579.
¿En qué se parece un alfiler a una vela?—En que se prende.

580.
¿En qué se parece Cataño a un baile de Jíbaros?—En que se empieza con punta y se acaba con grandes palos.

581.
¿En qué se parece una pluma de escribir a un paraguas?—En que se moja.

582.
¿En qué se parece el sol a mí?—En que son dos notas musicales.

583.
¿En qué se parece un periódico a una iglesia?—En que tiene columnas.

584.
¿En qué se parece Cataño a una muñeca?—En que no tiene acueducto.

585.

¿En qué se parece un ladrón a un calvo?—En que no tiene pelo.

586.

¿En qué se parece San Pedro a una mazorca de maíz?—En las barbas.

587.

¿En qué se parece el Cristo al mori-viví?—En que muere y resucita.

588.

¿En qué se parece el cigarro al cerdo?—En que tiene capa y tripa.

589.

¿En qué se parece la escuela a la cárcel?—En que castigan.

590.

¿En qué se parece el perro al hombre casado?—En que le ponen esposa.

591.

¿En qué se parece la aguja a la rosa?—En que se deshoja.

592.

¿En qué se parece un vapor a una aguja?—En que entra y sale.

593.

¿En qué se parece una casa al cementerio?—En que tiene paredes.

594.

¿En qué se parece el río a un muchacho?—En que crece.

595.

¿En qué se parece la noche al carbón?—En que es negra.

596.

¿En qué se parece el sol a la luz?—En que alumbra.

597.

¿En qué se parece el cerro a la mujer?—En que tiene falda.

598.

¿En qué se parece el seborrugo a la mujer?—*Id.*

599.

¿En qué se parece el Olmo a un fonógrafo?—En que tiene records.

600.

¿En qué se parece un profesor a una señora en cinta?—En los 9 meses que ejerce.

601.

¿En qué se parece la ceniza al pájaro?—En que vuela.

602.

¿En qué se parece una mesa a una vaca?—En que tiene cuatro patas.

603.

¿En qué se parece la orquesta al río?—En que tiene bajo.

604.

¿En qué se parece la ceniza a la sal?—En que es salada.

605.

¿En qué se parece el gallo al trovador?—En que canta.

606.

¿En qué se parece el zancudo al ají?—En que pica.

607.

¿En qué se parecen las casas de los pobres al tren?—En los anuncios.

608.

¿En qué se parece la casa del pobre al tren?—*Id.*

609.

¿En qué se parece el hacha al caballo?—En que se desboca.

610.

¿En qué se parece un carpintero a una nación?—En que tiene escuadra.

611.

¿En qué se parece una fruta a una plancha?—En que se pasa.

612.

¿En qué se parece una iglesia cerrada a un tísico?—En que no tiene cura.

613.

¿En qué se parece la candela a la sed?—En que se apaga con agua.

614.

¿En qué se parece un tren a una manzana?—En que no es-pera.

615.

¿En qué se parece el Coamo al Pepita?—En que tiene caldera.

616.

¿A qué se parece mas un perro negro?—A una perra negra.

617.

¿Cuál es el animal que más se parece al oso?—La osa.

618.

¿Cuál es el animal que más se parece al hombre?—La mujer.

619.

¿Cuál es el animal que más se parece al gato?—La gata.

620.

¿Cuál es el hijo que nace primero que su madre?—El cajuil.

621.

¿Cuál es el pez que tiene el cuerpo más lejos que la cabeza?—El bacalao.

622.

¿Cuál es el árbol que si nunca florece por la noche florece?—El árbol donde duermen las gallinas.

623.

¿Cuál es la noche más larga de todo el año?—Noche Buena.

624.

¿Cuál es el árbol que tiene las hojas por un lado blancas y por el otro negras?—Noche y día.

625.

¿Cuál es el árbol que tiene la mitad de las hojas negras y la mitad blancas?—El tiempo.

626.

¿Cuál es el animal que no tiene huesos?—La lapa.

627.

¿Cuál es el santo más chiquito del cielo?—San Tito.

628.

¿Cuál es la mata que tiene nombre y apellido?—El mori-viví.

629.

¿Cuál es el palo que tiene nombre y apellido?—El laurel sabino.

630.

¿Cuál es el animal que hace sus hijos con las patas?—El pato.

631.

¿Cuál es el hombre que más crece?—El río.

632.

¿Cuál es el animal que tiene las patas en la cabeza?—El piojo.

633.

¿Cuál es el animal que se llama, por donde se amarra?—La pata.

634.

¿Cuál es el hombre que trabaja más alegre?—El Barrendero, porque barrriendo.

635.

¿Cuál es el animal que anda como gato, caza ratones y hace todas las cosas que hacen los gatos y no es gato?—La gata.

636.

¿Cuál es el animal que tiene huesos antes que la carne?—El juey.

637.

¿Cuál es el padre de los hijos de Sevedeo?—Sevedeo.

638.

¿Cuál fué el hijo que vió nacer a su madre?—El humo.

639.

¿Cuál es el animal que carga su casa en la espalda?—El caracol.

640.

¿Cuál es el animal que anda con la casa encima?—*Id.*

641.

¿Cuál es el animal que pone más cerca de la cocina?—La gallina.

642.

¿Cuál es el mes en que menos hablan las mujeres?—Febrero.

643.

¿Cuáles fueron los primeros que vieron la tierra Americana?—Los ojos.

644.

¿Cuántas plantas hay en el mundo?—Sin cuenta.

645.

¿Cuántas estrellas hay en el cielo?—*Id.*

646.

¿Qué es lo que se echa en agua y siempre se bolla?—Cebolla.

647.

¿Qué es lo que siempre nos acompaña en la claridad?—Sombra.

648.

¿Qué es lo que cura y no es cura?—El médico.

649.

¿Qué es lo que se pone sobre todas las cosas?—El nombre.

650.

¿Qué es lo que cuesta una peseta y se le puede estar sacando todo un año?
—Almanaque.

651.

¿Qué es lo que largo no alcanza y corto se sobra?—El brazo al comer.

652.

¿Qué es lo que se echa al agua y no se moja?—Sombra.

653.

¿Qué es lo que pasa por el agua y que no se moja?—*Id.*

654.

¿Qué es lo que anda por la mañana en cuatro pies, al mediodía en dos y a la tarde en tres?—El hombre.

655.

¿Qué es lo que se pone en la mesa, que se corta y no se come?—La baraja.

656.

¿Qué le dan a uno para comer y no se lo come?—El plato.

657.

¿Qué es lo que se pone en la mesa para comer y no se come?—El plato, la cuchara.

658.

¿Qué es lo que se mete en agua y no se moja?—La imagen.

659.

¿Qué es lo que se sube a la cama antes de subirse la persona?—La sombra.

660.

¿Qué es lo que se cae en el agua y no se moja?—*Id.*

661.

¿Qué estará el rey haciendo en su palacio?—*Id.*

662.

¿Qué es lo primero que hace el buey cuando sale el sol?—*Id.*

663.

¿Qué es lo primero que uno hace cuando sale para ir a la escuela?—*Id.*

664.

¿Qué es lo que de día chan, chan, y de noche nada?—Las chinelas.

665.

¿Qué cosa es que mientras más se mira menos se ve?—La obscuridad.

666.

¿Qué es lo que sirve para comer y no se come?—La cuchara.

667.

¿Qué es lo que la gata tiene que no puede tener otro animal?—Gatitos.

668.

¿Qué es lo que no se gasta nunca?—El nombre.

669.

¿Qué fué lo que hizo Dios que no acabó?—La higuera.

670.

¿Qué es lo primero que hace uno cuando se va a bañar?—Mojarse.

671.

¿Qué es lo más seguro que hay?—La muerte.

672.

¿Qué es lo que come por la boca y echa por las costillas?—El molino.

673.

¿Qué es lo que le falta a un zapato despues de hecho?—Hacerle el otro.

674.

¿Qué es lo que se hace sin pensar?—Pestañear.

675.

¿Qué es que antes de hacerla, lo es?—Pez.

676.

¿Qué potencia es la que carga el rabo en la boca?—El río.

677.

¿Qué es lo que se corta y no sé por donde parte?—El agua.

678.

¿Qué es lo más duro de un cerdo?—El grito.

679.

¿Qué es más obscuro que la noche?—La pobreza.

680.

¿Qué es lo que más huele en una botica?—La nariz del boticario.

681.

¿Qué es lo que se oye y no se puede ver?—El viento.

682.

¿Cuál es el colmo de un carpintero?—Que las hijas le salgan *traviesas* y los hijos *listones*.

683.

¿Cuál es el colmo de un dentista?—Poner una caja de dientes a la boca del Morro.

684.

¿Cuál es el colmo de un sastre?—Hacer mangas para un brazo de mar.

685.

¿Cuál es el colmo de la fuerza?—Doblar una esquina.

686.

¿Qué hay en el medio de Ponce?—La letra *n*.

687.

¿Qué se encuentra en medio de San Juan?—La jota.

688.

¿Qué es lo que traspasa el cristal antes de romperse?—La vista.

689.

¿Qué es lo que entre más se le saca más grande se pone?—El roto.

690.

Un saco lleno de qué pesa menos?—De agujeros.

691.

Un sombrero lleno de qué pesa menos?—De agujeritos.

692.

¿Qué cosa es y es de entender, que mientras más le quitan más grande es?—El hoyo.

693.

¿Qué es, qué es, que mientras más se le pica menos se ve?—Pozo.

694.

¿Qué será lo que se le saca y más grande es?—Un hoyo.

695.

Un calabozo lleno ¿de qué pesa menos?—De agujeros.

696.

¿De qué se llenará un saco que pese menos?—Agujeros.

697.

¿Qué es lo que se dice que no se oye?—Lo que se dice con el pensamiento.

698.

¿Qué hizo Dios más en el monte?—Palos tuertos.

699.

¿Qué es lo último del fin?—La letra *n*.

700.

¿Qué es lo primero del principio?—La letra *p*.

701.

¿Qué hizo Muñoz Rivera al poner el primer pie en la tribuna?—Poner el otro.

702.

¿Por qué el buey se babea?—Porque no puede escupir.

703.

¿Por qué flota la bandera?—Porque el viento sopla.

704.

¿Por qué es que el perro roe el hueso?—Porque no se lo puede tragar entero.

705.

¿Para qué usan los campesinos tirantes colorados?—Para aguantarse los pantalones.

706.

¿Dónde se quedó Moisés cuando se apagó la luz?—En la obscuridad.

707.

¿Con qué pica más el pescado?—Con ají.

708.

¿Cómo se le saca la leche a la vaca?—Blanca.

709.

¿De qué (e)da(d) vino Dios al mundo?—De la uva.

710.

¿A las cuántas vueltas se acuesta el perro?—A la última.

711.

¿Por qué es que si el pavo se va de la casa, si no le van a buscar no viene?—Porque el pavo tiene una arañita que la produce el mismo, y cuando ella quiere comer lo pica, y el pavo se cree que en la casa lo pican y se va de ella.

712.

¿Por qué las palomas no dejan el palomar?—Porque las más viejas siempre se quedan.

713.

¿Por qué el puerco siempre lleva la cabeza baja?—Porque se acuerda que su madre era una puerca.

714.

¿Por qué entran los perros en las iglesias?—Porque hallan las puertas abiertas.

715.

Cuando Colón puso el primer pie en tierra, ¿qué hizo después?—Puso el otro.

716.

¿Quién mató a César, “bruto?”—Bruto.

717.

¿De qué color es el caballo negro de Don Pedro?—Negro.

718.

¿En dónde es donde el lechón no tiene manteca?—En el chillido.

719.

¿Dónde le puso Dios la mano al hombre?—En la muñeca.

720.

¿Cómo se coge un lechón para matarlo?—Vivo.

721.

Para Semana Santa ¿en qué se diferencia el entierro de Dios con el de nosotros?—Dios entra en la iglesia y nosotros entramos en el cementerio.

C. RIDDLES WHICH INVOLVE ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

722.

Un pato con una pata en un corral.

¿Cuántos patos y patas hay?

Un pato cojo.

723.

Cien murciélagos

y un gorrión,

¿cuántos picos y

y patas son?

Un pico y ninguna pata.

724.

Un pato con una pata en un corral,
¿cuántos patos y picos en el corral?

Un pato y un pico.

725.

¿A cómo les tocan doce libras de carne repartidas entre dos gatos
(doce gatos)?

Seis libras a cada uno.

726.

El zapatero y su hija,
el sastre con su mujer,
comieron de nueve huevos
y les tocaron a tres.

La hija del zapatero era la mujer del sastre.

727.

El boticario y su hija,
el médico y su mujer,
comieron de nueve huevos
y les tocaron a tres.

Porque eran tres personas. La mujer
del médico era la hija del boticario.

728.

El secretario y su hija,
el sabio con su mujer,
comieron de nueve huevos
y le tocaron a tres.

El sabio era casado con la hija del secretario,
y por esta razón eran tres personas.

729.

Siete patos vi andar,
andaban perfectamente,
andaban entre la gente
con una sola pata.

Con ellos andaba una pata.

730.

Juntos dos en un borrico
los dos andan a la par;
el uno anda doce leguas
y el otro una nada más.

El minuterero de reloj que ha dado doce vueltas
cuando el horario ha dado una.

731.

En un cercado había treinta vacas,
y parieron todas la misma noche;
amanecieron treinta y un becerros,
y ninguna parió cuates.

Una vaca se llamaba Ninguna.

732.

Veinte vacas tienen veinte y un becerros
y ninguna tiene cuates.

Una vaca se llamaba Ninguna.

733.

Se dice que a bordo del barco en que vino Colón a América, dos de los marineros estaban discutiendo cuánto dinero tenían.—Si tú me dieras un centavo,—dijo uno,—yo tendría el doble que tú.—Esa no sería una división justa,—dijo Pepe,—es mejor que tú me des un centavo y entonces quedaremos iguales. ¿Cuánto dinero tenía uno de estos ricos en aquel momento?

Pepe tenía siete centavos y el otro cinco.

734.

(a) Pasaba un grupo de palomas por donde estaba un gavián y el gavián les dijo:

— Adiós mis cien palomas. Ellas le contestaron diciéndole:

— Nosotras, la mitad de nosotras, una cuarta parte de nosotras, otras tantas como nosotras y usted, señor gavián, hacemos el ciento cabal. ¿Cuántas palomas irían volando?

36 Palomas.

(b) Un cazador iba cazando y vieron unas palomas y le dijeron:

— Adiós, bando de cien palomas.

Ellas contestaron:— Nosotras, tantas como nosotras, la mitad de nosotras, la cuarta parte de nosotras y tú, gavián, componen las cien palomas. ¿Cuántas iban volando?

Id.

(c) Pasó un gavián por el lado de una palomar y les dijo:

Adiós, cien palomas. Y ellas le dijeron:— Nosotras no somos cien palomas; para nosotras ser cien palomas, se necesitan nosotras, otras tantas como nosotras, la mitad de nosotras, la cuarta parte de nosotras y Vd., Sr. gavián hacen un ciento cabal.

¿Cuántas palomas había en el palomar?

Id.

735.

Tres libras de tabaco
repartidas entre dos padres
y dos hijos.

¿Cómo se explica esto?

Abuelo, padre, hijo; eran sólo tres personas.

736.

Una vez había una canasta que tenía treinta manzanas y las repartieron entre dos madres y dos hijas. ¿Cómo se puede hacer eso?

Una madre tenía una hija y la hija tenía otra hija. La abuela era madre y la hija de ella era madre de la otra e hija de la abuela.

737.

En una casa había cien vigas,
en cada viga cien gallinas,
y en el medio un capón;
adivíname, cuántos picos
y cuántas patas son.

Ningunos.

738.

Subí a un árbol de naranjas,
sin naranjas.
El árbol tenía una naranja
y bajé con naranjas.

El hombre llevaba una naranja
y el árbol tenía una naranja,
y el hombre cogió la naranja
del árbol y bajó con dos naranjas.

739.

Un hombre tenía 17 vacas. Al morir dijo en el testamento que al hijo mayor le dieran la mitad, al menor la tercera parte y al del medio la sexta parte. ¿Cómo repartieron las vacas sin partir ninguna de ellas?

Cogiendo una prestada que hacen 18 vacas. Al mayor la mitad, o sean nueve vacas, al menor la tercera parte o sean seis vacas, y al del medio la sexta parte o sean tres vacas.

740.

Tres cazadores cazando,
tres palomas van volando;
Cada cual mató la suya
y dos se fueron volando.

Cadacual era el nombre de uno de los cazadores.

741.

En un árbol había cien pájaros. Un cazador tiró y cayó uno muerto al suelo. ¿Cuántos quedaron arriba?

Ninguno, porque todos se fueron a volar al oír el ruido.

742.

Un jugador hizo un trato con San Antonio de ir a jugar, y de cada carta que acertara le pagaba un peso; y acertó tres cartas, le pagó tres pesos a San Antonio y se fué bruja para su casa. ¿Cuánto dinero llevó a la jugada?

Dos Pesos (? *sic!*)

743.

- (a) Yendo yo para Las Mercedes
me encontré con siete mujeres.
Cada mujer llevaba un saco
y en cada saco iba un gato.
Entre gatos, sacos y mujeres,
¿cuántos iban para Las Mercedes?

Yo sólo.

- (b) Yendo para las Mercedes,
me encontré con siete mujeres;
esas siete mujeres llevaban,
siete sacos y esos sacos
llevaban siete gatos.
¿Cuántos íbamos para las Mercedes?

Uno.

D. RIDDLES WHICH INVOLVE SHORT ANECDOTES OR FOLK-TALES.

744.

De una madre fuí nacido,
de un solo padre engendrado,
antes de nacer, comido,
y en una fuente bañado;
y me ha quedado el resabio
de cantar cuando otro llora;
otro cantor me encocora,
y luchando en fuerte lid
yo nací como nací
con cáscara que me forra.

[Huevos comidos por una culebra, fueron sacados de su vientre enteros y echados a una gallina que los sacó.]

745.

De dos madres soy nacido,
de un solo padre engendrado;
por ser Dios tan poderoso,
en una fuente bañado.

[Cierta vez estaba una gallina próxima a sacar. Y una noche vino una culebra tratando de arrebatarse los huevos a ésta. Pero el dueño de la gallina, al oír el ruido, se levantó y logró librar todos los huevos a ésta, excepto uno que fué arrebatado por la culebra.

Como las culebras cuando se tragan uno tienen que pasar antes por debajo de alguna raíz para en esta forma poder romper el huevo, cierta culebra no había logrado todavía pasar por debajo de alguna raíz y antes que lo lograra, el dueño de la gallina la encontró, matándola y logrando sacar el huevo entero. Lo lavó en una fuente y lo echó de nuevo a la gallina, logrando ésta sacar un hermoso pollo.]

746.

De tres madres fuí nacido,
de un solo padre engendrado
antes de nacer, comido,
y en una fuente bañado.

Ésta fué una culebra que se tragó un huevo.

747.

De dos vientres fuí nacido,
de un solo padre engendrado;
antes de nacer, comido,
y en una fuente bañado.

Un huevo tragado por una culebra.

748.

¿Cómo puede ser que un hombre humano
debajo del poder de Dios
se case con hija y madre
siendo doncellas las dos?

El cura y la iglesia.

749.

Domingo de Ramos
y la Cruz
cayeron juntos
en Viernes Santo,
en San Juan.

[Era un hombre que se llamaba Domingo Ramos y tenía una hija que se llamaba Cruz y estaban en San Juan el Viernes Santo, y se cayeron en una calle.]

750.

- (a) De antaño fui hija,
de hija fui madre;
crié hijo ajeno,
marido de madre.

[Una hija le dió el pecho a su padre que estaba preso y no le daban comida. (Véase *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxviii, p. 336, adivinanza 155.)]

- (b) De antaño fui hija,
y de antaño fui madre;
crié al hijo ajeno,
marido de mi madre;
adivina buen rey
o si no suelta a mi padre.

[Una hija que le dió de mamar a su padre preso.]

- (c) Primero fui hija
y después fui madre;
adivíname, señor rey,
y si no me da libre a mi padre.

[Era una hija que tenía a su padre preso; no le daba comida al padre y la hija le daba de mamar por una reja de la cárcel.]

- (d) En un tiempo fui hija
y ahora soy madre;
adivíname, mi buen rey,
o sáqueme a mi padre.

(Véase 750 c.)

751.

- (a) Allá vienen vuestros padres
maridos de vuestras madres,
padres de vuestros hijos
y vuestros maridos mismos.

[Dos padres que quedaron viudos y cada uno de ellos se casó con una de las hijas, y un día salieron a pasear y cuando venían cerca las dos mujeres sacaron esta adivinanza.]

- (b) Allá vienen nuestros padres
en busca de nuestras madres,
a ver a nuestros hijos;
y son vuestros maridos mismos.

[Eran dos padres que tenían dos hijas y cada uno se casó con una.]

- (c) Allá vienen nuestros padres,
padres de nuestros hijos,
maridos de nuestras madres
y vuestros maridos mismos.

(Véase 751 b.)

752.

- (a) Siete mataron a Paula,
Paula muerta mató a siete,
pasó un duro sobre un blando;
por matar a lo que ví
maté a lo que no ví.

[Paula era una yegua y se la dieron a un bobo para que hiciera un viaje a adivinarle al rey, y la madre para que no fuera, le dió tortas de casave que contenían veneno y él en vez de comérselas se las dió a Paula o sea la yegua y ella se murió en el acto, y entonces vinieron siete pájaros y comieron de ella y se murieron también y pasó un duro sobre un blando. Era que él pasó por un puente y por tirarle a una paloma mató a una reina que él no había visto y bebió agua, ni del cielo ni de la tierra. Fué que asó a la reina y el agua que echaba se la tomó y no era ni del cielo ni de la tierra.]

- (b) Cuatro mataron a Paula,
Paula muerta mató a siete,
pasó un duro sobre un blando;
le tiré a lo que ví,
y maté a lo que no ví,
bebí agua, ni del cielo
ni de la tierra.

Las tortas de casave, etc.

753.

Pan mató a Panda,
y Panda mató a tres;
un duro sobre de un muerto
cargando a tres.

[Esto es que, con una libra de pan murió una burra y cuando cayó mató tres pájaros y el duro y el blando son el río y el Ancón.]

754.

Le tiré a quien ví,
y maté a quien no ví,
y comí de lo que no había nacido,
y bebí agua sin ser caída
ni manada de la tierra,
y ví un muerto cargando tres vivos.

[Un hombre le tiró una piedra a una paloma y mató a una perdiz, y un huevo que tenía la perdiz; bebió sudor de un burro; vió a un burro muerto en el río y sobre el burro tres cuervos comiéndose al burro.]

755.

Mientras más lejos más cerca,
mientras más cerca más lejos.

[Cuando alguien se pone a cercar un terreno, mientras más lejos va, más tiene cercado y mientras más cerca, tiene que ir más lejos.] (Véase 163.)

756.

- (a) Ayer se mató la liebre,
hoy a la olla se echó,
aquel que mató la liebre
ha diez años que murió.

[Éste era un hombre que se había ahorcado hacía 10 años, y existían sus huesos en el árbol cuando pasó una liebre por debajo de ellos, se cayó un hueso y mató a la liebre.]

- (b) Ayer se mató la liebre,
ayer a la olla se echó,
y hoy se cumplen siete años
que el que la mató murió.
(Véase 756 a.)

- (c) Antier se mató la liebre,
y ayer tarde se comió;
diez años tenía de muerto
el que a la liebre mató.
(Véase 756 a.)

- (d) Ayer se mató la liebre,
y ayer mismo se guisó;
y el que la mató
hace siete años
que murió.
(Véase 756 a.)

757.

Debajo de Cucamé,
serpiente en Curacó,
y para llegar a Madrid
chirri- chacó.

[El rey decía que el que hiciera una adivinanza mala, se casaba con su hija, y un hombre pasó por un puente y había un becerro y dijo, "mee" y él dijo: *debajo de Cucamé*, y en un barril había una serpiente y dijo: *serpien — te en curacó*; y cuando fué a llegar a Madrid estaban friendo chicharrones y él dijo: *chirri-chacó*, y se casó con la muchacha,]

758.

Un pescador pescando
una lebrancha pescó,
y de tres días de salada
fresca se la comió.

La perra que se llamaba Fresca.

759.

- (a) Un cazador en enero
una paloma mató;
y la saló para pascua
y Fresca se la comió.
El tenía una perra que se llamaba Fresca y
ésta se comió la paloma.
- (b) Un cazador en enero,
una paloma mató,
y la guardó para diciembre
y Fresca se la comió.
La perra se llamaba Fresca.
- (c) Un cazador en diciembre
a una liebre mató;
la saló para el verano
y Fresca se la comió.

- (d) Estando un pescador pescando,
una manchera cogió,
de siete días de salada
y Fresca se la comió.
La perra se llamaba Fresca.

- (e) Un pescador en cuaresma
una lehancha cogió;
a los quince días de muerta
Fresquita se la comió.

Id.

760.

Había un hombre que vivía en la finca de otro y tenía un novillo que lo quería vender, pero el dueño de la finca le dijo que no quería que lo sacara toro por la puerta, y el comprador lo estaba esperando. ¿Qué hizo?

Lo castró y no lo sacó toro, sino que lo sacó buey.

761.

Estando Estela pupila,
bordando una estol estila,
en tanto estilar cavila
que Estela en estol estila.

[Estaba Estela pupila bordando unas zapatillas encerrada en un convento donde no veía a su amante, en éste tanto lloraba que en la zapatilla estilaba.]

762.

- (a) Tenga, señora, este ramo
de las manos de este niño.
Es su hijo, es su nieto,
hermano de su marido.

[Nació un niño y muy pequeño lo mandaron a estudiar fuera de la ciudad. El padre murió, quedó la madre, el niño se cambió el nombre, vino a donde estaba la madre; ella lo quiso, se casaron, tuvieron un hijo; cuando nació este niño le pusieron el ramo en una mano.]

- (b) Tenga, Señorita, esta rosa,
que se la da este niño.
Es su hijo, es su nieto
y hermano de su marido.

[Una mujer tuvo un hijo y lo abandonó. Al cabo de años volvió el hijo y no conociendo a su madre se casó con ella. Ella parió un niño, que un día, cuando todavía no andaba le dió a su madre una rosa y le dió ese verso.]

763.

Bebí agua sin ser llovida
y carne que con la palabra
de Dios fué cocida.

(Véase Journal of American Folk-Lore, vol. xxviii, p. 336, núm. 156.)

764.

Tenga, usted, señora
este vaso de vino.
Yo vengo montado
en quien no fué nacido,
y su madre la traigo
en el puño metido.

[Era un joven montado en un potro, y la madre del potro se murió y de la piel hicieron un freno, y el joven lo llevaba en la mano.]

765.

- (a) Apéese, señor caballero,
se sentará en duro y blando,
comerá manjar de culo,
beberá sumo de entre pierna;
meta usted su peludo
dentro de mi rascado,
que hace quince días
que lo tengo talado.

(Véase *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxviii, p. 338, adivinanza 158.)

- (b) Apéese, gran caballero,
síntese en un blandiduro,
comerá manjar de culo,
y beberá sumo de entre pierna,
y meterá usted su peludo,
dentro de mi bien raspado,
que hace diez días que lo tengo afeitado.

El sofá, el huevo, la leche, el caballo,
el cercado y el talado.

766.

- (a) En una ciudad, en tres meses,
parió una mujer seis veces;
cada cual parió seis niños,
toditos de nueve meses.

Donde vivía esa mujer se llamaba la ciudad Tres Meses.

- (b) En una ciudad, (en) tres meses,
parió una mujer tres veces;
cada cual parió tres niños,
toditos de nueve meses.

Id.

- (c) En una ciudad, en seis meses,
dió a luz una mujer seis veces;
todos bien nacidos,
toditos de a nueve meses.

Id.

767.

Mejora caballero,
y Félix soy Acosta
de mi dinero.

El joven se llamaba Félix Acosta (y la
joven se llamaba Ana).

768.

Sembré una mata de alicantrones,
en ella me entraron los ladrones.
Ladrón fuí yo que en ella entré;
alcé la olla, la rosa miré.
¡Mal me haga si yo la toqué!

[Éste era un joven que se quería con una joven y se fué a ganar dinero para casarse con ella, y cuando volvió ya otro la había deshonrado y había dado a luz. Él fué a su casa, al cuarto donde estaba, los vió a ella y al niño y no le hizo nada.]

769.

Ando en quien no fué nacido,
ni esperanza de nacer;
su madre traigo en los brazos.
Adivina lo que puede ser.

[Fué uno que andaba en un caballo, y ese caballo fué sacado del vientre de la madre antes de nacer. Y luego pues cogieron el cuero de la madre e hicieron las bridas para el mismo caballito.]

770.

Dos pies se sentó en tres pies,
a comerse un pie;
vino cuatro pies y le quitó el pie;
volvió dos pies y cogió el pie
y se sentó en tres pies
a comerse el pie.

[Un hombre compró una pata de un buey, y se sentó en una silla a comérsela. Luego vino un perro, y se la quitó; entonces el hombre se levantó, y se la quitó, y se volvió á sentar en la silla.]

771.

Una mujer sin pecado,
ni hubo pecado jamás,
murió diciendo Jesús, Jesús, Jesús,
sin conseguirse salvar.

[Un hombre llamado Jesús tenía una hermosa cotorra; y un día llegó una lechuza y se la llevó y la mató. Y ella por más que llamó á su amo, no consiguió poderse salvar.] (Véase num. 190.)

772.

Un árbol alto y frondoso,
que de la tierra nació;
una mujer con su aguja
al suelo lo derribó.

[Había cierta vez una mujer muy laboriosa, que vivía solita en su humilde choza. Cerca de la choza de ésta había un hermoso árbol de Moralón, y ella que tenía un terror pánico á los temporales, temía que algún día hubiese uno y cayese el frondoso árbol al suelo y le destruyera su humilde choza. Como ella era muy pobre, pues alquiló a varios hombres para que lo derribasen y se comprometió a coser varias ropas para pagar a los trabajadores.]

773.

Nació San Silvestre
entre un rabanal,
hermano de un burro
sin poderle negar.

[Porque tumbaron un árbol e hicieron un San Silvestre y un burro de torcer sogas.]

774.

Una vez que yo iba por un camino me encontré una joven que estaba en un balcón y tenía una rosa en las manos. Y le pregunté su nombre y me dijo que se lo adivinara. Y abajo había una tina y tiró la rosa y cayó adentro de la tina. Y seguida supe el nombre de la joven.

Florentina.

E. RIDDLES WITHOUT ANSWERS.

775.

No soy de cristal ni de oro,
de papel o de madera,
y sin embargo me rompo.
¿Qué será?

776.

Adivíname, adivinador,
adivíname este prodigio;
cuando mi *may* me parió
ya yo criaba a mi hijo,
y criando yo a mi hijo
se me volvió un culebrón.

777.

Allá arriba estaba Polanco,
remendándose el culo con hilo blanco.

778.

Puerquita soroco,
enaja tus dientes
y menea tu rabito.

779.

Alfeñique uña de juez,
alusa Martín Carey.

780.

Fué tan grande la batata,
que sacó Doña Valentina,
que con la cáscara sola
se cobija la cocina.

781.

Tú eres el garabato
y yo soy el buey,
ni tú sirves para nada
ni yo tampoco.

782.

No tengo agua
y bebo agua,
y si tuviera agua
bebiera vino.

783.

Una dama bien compuesta,
dentro de una serranía,
cinco muertos la acompañan
y un vivo la perseguía.

784.

En mi casa hay un árbol
no es naranjo, ni laurel;
echa tres frutas en el año
y ninguna es de comer.

785.

Aguinaldo nuevo vino
a Puerto Rico,
una cara grande
un buen hociquito.

786.

Pájaro que nunca amó
pone los huevos en nido ageno,
otro pájaro los cría
y le sirven de veneno.

787.

Fué producido en la tierra,
y se remontó a lo alto;
apeteció a las mujeres
y a los hombres que madrugan.

788.

¿Cuál es una fortaleza
que está llena de soldados,
con vestidos colorados,
huesos y sin cabeza,
de real insignia bordado?

789.

Pitio va, Pitio viene,
y en el camino no se detiene.

790.

Sin llave ni picaporte
me cierro y abro en un tris;
no hay dama bonita o fea
que no haga aprecio de mí,
aunque parezco pequeño,
no lo soy tanto
que abarco en todos mis límites
por lo menos un país.

791.

Alto dé altín,
bajo de altura,
muchos aposentos
y puertas ningunas.

792.

Cuatro pies en ciento,
me siento en diez;
pasa en mano en cuatro
y polín en tres.

793.

Cojo a mi comadre,
la pongo en el suelo;
le alzo la saya
y le veo aquello.

794.

Dos hermanitos,
muy igualitos,
al llegar a viejecitos
abren los ojitos.

795.

Hombres, niños y mujeres,
los que de letras entendéis,
ahora quiero que me digan
doce letras que aquí veís:
E, F, M, A, M, G, G, A, S, O, N, D.

796.

Aunque me ves chiquitita,
y mi color como esclava,
peleo a brazos tendidos
con la más hermosa dama.
Yo la pico y la repico
y la dejo tan picada
que cuando me aparto de ella
siente que yo me vaya.

797.

En el monte nace
con mucha frescura;
sale a la plaza
a buscar fortuna.

798.

¿Qué es lo que hace falta
para apagar una luz?

799.

¿Qué es lo que para bañarse se le sacan las tripas?

800.

¿Cuál es el colmo de la lechería?

FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CHICAGO, ILL.

LELAND STANFORD JR. UNIVERSITY,

CALIFORNIA.

NEW-MEXICAN SPANISH FOLK-LORE.

BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

X.¹ CHILDREN'S GAMES.

THE following material contains only the games of very young children, — children from three and four to ten or eleven years of age. Games of children of older ages I have classified with the games and diversions of adults, and hope to publish them in the future. In many of the games here published, however, there is usually a child of fourteen or fifteen years of age, or even an adult, especially in the games where a leader is necessary, to guide the children and teach them the game. All the games given below are very popular in New Mexico and Colorado. Most of them are played in the evening, just before retiring, by the children of a single family, or when two or more families are together. Those involving simple actions, such as guessing, counting-out rhymes, and the like, are often played by adults and children together, especially in the same family between children and parents. Most of the games in the material now published are played indoors; although some, such as "*La Gallinita Ciega*" (No. 6) and "*El Coyotito*" (No. 15), may also be played outdoors. Nos. 3 and 9, and perhaps also No. 8, are nursery rhymes and nursery games, since there are always two who take part, — the child and the parent or nurse. Similar games may have been classified with the nursery rhymes. The difference is not definite in some cases, and I have not lost time splitting hairs.

A comparative study of the children's games shows that the material is practically all traditional Spanish material. The various Peninsular versions, as well as the similar versions from other Spanish countries, leave no doubts about this matter.

In children's games we find many repetitions and similarity of rhymes, so that confusion is quite common. I have tried to show how some of the games have been contaminated by others, especially when the games were somewhat alike or involved the same ideas, such as redeeming forfeits, paying penalties, etc. In some cases only the last part of a traditional Spanish game is remembered, and it is played as a separate game. To this class may belong No. 17 ("*Santiaguito de Palo*"). Since all these games are very old and have been preserved in oral traditions for perhaps three centuries, such contaminations and

¹ See this Journal, vol. xxviii, pp. 319 *et seq.*

confusions need not surprise us. There exist also local variations in the manner of playing some of the games. The children of the country districts are the ones who know them better. Some of these different variations I have also indicated, together with variants in the accompanying rhymes or words.

I have always been impressed with the fact that the so-called "love-games" (cf. Newell, "Games and Songs of American Children," 39-62) are not common in Spanish tradition. In our New Mexico collection, only one, No. 5, belongs to this class. They are rare in all the Spanish collections which I have examined.

The children's games, as well as the nursery rhymes which follow, are transcribed in the standard Spanish orthography.

I. SESTA, MAYESTA.

- (a) Sesta, mayesta,
Martín de la cuesta;
que dice mi padre
que azoten la cuesta
con un cuero duro
que está en el corral.
Chorro, morro,
con ésta me corro.
- (b) Sesta, mayesta,
Martín de la cuesta;
que dice mi padre
que azoten la cuesta.
Chorro, morro,
con ésta me corro.
- (c) Sesta, mayesta,
Martín de la cuesta;
chorro, morro,
por ésta me corro.

This is a guessing-game. The child who is doing the guessing strikes the fists of the one who has the concealed object with the index-finger of the right hand, alternately, at each word or accent group, until the object is found. (See "Revue Hispanique," April, 1915; "Romancero Nuevomexicano," No. 79; B. T. P. [= "Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares"], II, 145-146; and Rodríguez Marín [= "Cantos Populares Españoles"], I, 50.)

2. LA TUERTA CULECA (LA TUTURULECA).

- (a) La Tuerta Culeca
pasó por aquí,
convidando
a todos sus amos.
Cucharas alegres,
esconde tu dedo.

When only one finger remains visible, the leader pinches it and lifts it, saying, —

— ¡Se lo llevó el gavilán!

- (b) La Tuturuleca
pasó por aquí,
convidando
a todas sus amas,
menos a mí.
Cuchara, salero,
esconde tu dedo,
que te pica el gallo.

¡Se lo llevó el gavilán!

- (c) La Tuerta Culeca
pasó por aquí,
a convidar
a todos sus amos.
Cucharas, saleros,
esconde tu dedo.

¡Ay, qué se lo llevó el gavilán!

- (d) Pin, Serafín,
Bocanor, pasa Rey,
convidando
a sus amos
y menos a mí.
Cuchara, salero,
esconde tu dedo.

¡Qué se le llevó el gavilán!

This is a game for very young children. The leader is older, and seats the children in a circle on the floor or on the ground. They all place their hands with the fingers spread out, so that all the hands form a circle in front. The leader then strikes the fingers of the circle gently, and repeats at each stroke a word, and the finger of the last word is bent under the hand. This is repeated many times, until a single finger remains; and this last finger is the victim of the supposed hawk that pinches it and flies away with it.

A similar game is given by Rodríguez Marín (I, 49). The New-Mexican game is of Spanish origin (see also Fernando Llorca, "Lo que cantan los niños" [Madrid], p. 114, "La Pipirigaña"). Although the words of the Peninsular versions are a little different, the assonances show that all these versions are probably from the same original. For other European versions of rhymes for counting out, see also William Wells Newell, "Games and Songs of American Children," pp. 194-203.

3. LANZA, LANZA.

(a) Lanza, lanza,
dice Francia
que le piquen
la panza.

(b) Lanza, lanza,
dice Francia.
¡Qué te pican
la panza!

4. PUÑO, PUÑETE.

The children form a column with their fists. The second from the top speaks first.

— ¿Qué tienes ai (allí)?
— Puño, puñete.
— Quítatelo de ai
y pégate en la frente.

When only one fist remains, they continue, —

— ¿Qué tienes ai?
— Una cajita.
— ¿Y adentro de la cajita?
— Otra cajita.
— ¿Y adentro de esa cajita?
— Una hormiguita.
— A ver si pica.

The game itself, with the words, describes it. In the end, the child who has a fist at the bottom of the column crosses the index and middle fingers of the right hand over those of the left, forming a very small square aperture, and has an opportunity to pinch the finger of whoever wishes to stick a finger in it, to see if it bites (*a ver si pica*).

Games similar to this are very common in Spain and other countries (see "Juegos Infantiles de Extremadura" in B. T. P., II, 149-151; Rodríguez Marín, I, p. 52; and Llorca, *op. cit.*, p. 115). The American game of Club Fist (see Newell, *op. cit.*, p. 175), which has similar versions in England, Germany, and Denmark, is in the beginning essentially the same game. The Spanish game from New Mexico, as well as the versions of Rodríguez Marín and de Soto, do not end in the well-known nursery accumulative tales. These accumulative tales are frequent in Spanish countries in many forms, but are not parts of the game in question. (For the New-Mexican, Californian, and Peninsular-Spanish accumulative tales, see this Journal, Vol. XXVII, pp. 222-226.)

5. EL BURRO TONTO; OR, EL JUEGO DE ESCOGER NOVIO.

- (a) Este burro tonto
del calabazal,
échenle la silla,
que se vaya a leñar.

Si me caso con ésta
se enoja ésta,
etc.

- (b) A este burro tonto
del calabazal,
échenle la silla,
que vaya a leñar.

Si me caso con ésta
se enoja ésta,
etc.

This love-game has all the marks of tradition, but I have found no other Spanish version that is similar to it (see, however, Llorca, *op. cit.*, 98-100). Such games are common in all European countries (see Newell, *op. cit.*, pp. 39-62; also p. 109, "Counting Apple-Seeds").

The little girls stand around in a circle, and one by one the boys appear.

6. LA GALLINITA CIEGA.

A little girl comes out blindfolded. The one she touches first is "it."

- (a) — ¿Qué andas buscando?
— Cunquitos para mis pollitos.
— ¿Me das uno?
— No.
— ¿Me das dos?
— No.
— ¿Me das tres?
— No.
— Mira pa arriba. Corretín, corretón.
- (b) — ¿Qué andas buscando, Gallinita Ciega?
— Cunquitos pa mis pollitos.
— ¿Quése¹ (qué es de) los pollitos?
— Están debajo de la artesa.

There are numerous Spanish versions of rhymes which accompany various different or similar games. In B. T. P. (Vol. II, p. 157) we have almost similar rhymes, but a somewhat different game. It seems that some New-Mexican games appear as parts of older Spanish games, or fragments of two or more different games. Hiding-games

¹ Studies, I, § 104.

such as the one above mentioned are confused with others of entirely different nature; for example, New Mexico 19. Games that involve blindfolding and hiding are especially subject to confusion.

7. JUEGO DE LOS DEDOS.

Éste es el chiquito y bonito.
 Éste es el señor de los anillos.
 Éste es el largo y vano.
 Éste es el chupa cazuelas.
 Y éste es el mata venaus (venados).

The above seems to be also a traditional rhyme. A very similar version from Galicia (Coruña) is given in B. T. P., IV, 157:—

Este o dedo meniño,
 este e o seu sobriño,
 este o mayor de todos,
 este o *furabolos*,
 e yeste o mata piollos.

Coello ("Jogos e Rimas Infantis" [Porto, 1884]) gives a similar Portuguese version. The New-Mexican *venaus* have the meaning *piojos*.

8. JUEGO DE LOS DEDOS.

The following three beautiful New-Mexican versions are all traditional, and among the best we have:—

- (a) Éste se halló un huevito.
 Éste lo echó a frir.
 Éste lo meneó.
 Éste le echó sal.
 Y este viejo cuzco¹ se lo comió.
- (b) Éste se halló un huevito.
 Éste lo quebró.
 Éste lo frió.
 Este le echó sal.
 Y este viejo gordo se lo comió.
- (c) Éste se halló un huevito.
 Éste lo quebró.
 Éste lo echó a frir.
 Éste le echó sal.
 Y este viejo, mata-piojos se lo comió.

In B. T. P., II, 126, we find the following version from Extremadura:—

Este, compró un huevo.
 Este, lo puso al fuego.
 Este, le echó la sal.
 Este, lo probó.
 Y este pícaro gordo se lo comió.

¹ Goloso.

A similar version from Mérida has the word *paloma* for *huevo*. In Rodríguez Marín, I, p. 46, we have an Andalusian version: —

Este niño pidió güebo.
 Este lo puso a asá.
 Este l' echó la sá.
 Este lo sasonó
 Y este picariyo gordo se lo comió.

The versions from Cataluña given by Maspons (see Rodríguez Marín, I, p. 110) are quite different. I have a California version (Santa Bárbara) directly related to the New-Mexican, Andalusian, and Extremadura versions: —

Éste mató un poyito.
 Éste puso l' agua a calentar.
 Éste lo peló.
 Éste lo guisó.
 Y éste se lo comió.

Llorca (p. 12) gives two versions, — one similar to New Mexico No. 7, and another similar to New Mexico No. 8 and the California version.

9. ESTOS PIECECITOS.

Holding the child's feet, one says, —

- (a) Estos piececitos
 fueron a robar meloncitos:
 Corre el uno, corre el otro,
 corren los dos juntitos.
- (b) Estos piececitos
 fueron a robar meloncitos,
 en la huerta de su papacito
 Corre el uno, corre el otro,
 corren los dos juntitos.

A version very similar to this one is given by Rodríguez Marín (I, p. 44): —

Estos piececitos ambos
 Fueron a coger las jabas;
 Bino er guarda der jabá
 Y uno corre por aquí
 Y otro corre por ayá.

10. JUEGO DE LOS ANGELITOS.

Pressing one's hands over the child's ears, he is thus lifted.

- ¿Quieres ver a los angelitos?
 — Sí.
 — Ora los vas a ver.
 — ¡Ay!

II. LOS CÍBOLOS.

One child strikes another one in the arm, beginning with the wrist (and with gradually increasing force).

Cuando vayas a los cíbolos, no me traigas carne
 de aquí [*strikes gently*], ni de aquí, ni de aquí,
 ni de aquí, sino de aquí [*strikes hard, near the shoulder*].

We have another traditional version of this *juego infantil*, the game and rhymes of "La Libra de Carne" (Extremadura version; see B.T. P., II, 130-131), which are essentially the same as the New-Mexican. A version more like the New-Mexican, however, is the Andalusian one ("Folklore Andaluz," 168; cf. B. T. P., 131, note): —

Cuando vayas a la carnicería
 Que te corten una libra de carne,
 Pero que no te la corten de aquí,
 Ni de aquí, ni de aquí,
 Sino de aquí, sino de aquí.

Similar rhymes and game are also known in Catalonia (cf. p. 511; see also Llorca, p. 15, "La Carnicería").

12. LAS INDITAS DE SAN JUAN.

Holding the child's hands, one swings back and forth, saying (and sometimes singing), —

(a) Las Inditas de San Juan
 piden pan y no les dan;
 piden queso y les dan un hueso,
 y les cortan el pescuezo.
 Y se sientan a llorar
 en las trancas del corral.

(b) Rique, rique, rique son,
 Las Inditas de San Juan
 piden pan y no les dan;
 piden queso y les dan un hueso;
 y se sientan a llorar
 en las trancas del corral.
 Tan, tan, tan, tan.

These rhymes are traditional, and were probably used to accompany the old Spanish game "Recotín Recotán" (or "Recodín Recodán"),

which is found in many parts of Spain (see Rodríguez Marín, I, Nos. 81-83; and notes, pp. 120-123). R. Marín, No. 82, is very much like the New-Mexican version. For "Las Campanas de San Juan" is substituted "Las Inditas de San Juan." The New-Mexican versions are much longer, and may represent an older version (see also B. T. P., II, p. 124; and Llorca, p. 14, *aserrando* [sawing]).

13. PARA VALERSE AL COMPADRE O A LA COMADRE.

Holding one another by the little finger of the right hand, young people say, —

- (a) Chiquigüitito de flores,
no te derrames,
qu' en esta vida y en la otra
semos compadres.

Carretón, carretón.
El que se vale al compadre
y a la comadre y se desvale
se le corta el corazón.

- (b) Chiquigüitito de flores,
no te derrames,
qu' en esta vida y en la otra
semos compadres.

Carretita y carretón.
los que se valen al compadre
y a la comadre y se desvalen
se les rompe el corazón.

14. EL COYOTITO.

One child acts as mother, and leads the children around another child who sits in the centre, and represents the coyote. The mother and children pinch coyote in the head, and say, —

Pepenando piñoncitos,
pepenando piñoncitos,
para el pobre coyotito,
para el pobre coyotito.
Etc.

The coyote finally becomes angry and catches one of the children.

15. EL COYOTITO.

The children come out, as in No. 14.

— Mira la luna.
[Coyote looks at the moon.]
— M, m, m. ¡Qué piojero!

[Then all scream:]
 — Salta, coyote,
 con tanto majote.
 [Coyote runs away.]

The games Nos. 14 and 15 are similar to the games "Los Pollitos" and "Los Pollitos de miel," from Extremadura, described in B. T. P., II, Nos. 12, 13. The *coyotito* in the New-Mexican game takes the place of the *lobito* of the Spanish game. The second part of the game, the capture of the *pollitos* by the coyote, and the subsequent paying of a ransom to get them back, are entirely forgotten in the New-Mexican games.

16. JUEGO DO COLORES.

This is really a game of redeeming forfeits, the forfeit in question being the freedom of the child made prisoner by the good and bad angels. The penalties demanded and the accompanying rhymes are part of game No. 17, which is an entirely different game, and one more widely known. I have not found any versions of Spanish games like these, but I feel certain that the New-Mexican games are traditional. It is quite possible, of course, that game No. 17 is only a part of No. 16. The paying of the penalties is the most interesting part of the game for young children; and naturally this part would be more often repeated, and finally considered a separate game.

— Voy quebrando bolitas de oro.
 Tan, tan.
 — ¿Quién es?
 — El ángel bueno.
 — ¿Qué quiere el ángel bueno?
 — Colores.
 — ¿Qué color?
 — Blanco (*o lo que se quiera*).

Here the child might say that that color cannot be found, and the angel asks for another color until what is desired is found. The child that bears that color goes to the side of the angel. The angel, or the child taken, then returns as a second angel, and a similar dialogue takes place.

— Voy quebrando bolitas de oro.
 Tan, tan.
 — ¿Quién es?
 — El ángel malo.
 — ¿Qué quiere el ángel malo?
 — Colores.
 — ¿Qué color?
 — Colorado.
 Etc.

When the angels have all the children on their side, they have to be redeemed by the first side. The angel brings them on his back, one by one, to the leader of the other side, and the following dialogue takes place: —

- Tan, tan.
- ¿Quién es?
- El ángel bueno (*or* malo).
- ¿Qué traes?
- Un preso.
- ¿Qué delito cometió?
- Que lo hallé comiendo queso y no me dió.
- Pues la sentencia que le doy es que le den dos nalgadas
(or whatever the judge may wish).

(See the following game, and also No. 18.)

17. SANTIAGUITO DE PALO.¹

The children all sit in one corner of the room. El Santiaguito de Palo brings them one by one to the *Juez*, who imposes the penalties. The Santiaguito de Palo is usually an older boy, for he has to carry the prisoner on his back to the judge (see Newell, *op. cit.*, p. 143).

- (a) — Tan, tan.
- ¿Quién es?
- El Santiaguito de Palo.
- ¿Qué traes?
- Un preso.
- ¿Qué delito cometió?
- Que lo hallé comiendo queso y no me dió.
- Pues la sentencia que le doy es que se empine y le
den una buena nalgada.
- (b) — Tan, tan.
- ¿Quién viene aí?
- El Santiaguito de Palo.
- ¿Y qué trae?
- Un preso.
- ¿Qué delito cometió?
- Que lo hallé comiendo queso y no me dió.
- Pues la sentencia que le doy es que brinque como sapo.

18. JUEGO DEL PAÑO (DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF).

- (a) — ¿Ónde anda tu tata?
- En el Vallecito.
- ¿Qué te fué a trai (traer)?
- Un cochinito.
- ¿Le fué bien?

¹ See description under No. 16.

— Como la miel.
 — ¿Le fué mal?
 — Como la sal.
 — Pues siéntate en tu lugar
 y no me vuelvas a hablar.
 Etc.

(b) — ¿Ónde anda tu tata?
 — En el Vallecito.
 — ¿Qué te trujo?
 — Un cochinito.
 — ¿Te fué bien?
 — Como la miel.
 — ¿Te fué mal?
 — Como la sal.
 — Pues siéntate en tu lugar
 y no me vuelvas a hablar.

Rhymes similar to these are recited in the accompaniment of a Spanish game entirely different from this one (see B. T. P., II, p. 161). A study of Spanish nursery and children's games shows that a good deal of confusion exists in the modern versions. A traditional game is forgotten; but the accompanying rhymes are not, and these are then applied to an entirely different game or to a new one. In this New-Mexican game ("Juego del Paño") we may have a new game, one similar to the familiar American game of "Drop the Handkerchief." El Vallecito is a small village in northern New Mexico.

19. EL REY Y LA REINA.

The children form a circle, holding hands, and two of them speak.

— El rey y la reina se fueron por agua.
 — ¿Quése el agua?
 — Se la bebieron los pollitos.
 — ¿Quése los pollitos?
 — Andan comiendo huesitos.
 — ¿Quése los huesitos?
 — Se los llevó el rey.
 — ¿Quése el rey?
 — Se fué a decir misita.
 — ¿Quése la misita?
 — La envolvió en un papelito.
 — ¿Quése el papelito?
 — Voló al ciclo.

The children then disperse and run to hide themselves, crying, —

Guel, guel, guel, guel;
 que te picó el gallo.
 Nos vamos a esconder
 en las lomititas de San Miguel.

Each child has been given the name of a fruit; and now the king calls them out one by one, and takes them to a judge, who gives each one a sentence, as in game No. 17.

— ¿Qué te gusta?

— Manzana.

Manzana is taken first, and the others follow. The end is almost identical with game No. 17.

— Tan, tan.

— ¿Quién es?

— El rey.

— ¿Qué trae?

— Un preso.

— ¿Qué delito cometió?

— Que lo hallé royendo un hueso y no me dió.

— La sentencia que le doy es que gruña como perro.
Etc.

For similar rhymes see B. T. P., II, p. 137. The game is a long one and seems to be traditional. The end is again a game of paying penalties, as in Nos. 16 and 17. The rhymes of the first part of the game, as well as those of the Extremadura version above cited, recall the accumulative nursery-tales "La Hormiguita," "El Aguila," "El Zancudo," etc., versions of which are well known in New Mexico, California, and Spain (see this Journal, Vol. XXVII, pp. 222-226).

20. AL QUE SE LE CAE SE LE PRENDE.

The children are provided with long sticks. A ball is tossed up, and the game is to have the ball touch some one. They can use only the sticks in hitting the ball.

— ¿Quién entiende?

— El piojo y la liendre.

Al que se le cae se prende.

— ¿Quién escucha?

— El que se le cae se la embucha.

— Al que toca la pelota le dan tres veces ella con
en las nalgas.

21. PARES O NONES.¹

— ¿Pares o nones?

— Nones.

— Adivinates. Ora tú.

22. EL BAILE DEL AGÜELO.

On Christmas Eve, or on an evening two or three days before Christmas Eve, an old man, called *El Agüelo* (*El Abuelo*), visits the

¹ See Rodríguez Marín, I. No. 80; and Newell, *op. cit.*, p. 147.

homes of all people who have children, to see if all have been good and have learned their prayers. Years ago, when this custom was common in New Mexico and southern Colorado, the *Agüelo* was a veritable scarecrow for small children. He was feared more than anything else, and there exist stories of the floggings he gave to bad boys who did not know their prayers or were disobedient to their parents. I do not know the origin of this custom. At all the homes he visited he was given sweets and cookies, which he carried away in a large bag. In this bag he carried away also incorrigible little children. His presence was announced by a hard knock on the door, with the cry, "*¡El Agüelo! ¡El Agüelo! ¡Aquí viene el Agüelo!*" The children would then appear and recite their prayers to him. After this the children and the *Agüelo* would form a circle; and all would dance from right to left, and again from left to right, singing the following verses:—

- (a) Baila, paloma de Juan Turuntún.
 Turún, tun, tun, Turún, tun, tun.
 Baila, paloma de Juan Turuntún.
 Turún, tun, tun, Turún, tun, tun.
- (b) Baila, paloma de Juan Durundún.
 Durún, dun, dun, Durún, dun, dun.
 Baila, paloma de Juan Durundún.
 Durún, dun, dun, Durún, dun, dun.

In case *El Agüelo* was not well satisfied with the prayers or general conduct of some child, he would crack his whip and make the child dance alone, repeating to him the verses in a threatening manner. (See also this Journal, Vol. XXII, p. 10.)

23. MATA SECA.

- (a) Atrás de una mata seca
 está una vieja sin tetas.
 El que hablare y se riere
 se come las cien macetas.
- (b) Atrás de una mata seca
 está una vieja sin tetas.
 El que hable y se ría
 le chupa las tetas.

24. MATA SECA.

Abajo de un cajón
 está un viejo capón.
 El que hablare y se riere
 se come la capazón.

25.¹ ADIVINANZA.

— ¿A quién quieres más,
a Din gu² Adán,
gu a Pata Galán?
— A Pata Galán.
— ¡Qué bárbaro!
Ése es el diablo.

26. EL CAMINITO DEL CIELO.

— ¿Por qué caminito quieres ir al cielo, por el de flores,
o por el de espinas?
— Por el de flores.
— ¡Qué bárbaro! Ése es el camino del infierno.

27.

- (a) — ¿Qué estás haciendo?
— Una punta.
— ¿Pa qué?
— Pa picarle el — al que me pregunta.
- (b) — ¿Qué estás haciendo?
— Una punta.
— ¿Pa qué?
— Pa picarle las orejas al que me pregunta.

28. ADIVINANZA.

— ¿Qué hay de la empa-?
— nada; toda se volvió pastel.

29. EL CUENTO DEL VIEJITO Y LA VIEJITA.

— Un viejito y una viejita tenían una escalerita de popote.
Subió el gallo y no se quebró.
Subió el perro y no se quebró.
Subió la cabra y no se quebró.
Subió el viejito y no se quebró.
Subió la viejita y no se quebró.
Subió el becerro y no se quebró.
Subió la vaca y se quebró.
¿Cual pesaba más?
— La vaca.
— Álzale la cola y lámbele la caca.

XI. NURSERY RHYMES AND CHILDREN'S SONGS.

In this part of my New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore I publish all the nursery rhymes, children's songs, children's prayers (in verse), meaningless rhymes, play on words, children's ballads, incantations, etc., in

¹ The questions and riddles given in Nos. 25-28 belong to the class called *pegas* (Rodríguez Marín, see vol. i, pp. 411-414).

² I.e., ó.

my possession. Some of the nursery rhymes and prayers have already been published in my "Romancero Nuevomejicano."¹ I now publish the complete material. Since the material is not very abundant, I have followed no special order or arrangement; although I have tried to put together the nursery rhymes first, secondly the parodies on prayers, then the popular children's *coplas*, the real children's prayers (in verse), the *trabalenguas*, and lastly the children's songs and ballads. Practically all this material is traditional, and is derived from old Spanish sources, as may be seen from the comparative notes. It serves again to corroborate the opinion which I expressed six years ago, concerning the character of all my New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore material; namely, that it is Spanish in every sense. The changes that it has undergone in New Mexico are the natural changes that are to be expected in material that has been preserved in oral tradition for over three hundred years. The nursery rhymes and children's songs, therefore, the same as the superstitions, folk-tales, proverbs, riddles, children's games, and other materials already published, again give abundant testimony to this fact. The Indian and English elements have no importance whatever in the development of New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore. If here and there one is able to detect an Indian or English influence, they are very rare exceptions. I myself have been often under the impression that a certain melody, for example, was of Indian origin, and have been afterwards agreeably surprised on discovering that the same or a similar melody is well known also in Spain, Chile, or Argentina. I hope that in the future folk-lorists will publish the music of all popular songs, nursery rhymes, and even of the recitative rhymes, in order to determine the character of Spanish nursery melodies, etc.

A word should be said about the term "nursery rhymes." In Spanish this term is used in a general way, applying to metrical or non-metrical compositions of children, with rhythm and assonance, rarely rhyme. Rhythm is often the most important factor.

I.

Periquillo el labrador
muerto lo llevan en un colchón.
El colchón era de lana.
Muerto lo llevan en una rana.
Y la rana tenía su pico.

1, 2. See Rodríguez Marín No. 180. The New-Mexican versions are from the same original. No. 2 is longer than the version of Rodríguez Marín. All three, however, are evidently traditional versions of an old Spanish original. The variants given by R. Marín for the

¹ Revue Hispanique, April, 1915.

Muerto lo llevan en un burrico.
 Y el burrico era cerrero.
 Muerto lo llevan en un carnero.
 El carnero era de un viejo.
 Muerto lo llevan en un pellejo.
 El pellejo era colorado.
 Muerto lo llevan amortajado.
 La mortaja era de sayal;
 pinto y muy largo el costal.

2.

¡Quiquiriquí, del agua son!
 Muerto lo llevan en un colchón.
 El colchón era de lana.
 Muerto lo llevan en una rana;
 y la rana era trompico.
 Muerto lo llevan en un burrico;
 y el burrico era cerrero.
 Muerto lo llevan en un carnero.
 El carnero era de un pato.
 Muerto lo llevan en un zapato;
 y el zapato era de un viejo.
 Muerto lo llevan en un pellejo;
 y el pellejo era colorado.
 Muerto lo llevan amortajado.
 La mortaja era de sayal.
 Muerto lo llevan a enterrar
 entre cuatro lagartijos,
 y un gato de sacristán.

3.

— Mañana, domingo,
 se casa Benito
 con un borreguito.
 — ¿Quién es la madrina?
 — Doña Catalina.

Peninsular version (notes, p. 143) are more like the New-Mexican verses in question. New-Mexican children recite these meaningless rhymes in a quick, lively, sing-song fashion, with two strong accents in each verse, in the third or fourth and in the last accented syllables.

It is significant that each of the three versions has a different beginning. In the Spanish version the protagonist is *Periquiyo el aguabó (aguador)*, while in the New-Mexican versions he is *Periquillo el labrador* in one, and in the other we have the name and trade omitted. The words *del agua son* are absolutely meaningless, and are probably meant for the words *el aguabó* of the older Spanish version. The version of Llorca (*op. cit.*, 126) is fragmentary.

- 3, 4. These nursery rhymes are also traditional. Versions of them have been found in Spain, Argentina, Venezuela, and Cuba. See Rodríguez Marín I, p. 56; and Notes 128-129; B.T.P. IV, 152; Ciro

- ¿Quién es el padrino?
- Don Juan Botijón.
- ¿De qué hacen la fiesta?
- De un cadajón.
- ¿Quién se la come?
- El perro pastor.

4.

- Mañana, domingo,
se casa Benito
con un borreguito.
- ¿Quién es la madrina?
- Doña Catalina.
- ¿Quién es el padrino?
- Don Juan Botijón.
- Píquenle la panza
a ese viejo barbón
con su bastón.
- Amos¹ a la fiesta
del indio Manuel,
a comer tamales;
y chile tamién.

5.

- Dijo el gallo:
- Quiquiriquí.
- Cristo nació.
- Dice la oveja:
- En Belén.
- Vamos a ver.
- No es menester.

6.

- Chato, narato,
- narices de gato:
- Subites² al cerro,
- narices de perro.
- Bajates² al plan,
- narices de gavilán.

7.

- Nino, nino, nino,
- patas de cochino.
- Nano, nano, nano,
- patas de marrano.

Bayo, *Romancerillo del Plata* (Madrid, 1913), p. 89; and Llorca, p. 193. The name of the *madrina* has remained the same in all the versions, *Doña Catalina*, but that of the padrino has various forms.

5. See *Ciro Bayo*, *Romancerillo*, p. 86; and Rodríguez Marín No. 124.

¹ *Vamos*. See *Studies*, I, §§ 29, 178.

² See *Studies*, II, § 108.

8.

Güejá pelada,
de la cañada.
Guej'¹ e sandía,
de la cieneguía.

9.

Antoño; retoño,
calzón colorau;
camisa de juera,²
s— atorau.

10.

— ¿Quién te peló,
que las orejas no te cortó?
— El burro que me preguntó.

11.

Santa María:
come tortía.³
Madre de Dios,
dame de a dos.
Amén:
yo como también.

12.

Children say that the Indians bless themselves thus:—

Peréngüengüé,
peréngüencruz;
sácala, mácala,
Amén Jesús.

13.

Padre nuestro que estás en los cielos,
Tú cuidas las vacas y yo los becerros.
Santificado sea tu nombre,
danos licor a todos los hombres.

10. See Rodríguez Marín No. 145; Llorca, *op. cit.*, 187; and B.T.P. IV, 162.

The last, which is a Galician version, is more like the New-Mexican.

13. See Rodríguez Marín I, pp. 125-126. The versions of R.M. beginning *Dóminus vobisco* and *Los mandamientos del pobre* are also known in New Mexico. I have no versions in my collectanea, but remember having heard similar rhymes. The rhyme for *Orate, Fratres*, was *Ya te fregates*.

¹ Studies, I, § 87; and II, § 94.

² Studies, I, § 100.

³ *Ibid.*, § 158 (e).

14.

Por la señal
de la santa canal;
comí frijoles
y me hicieron mal.

15.

El que da y quita
le sale una corcobita;
y viene el diablo
y se la quita
con su navajita.¹

16.

Al que da y quita
le sale una corcobita;
y viene el diablo
y se la corta
con su navajita.¹

17.

El que escucha
m— embucha
y echa m—
en su cachucha.

18.

— No te importa.
— Zampa torta.

19.

El burrito está contento
en las puertas del convento.
Tú te comes lo de afuera,
y yo me como el bastimento.

14. See Rodríguez Marín I, No. 90; Ramón A. Laval, "Oraciones, Ensalmos y Conjuros del Pueblo Chileno" (Santiago, 1910, "Revista de Folklore Chileno" I), p. 99; and the Catalonian version given in Rodríguez Marín I, Notes, p. 125. See also our reference to No. 13, above. The parodies of prayers are very numerous in Spanish. A parody similar to the above is found also in Portuguese (see Sylvio Romero, *Cantos Populares do Brazil* [Lisboa, 1883], II, 127). The New-Mexican version is evidently incomplete.

15, 16. See Rodríguez Marín, Nos. 156, 157; and B.T.P. II, 22. In notes (p. 127) R. Marín gives Italian versions. The New-Mexican version lacks the traditional beginning, *Rita, Rita*, but is much longer than the others.

¹ See "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore. IV. Proverbs," No. 1 (this Journal, vol. xxvi).

20.

Entre Melón y Melamba
mataron una ternera.
Melón se comió la carne,
Melamba la cagalera.

21.

Lagaña Pestaña
mató a su mujer,
con un cuchillito
del tamaño dél.

22.

— Dame tortilla.
— Brinca pa arriba
y agárrate la pajaría.

23.

— Mamá, tengo hambre;
yo quiero pan.
— Hija, no tengo;
baila el cancán.

24.

Fuí a la China,
sin saber a qué,
y compré un chaquetón
del tamaño de usté.

25.

Agua sí, agua no:
agua del tanque¹ no bebo yo.
Porque sí, porque no,
porque mi padre me lo mandó.

26.

Vamos pa arriba;
no tengo barriga.
Vamos pa abajo;
no tengo espinazo.

27.

Una vieja, murre vieja,
de la edá de Salomón,
se echaba la teta al hombro,
que le arrastraba al talón.
De las tetas de esta vieja,
porque eran largas y aguadas,
salieron doscientas reatas,
arciones y cabezadas.

¹ *Estanque.* See Studies, I, § 203.

28.

Señora Santa Ana,
señor San Joaquín,
arroyá¹ este niño,
se quiere dormir.

29.

San Lorenzo,
labrador,
ruega a Dios
que salga el sol.

30.

San Lorenzo,
barbas de oro,
ruega a Dios
que llueva a chorros.

31.

Sol, Sol,
toma este diente
y dame otro mejor.

32.

Sana, sana,
culito de rana;
si no sanas hoy,
sanarás mañana.

33.

Que Dios te ampare
y un perro te agarre.

34.

Padre mío,
San Amador,
todas pollitas
y un cantador.

35.

Oremos, oremos,
angelitos semos;
del cielo venemos.²

28. See Rodríguez Marín No. 1027. The Spanish version is recited by the child himself, before retiring; while the New-Mexican, although almost identical, is sung by the nurse or mother on rocking the child to sleep.

29, 30. I have seen no Peninsular-Spanish versions of these rhymed exorcisms, but Laval has published similar versions from Chile (*Oraciones, Ensalmos*, etc., p. 155).

¹ This may be for *arroyad*.

² See *Studies*, II, § 105.

Si no nos dan,
puertas y ventanas
quebraremos.

36.

Santa Bárbara, doncella,
líbranos de la centella.

37.

Santa Bárbara, bendita,
que en el cielo estás escrita
con papel y agua bendita,
Santa Bárbara, doncella,
líbranos del rayo y de la centella.

38. Oración.

— ¿Quién en esta casa da luz?
Jesús.
— ¿Quién la llena de alegría?
María.
— ¿Quién la abraza en la fé?
José.

Pues bien claro se ve
que siempre habrá contrición,
teniendo en el corazón
a Jesús, María y José.

39.

¿Quién ha dicho que yo he dicho
que tal dicho he dicho yo?
El que ha dicho que yo he dicho

36, 37. See Journal of American Folk-Lore, vol. xxiii, p. 22; Ramón A. Laval, *op. cit.*, 154-155; B.T.P. IV, 119; and Rodríguez Marín I, Nos. 998, 999. All these versions are very much alike, are versions of primitive Spanish originals, and give testimony to the custom of invoking the aid of Santa Bárbara against thunderbolt, lightning, and earthquakes. In New Mexico there exists the custom, as in Chile, of burning palm that has been blessed on Palm Sunday at the time of the recitation of the invocations. The invocations to Santa Bárbara are evidently traditional and very old.

38. This is a children's prayer. It is recited alone, or more commonly as the beginning of the very popular *Bendito y alabado sea el Santísimo Sacramento del Altar*, etc. In an old Pastorela, or Nativity play, found here in California, these verses are part of the opening scene, when the shepherds first appear. See also Ramón A. Laval (*op. cit.*, p. 128), where similar verses appear in a different prayer.

39-42. See Rodríguez Marín I, Nos. 191-199; and Notes, pp. 146-147. These rhymes belong to the class called in Spanish *trabalenguas*, and, like the similar rhymes in English and other languages, are used to

que tal dicho he dicho yo, mintió.

Si yo hubiera dicho que tal dicho
había dicho yo, bien dicho hubiera estado,
porque tal dicho lo hubiera dicho yo.

40.

— Pájaro pinto, peludo, peripanzudo,
¿porqué tienes tus hijos, pájaros
pintos, peludos, peripanzudos?
— Porque mi nana es pájara pinta,
peluda, peripanzuda.

41.

Atrás de una mata seca
comí miel y hierba seca.
Atrás de una mata seca
comí miel y hierba seca.

42.

De Guadalajara vengo,
jara traigo y jara vendo.
A medio vendo la jara.
¡Qué jara tan barata vendo!

43.

Uno, dos — señor Juan de Dios.
Dos, tres — señor Juan Andrés.
Tres, cuatro — señor Juan Lobato.
Cuatro, cinco — señor Jacinto.
Cinco, seis — señor Monséis.
Seis, siete — señor Pericute.

44.

Una — tió Juan de Luna.
Dos — tió Juan de Dios.
Tres — tió Juan Andrés.
Cuatro — tió Juan Lobato.
Cinco — pega un brinco.

45.

Uno — tió Bruno.
Dos — tió Juan de Dios.

teach children pronunciation or are for mere amusement, since some of them are well-nigh impossible to pronounce rapidly and correctly. No. 40 is a short version of Rodríguez Marín No. 198.

43-45. These three versions are directly related, and are probably variants of the same Spanish original. The Galician version from Coruña (given in B.T.P. IV, p. 160) is a close parallel to New Mexico 45. This last is evidently a faithful version of the original. The longer and quite different rhymes of Rodríguez Marín (I, Nos. 243, 244)

Tres — tió Juan Andrés.
 Cuatro — tió Juan Lobato.
 Cinco — tió Jacinto.
 Seis — tió Monséis.
 Siete — tió Pericuate.
 Ocho — come bizcocho.
 Nueve — alza la colita y bebe.
 Diez — álzala otra vez.
 Once — perrito de bronce.

46.

Contando los botones.
 Pobre, Rico, Méndigo, Ladrón.
 Pobre, Rico, Méndigo, Ladrón.
 Etc.

47.

Ya el tecolote¹ no baila
 porque no tiene calzones.
 Mañana le van a hacer
 del cuerito e los ratones.

48.

Ya el tecolote no baila
 porque no tiene zapatos.
 Mañana le van a hacer
 del cuerito de los gatos.

are of entirely different origin. Rhymes similar to the above are found in nearly all European countries. See Newell, *op. cit.*, pp. 197 fol.

46. These rhymes are used by children to tell the future. I have not found any similar rhymes in the folk-literature of any other Spanish country. It may well be, however, a traditional Spanish rhyme. On the other hand, the fact that it is not to be found in the Spanish folk-literature which I know, and the fact that in New Mexico one frequently hears among American children the well-known English rhymes,

"Rich man, poor man, beggerman, thief,
 Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,"

lead one to the supposition that the New-Mexican children may have composed original Spanish rhymes based on the English. If this is true, it is a very rare case of such compositions. Although New-Mexican Spanish has already been influenced in its vocabulary and syntax by the English language, the traditional folk-literature and customs and ideas are yet thoroughly Spanish, and will probably remain so forever. See my *Studies in New-Mexican Spanish*, Part III, The English Elements (1914), Chapter I.

- 47-56. These are really *coplas populares*. They are known by both young and old. I include them here, because these are very popular among children of from ten to fifteen years of age. Nos. 51-53 are connected, and form a popular *cancioncilla*, or, as New-Mexicans call it, *cantadita*,

¹ *Buho*.

49.

¡Ah, qué recontento estoy,
porque me ha hecho mi madre
unos pantalones nuevos
de los viejos de mi padre!

50.

Me asomé por la ventana,
a ver que estaban vendiendo:
los calazones de tió Suaso,
hechos un vivo remiendo.

51.

¿Qué está haciendo esa paloma,
sentadita en su ventana?
Esperando a su palomo,
que le traiga la mañana.

52.

Tú eres mi paloma blanca;
yo soy tu palomo azul.
Juntaremos los piquitos,
y haremos curucucú.

53.

¿Qué esta haciendo esa paloma,
sentada en esa azotea?
Mirando a los sinvergüenzas
empinarse la botella.

54.

En la Villa matan vacas,
en la Cañada ratones,
y ancase¹ los Riberitas
retumban los alberjones.

55.

San Pedro tiró una piedra
de una escalera pa abajo;
y le respondió San Pablo:
— No tires calvo, carajo.

56.

En la ciudá de no sé onde
adoraban no sé que santo.
Le rezaban no sé qué,
y le ofrecían no sé cuanto.

and its melody is frequently played to accompany children's dancing-parties. Children often dance and sing the *coplas* at the same time. As independent *coplas*, to be sung on any occasion, however, all children know them.

¹ *En casa de*. See Studies, II, § 97.

57.

Yo me enamoré
de una melindrosa,
no muy bonita,
no muy preciosa,
ni muy graciosa;
las narices tuertas,
la boca en un lado,
la frente sumida,
los ojos apagaus.

58.

Tatacotes, retefea,
bigotes de salea;
cuerpo de tabla
que no sabe con quien habla.

59.

Eres como Juan Gómez,
tú lo compras y tú te lo comes.

60.

Jarirú;
sabe más el burro que tú.

61.

Jarirusa;
calzones de gamusa.

62.

Tortillitas pa papá,
tortillitas pa mamá.
Tortillitas pa papá,
tortillitas pa mamá.

63.

Mamá, mamá,
me quiero casar,
con un soldadito
que sepa marchar.

59. This is a popular *dicho*, or *refrán*. Children make use of it when some child buys or is given something to eat and eats it all himself, without giving part of it to any one.

60-61. These rhymes show how even New-Mexican Spanish children amuse themselves at the expense of their English-speaking friends, whether these be Spanish or English. *Jarirú* is meant for the current American pronunciation of "How do you do?" and *Jarirusa* for "How do you do, sir?" For many more plays on words of such character, used by adults in anecdotes, etc., see this Journal, vol. xxvii, p. 144.

62. See B.T.P. II, p. 121; and Newell, *op. cit.*, p. 90.

64.

Corre, muchacho,
corre a caballo,
que la gallina
quiere otro gallo.

Corre, muchacho,
por la azotea,
que la gallina
cacaraquea.

Corre, muchacho,
corre corriendo,
que la gallina
ya está poniendo.

65. EL TECOLOTE.

— Tecolote, ¿De ónde vienes?
Tecolote, ¿De ónde vienes?

— Del Pueblo del Colorido.
Del Pueblo del Colorido.
Vengo a traírte esta noticia,
vengo a traírte esta noticia,

65. This is a very popular New-Mexican and Colorado *cantadita*, both among young and old. Parents often hold children on their lap and sing it to them or with them.

The version which I give is from Colorado, and I first had thought that it was common only in Colorado and composed there. I have no version from New Mexico, but I have been assured by many that it is well known in New Mexico also. How it happened that I collected no New Mexico version I do not know. That it is a traditional Spanish folk-song, however, is absolutely beyond doubt, as the following version shows.

Our version has some changes adapted to local conditions. In the Chile version given below we have *Vengo de la mar volando*, which may belong to the old traditional version, while the New Mexico and Colorado version says *Del Pueblo del Colorido*. The city of Pueblo, Col., is meant. *Colorido* for *Colorado* (name of the State) is common in New-Mexican Spanish.

For several years I had been under the impression that this popular song was of late New-Mexican (or even Colorado) origin. In the summer of 1913 I made an extensive folk-lore expedition through Southern California. In Santa Bárbara I found a Chilean who was a regular storehouse of folk-lore, especially poetry. Among other materials I obtained from him the following version of "El Tecolote," which settles all doubts concerning the origin of this popular song. It is an old Spanish *cancioncilla*, although it may have suffered important changes. The word *tecolote* is American (Nahuatl source)¹

¹ See Juan Fernández Ferraz, *Nahuatlismos de Costa Rica* (1892), s.v.

que tu amante anda perdido,
que tu amante anda perdido.

— ¡Qué bonito tecolotito!

¡Qué bonito tecolotito!

— ¡Cu!

¡Curucucú, cu, cu!

¡Curucucú, cu, cu!

— ¡Qué bonito tecolotito!

— ¡Cu!

— ¿Tienes hambre, tecolotito?

¿Tienes hambre, tecolotito?

— ¡Cu!

¡Curucucú, cu, cu!

¡Curucucú, cu, cu!

— ¿Tienes hambre, tecolotito?

— ¡Cu!

I now give the Chile version. My reciter affirms that he learned the song in Chile, and not in California.

— ¿ De ónde vienes, tecolote?

¿ De ónde vienes, tecolote?

— ¡Ay, vengo de la mar volando!

¡ Ay, vengo de la mar volando! ¡Ju, ju!

Vengo buscando a mi tecolota,

vengo buscando a mi tecolota;

y ella también me viene buscando,

y ella también me viene buscando. ¡Ju, ju!

— Si yo fuera el tecolote,

si yo fuera el tecolote,

me estuviera en mi nidito,

me estuviera en mi nidito;

me acabara de emplumar,

me acabara de emplumar. ¡Ju, ju!

Ay, del golfo de la mar,

ay, del golfo de la mar,

salió un patito, diciendo,

salió un patito, diciendo: ¡Ju, ju!

Ora me has de alimentar, ay,

ora me has de alimentar, ay;

no cuando me esté muriendo,

no cuando me esté muriendo. ¡Ju, ju!

The *tonadillas* of the New-Mexican and Chile compositions are also very much alike, and reveal a common source.

66. EL PIOJO Y LA LIENDRE I.

El piojo y la liendre se quieren casar
y no se han casado por falta de pan.

Responde la vaca desde su corral:

— Que sigan las bodas; yo pondré el pan.

— Que sigan las bodas, que pan tenemos;
ahora la carne ¿dónde hallaremos?

Responde el lobo desde el lobazal:

— Que sigan las bodas; yo pongo un costillar.

— Que sigan las bodas, que carne tenemos;
ora, quién la guise, ¿dónde hallaremos?

— Responden las moscas desde su moscal:

— Que sigan las bodas, iremos a guisar.

— Que sigan las bodas, quién guise tenemos;
ora, quién la coma, ¿dónde hallaremos?

Responde el coyote de su coyotal:

— Que sigan las bodas, que yo iré a zampar.

— Que sigan las bodas, quién zampe tenemos;
ahora, quién toque, ¿dónde hallaremos?

— Responde el grillo desde su grillal:

— Que sigan las bodas, que yo iré a tocar.

— Que sigan las bodas, quién toque tenemos;
ahora, quién baile, ¿dónde hallaremos?

Responde la araña desde su araÑal:

— Que sigan las bodas, que yo iré a bailar.

— Que sigan las bodas, quién baile tenemos;
ahora, padrinos, ¿dónde hallaremos?

Responde el ratón de su ratonal:

— Amarren los gatos, yo iré apadrinar.

En la primer mesa y al primer vino
suéltanse los gatos, cómense al padrino.

(*Version from Socorro, New Mexico.*)

67. EL PIOJO Y LA LIENDRE II.

El piojo y la liendre se van a casar

y no se han casado por falta de pan.

Responde la vaca desde su corral:

— Que sigan las bodas, que yo pondré el pan.

66, 67. These are really traditional Spanish ballad-rhymes. Version 66 was printed in my "Romancero Nuevomexicano" (No. 27). The Taos version I received lately from my father. Both versions are wonderfully well preserved, and are good examples of the vitality of Spanish tradition in New Mexico. For real traditional New-Mexican Spanish ballads derived from Spanish versions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, see my "Romancero Nuevomexicano." Numerous versions of these are known in New Mexico and California. The only complete Peninsular-Spanish version which I have seen of this traditional composition is the one given by Rodríguez Marín (I, No. 179). The assonances change more frequently than in the New-

— Albricias, albricias, ya pan tenemos;
 ahora, dinero, ¿dónde hallaremos?
 — Responde el becerro desde su chiquero:
 — Que sigan las bodas, yo pondré el dinero.
 — Albricias, albricias, dinero tenemos;
 ahora, quién guise, ¿dónde hallaremos?
 Responde la chinche desde su chinchal:
 — Que sigan las bodas, que yo iré a guisar.
 — Albricias, albricias, quién guise tenemos;
 y ahora, quién toque, ¿dónde hallaremos?
 Responde el grillo desde su grillal:
 — Que sigan las bodas, que yo iré a tocar.
 — Albricias, albricias, quién toque tenemos;
 y ahora, quién baile, ¿dónde hallaremos?
 Responde la araña desde su arañal:
 — Que sigan las bodas, que yo iré a bailar.
 — Que sigan las bodas, quién baile tenemos;
 y ahora, padrinos, ¿dónde hallaremos?
 Responde el ratón de su ratonal:
 — Amarren los gatos, yo iré apadrinar.
 Estando en la boda repartiendo vino
 suéltanse los gatos, sóplanse al padrino.

(Version from Taos, New Mexico.)

68.

Éste era un gato,
 con los pies de trapo
 y los ojos al revés.
 ¿Quieres que te lo cuente otra vez?

Mexican version, but both versions are essentially the same. In Notes, p. 142, R. Marín gives fragments of other Spanish versions, one of which, a Sevillian version, seems to have the common *-a* assonance, as in the New-Mexican versions. As for metre, all these versions are in a Spanish twelve-syllable metre, composed of two hemistichs, with a fixed accent on the fifth syllable of each. The cæsura is in all verses well determined. This is a well-known Spanish ballad metre, although not as popular as the famous *verso de romance*.

68. See B.T.P. IV. 159; Rodríguez Marín I, No. 63; R. A. Laval, *Revista de Derecho*, etc. (Buenos Aires, 1909), vol. xxxii, p. 527. This is a formula which probably accompanied a longer *Cuento de nunca acabar*. Some of these had as a basis a long folk-tale; but in most cases the tale itself has been forgotten, and the formula alone has remained. The New-Mexican version, however, has all the appearances of being an independent nursery rhyme. See also my "Comparative Notes on New-Mexican and Mexican Spanish Folk-Tales" (this Journal, vol. xxvii, pp. 227-228).

NEW-MEXICAN SPANISH FOLK-LORE.

BY BARBARA FREIRE-MARRECO.

[THE following fragments of New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore were collected by Miss Barbara Freire-Marreco of Oxford, England, in the New-Mexican Tewa pueblo of Santa Clara in the years 1911 and 1913. Although the collection is very fragmentary, it is very important from various points of view. We have here another eloquent demonstration of the vigor and vitality of Spanish tradition which we have emphasized many times in our study of New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore. The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico have given very little to the great traditional treasure of Spanish folk-lore of New Mexico, — in fact, nothing at all, — while some of them have not only learned the Spanish language and accepted the religion and customs of the Spanish people, but have actually absorbed a considerable amount of Spanish folk-lore material.

The present collection, therefore, opens a new field to Spanish folk-lorists in New Mexico and the Southwest; namely, the study of the Spanish folk-lore which is to be found among the Indians, — not only the Pueblo Indians, but also other tribes. When the Indians were under the control of the Spaniards and in close association with them, the Indians must have continually absorbed Spanish traditions, customs, and beliefs. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the Indians of New Mexico have been instructed in English, and the old Spanish intercourse has decreased greatly. It is quite probable, therefore, that the Spanish folk-lore to be found to-day among the Indians who know Spanish, and among the New-Mexican Spanish who live near them and associate with them, belongs to an older stage than that found among the Spanish New-Mexicans. Many things already lost and forgotten by the New-Mexicans may be yet preserved in the oral traditions of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and their New-Mexican neighbors. The New-Mexican Spanish fragments of Miss Freire-Marreco give evident proof that one may find important folk-lore surprises in this field. The two traditional ballads alone are worth an expedition to the Pueblo of Santa Clara. — AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.]

The following stories (*historias*) were given to me in February, 1911, together with a number of more strictly Indian tales, by Don José Manuel Naranjo (since deceased), a Tewa Indian of the Pueblo of Santa Clara, Rio Arriba County, New Mexico. He told them in a

mixture of broken Spanish, Tewa, and English, — the last supplied by his wife, — which I was not then competent to record literally: I am therefore obliged to use the English version, which I wrote down immediately after hearing each story, referring to him on all doubtful points.

A STORY ABOUT SANTO DOMINGO.

Santo Domingo, before he was a saint, lived at home with his father and mother; and they were very, very old, and so small that he kept them in two cradles, like babies [*here the narrator imitated the swinging of a Tewa cradle, which is suspended from the roof by long strips of rawhide or cords*], and fed them with a spoon.¹ On Sundays he saddled his horse and rode to mass, and tied his horse to the Cross [i.e., in the *plaza* between the church and the cemetery] and went over to the church without taking off his spurs; and in mid-mass, as soon as the *padre* gave the blessing, he came out and untied his horse and went home. Then he came back to his house and found his little father and mother, one on each side of the fire; and they patted his cheeks, like babies, and called him "tata."

One day there came an *almitayo*² to the church. (*What is that?* It is a sort of man, but with a long beard down to the middle — I do not know exactly whether it is a Mexican, or a saint, or an Indian, or perhaps something that God made, *quisás Dios puso*; ³ he is not in the towns, but always in the mountains, going about. I met one when I went east; he could tell whether people had a good heart or not — *quisás Dios le puso también a ese hombre*. He had a little dish; and when he went into a house, he used to mix corn-meal porridge in it and divide the porridge in two parts with a spoon; and if the owner of the house had a good heart, they both went on eating, and the porridge was still there.) So the *padre* asked this *almitayo* to find out why Santo Domingo went out from mass in such a hurry. So next Sunday in mid-mass, when the *padre* had blessed the people, Santo Domingo ran out and went home, and the *almitayo* followed him. He went to his house, knocked at the door. "Pase, señor." He came in, and saw the little old parents, and Santo Domingo giving them water out of a spoon. The *almitayo* said, "I should like to stay here the night." — "'Ta güeno, señor, 'ta güeno." The *almitayo* lay in the inner room, but all the night he was praying. Next day he went back and told the *padre* what care Santo Domingo took of his old parents; and then the *padre* made him a saint.

¹ It is a favorite fancy with the Tewa Indians that very old people may turn into infants.

² That is, *hermitaño*. [The regular New-Mexican Spanish form is *almitaño*. — A. M. E.]

³ J. M. N.'s regular expression for a prodigy or freak of nature.

THE RICH MAN AND JESUS CHRIST.

Once there was a very rich man, like a rich Mexican. Jesus Christ came to his house, dressed in rags and covered with sores, asking for the crumbs of bread. They told the rich man, "There is a poor man at the door." — "Let him come in." But, when he saw the sores so ugly, "To the door with him!"

Jesus Christ went further, to a poor man's house; he knocked at the door. "Pase, señor." The poor man and his wife were there. "Pase, señor; pass over this side; sit on the bedding." — "But I am covered with sores, I do not like to sit on your white sheet." — "Oh, sir, what does that matter?" said the woman; "I can wash the sheet." They had no food in the house. The poor man said to his wife, whispering, "Go to the plaza and try to borrow a little flour." She came back with a little flour that she had found, and made *tortillas*. The man and his wife sat one on each side of the poor man and fed him. Then Jesus Christ held up his hands, and there fell from the roof maize and wheat and beans and chile and onions and all sorts of food.¹ The house was full. And from the rich man he took away all that he had.

A certain amount of Spanish folk-lore sayings and customs might be collected from the Indians of the pueblo.

For instance, water is said to sleep at some time about the middle of the night, and it is dangerous to touch or drink *agua dormida*. Therefore people avoid stepping into a stream at night; and, if they desire to drink about midnight, they stir the water in the *tinaja* to wake it (*recordar*), saying, —

Recuerda, María
recuerda, María.²

In November, Mexicans from Guchupange come to the pueblo and beg from house to house in the name of the souls, singing,³ —

¹ This incident — that a supernatural visitor causes showers of food to fall in the house — appears in the Pueblo Indians' own stories.

² [This belief is found among most New-Mexican Spanish as well as among many other Spanish peoples. It is customary in New Mexico to stir the water at night before drinking, as Miss Freire-Marreco indicates; but, strange to say, I have never had occasion to observe the *conjuro* here recorded, which I am inclined to believe is very old. — A. M. E.]

³ [The following is only a fragmentary version. The more complete version has been published in my "Romancero Nuevomexicano" (Revue Hispanique, April, 1915), No. 137: —

Oremos, oremos,
angelitos semos,
del cielo venemos.
Si no nos dan
puertas y ventanas
quebraremos. — A. M. E.]

Oremo', oremo',
angelito' semo',
del cielo venimo',
oremo', oremo'.

Things borrowed on the Day of the Innocents are not returned without a forfeit paid by the owner.¹

A Mexican *curandera* (now deceased) who lived near San Pedro on the opposite side of the river was much employed by the Indians of the pueblo of Santa Clara. She had a reputation for treating cases of difficult labor. I have heard her boast that the child was usually born as soon as she entered the house, or, if not, she could entice it out by clapping her hands and calling "*¡Nace! ¡nace!*" She died in 1912.

Mexicans who are sick sometimes make a vow to dance in the Indian dances of the pueblo, and obtain leave (*sacan licencia*) from the Indian *cacique* to do so. In other ways also they show considerable deference to the Indians' religious ceremonies. The following anecdote is current at Santa Clara: A Mexican, who is still living near the railway between Guchupange and Española, once in his youth, while keeping sheep in the mountains, came upon an Indian shrine with freshly-laid offerings. On his return home he told his friends that he had seen *unas brujerías de los indios*. Some time afterwards he was crossing the same hill, when a sudden storm of hail overtook him and beat him almost to death. When he told his father what had happened, the old man beat him, saying, "You ought not to have slandered the Indians' business; they do these things for the benefit of us and of all the people as well as for themselves."²

¹ [A regular New-Mexican Spanish custom and superstition. — A. M. E.]

² [As Miss Freire-Marreco points out, the New-Mexican Spanish people show considerable deference to the Pueblo Indians' religious ceremonies. The Indians are held to be Catholics, although it is generally known to New-Mexicans that they continue many of their ancient beliefs and superstitions. In this connection it may be of interest to note that among New-Mexicans the Indians, whether it be Pueblo Indians, Apaches, or any other tribe, are greatly feared. They are all considered capable of being *brujos*, *hechiceros*, and evil-doers. The Spanish people of New Mexico have mixed very little with the native Indian population, and have taken practically nothing from their language, customs, and beliefs. The Indians, however, have evidently not only learned the language of their ancient masters, but have also taken over many Spanish customs, beliefs, and superstitions. As for the Pueblo Indians, many of them know Spanish. Indeed, some of the Indian tribes of the Southwest who speak different languages or dialects still employ Spanish as a medium of communication (see H. Eickhoff, *Die Kultur der Pueblos in Arizona und New Mexico*, Stuttgart, 1908, p. 35; and E. P. Salzer, *La Cultura Latino-Americana*, Cöthen, 1915, p. 21).

For the New-Mexican Spanish myth of the Pueblo Indian monster viper (*viborón*) that is nourished with seven living children each year, see this Journal, vol. xxiii ("New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore, I"), No. 7. — A. M. E.]

It is customary at the pueblo of Santa Clara to hold an occasional *velorio* during the winter months. An Indian family decides "to have the saints in their house." The largest and best room in the house is cleaned and whitewashed, a carpet is spread on the floor, and on the appointed evening the *fiscales* bring the crucifix and the images of the saints which belong to the ruined church of the pueblo, and arrange them at the end of the room against a background of new shawls, blankets, and imitation Nottingham-lace curtains provided or borrowed by the hostess. Candles are set up in a row on the earthen floor. At nightfall or soon after, the guests arrive. Most of them are Indians of the pueblo, relatives and friends of the host and hostess; but a few *vecinos* from the Mexican settlement of Guchupange are also invited. Among these are certain *cantadores* paid by the host,—Don Apolonio Vigil (an old man who acts as *cantador* at all the Catholic functions of the Indians, besides drawing up their *testamentos*, *pleitos*, and *compromisos*), with his wife and daughter, and one or two Mexican women, who also possess manuscript books of songs. The company seat themselves on the floor, the *cantadores* in the front row, facing the saints. One of them produces his or her book, asks for the candle, which is passed from hand to hand, and begins a *cántico*, the first verse of which is repeated by the whole company as a chorus after each subsequent verse. When the *cantador* has sung one or more of these *cánticos*, he leads the company in reciting a few prayers, and passes the candle to another; and so they sing in turns throughout the night, one of the Indians of the pueblo, who is considered to be *muy castellano*, taking the lead occasionally.

About midnight the host begins to invite the guests to pass, a few at a time, into the kitchen, where the hostess and her daughters serve a meal of stewed mutton and boiled rice with raisins and cinnamon. At the first cockcrow (*a la madrugada*) some of the company rouse up their sleeping children and go home; while some of the bachelors build a fire outside the house, and sit round it, singing to the accompaniment of an Indian drum; but the *cantadores* and the people of the house persevere until daybreak.¹

Cánticos of great length are sung at these *velorios*. I heard one on the miracles of San Antonio, of which I obtained the following fragment from Señora Perfilia ———, wife of a *vecino* at Guchupange, who allowed me to copy it from her manuscript book.

¹ [This is a very good description of a New-Mexican Spanish *velorio de santos*. The *velorios* for the dead are not different from this, at least among the poorer classes. The supper is never missing, even in the *velorios* for the dead. This is an old Spanish custom. In some parts of northern Spain, notably in Asturias, it is customary to celebrate the burial of a relative with a sumptuous banquet. See also Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares, vol. i, p. 94. — A. M. E.]

[*Introductory verse missing.*]

y si mi lengua me allude
y me escucha mi auditorio
le cantare sus milagros
al glorioso san antonio

[*This verse is repeated as a chorus throughout.*]

nacido de padres nobles
como así lo dire yo
Doña María de tades
y Don Diego de godó
Pues fue nacido en Lisboa
y criado en la misma Plalla
En la capilla del Rey
la fe de cristo tomava

Se fue a predicar a Roma
en lenguas de portugués
cuarenta y cuatro naciones
cada una entendio su ley

Fuese a predicar a Roma
sin hacer falta al sermón
su espíritu fue a Lisboa
su cuerpo en padua quedó

El Señor le Reveló
que a su padre ivan orcar
Por un falso testimonio
que le ivan a lebantar

Se va Para la justicia
y luego les preguntó
Porque van a orcar a este hombre
que delito cometió

Le responde la Justicia
dando su sentencia frene
a este hombre le van orcar
Por una muerte que deve

de Parte de Dios te pido
Salgas de esa sepultura
que Reclames la verbad
y nos saques de esta duda

lla sale el muerto del hoyo
inclinado a san antonio
este hombre no me mató
es un falso testimonio

Ya la preguntan al santo
que diga quien lo mató
y el santo le respondió
eso si no dire yo

Ya salen atras del santo
 aver donde iva a parar
 bieron que sobre una Peña
 hay se puso a predicar

Salgan peses y animales
 y aves que en el viento estan
 todas salgen a escuchar
 Milagros de san antonio
 que aquí se fan acavar¹

The following *oración* was also in Perfilia ——'s collection. The distinguishing mark of an *oración* is the blessing or curse at the end.

Por el Rastro de la Sangre
 que Jesucristo derama
 camina la birgen pura
 en una fresca mañana

Como era tan demañana
 a la hora que caminava
 las campanas de velem
 todas tocavan el alva

se incontro con Juan Bautista
 de esta manera le ablava
 no ha pasado por aquí
 el hijo de mis entrañas

Por aquí paso Señora
 antes que el gallo cantava
 Sinco mil asotes llebava
 en sus sagradas espaldas

Tres clabos lleva en sus manos
 con que abia de ser clabado
 y una corona de espinas
 con que abia de ser coronado

¹ [Inasmuch as these verses of the Milagros de San Antonio are a copy from a manuscript, we have printed them as copied. They have been copied, no doubt, from another faulty copy, or probably from one who knew them from memory, and dictated them. These and many other verses which sing the praises of San Antonio and his miracles are well known in New Mexico and all Spanish countries. Those who wish to compare the present interesting manuscript copy of "Doña Perfilia" with the original verses have only to purchase the novenas de San Antonio, where the *milagros* are found. There are two well-known versions of the *milagros* in verse; and some *novenas* have one, while other *novenas* have the second version. Both, however, tell the same story. The *novenas* containing these versions can now be obtained from any Spanish publishing-house that publishes and sells religious books. I have in my possession several published in Mexico, Porto Rico, and Madrid. The manuscript version of "Doña Perfilia" is based on what is considered the older version of the *milagros* de San Antonio, known by all New-Mexicans and found in the old *novenas*. In the recent *novenas* we find, as a rule, the second and more recent version, known also in New Mexico, and published in the *novenas* and in the recent edition of *Cánticos Espirituales recogidos por el Padre Juan B. Ralliere* (Las Vegas, N. Mex., 1913), pp. 195-196. — A. M. E.]

Un madero mui pesado
en sus hombros lo llevava
El peso que Rendia
que caiba y se lebantava

una sogá en la garganta
que era una pena doblada
Cada estiron que le dava
mi Jesus se arodillava

luego que oyo esto la virgen
luego cayo desmayada
San Juan como buen sobrino
luego corrio a lebantarla

lebantate tia mia
que no es tiempo de tardansa
que el tormento de Jesus
es libertad de las almas

El que esta oracion resare
todos los Viernes del año
saca una anima de pena
y la suya de pecado

Quien la hoye y no la aprende
quien la sepa y no la enceña
El día de Juicio sabra
lo que esta oracion contiene.

The following *oración* was repeated by Juanita Cisneros, wife of José Manuel Naranjo of the pueblo of Santa Clara: —

En el monte Lucía
'staba Madre María
con un libro de oro;
la mitad rezaba,
la mitad leía.
. . . vino
su hijo unigénito.
— ¿Qué 'stás haciendo,
mi Madre María?
— Que no duermo, ni leo,
pero soñé un sueño;
que en el monte Calvario
estaban tres cruces,
y en la más alta
'stabas tú clavao
pies y manos.
— Verdad sea, Madre María.

El que rezare esta oración
tres veces al día

hallará las puertas
del cielo abiertas,
y las del infierno
nunca jamás.
Amén Jesus.

[The last two selections are real traditional Spanish ballads. These two ballads are a rare and valuable find, and form a precious addition to the "Romancero Nuevomejicano," published in 1915 in the "Revue Hispanique." It is noteworthy that the first, which is a very complete and well-preserved version, was found in manuscript form, together with the miracles of San Antonio and other devotional *cánticos* and prayers. The second, as Miss Freire-Marreco indicates, was recited by an Indian woman of the pueblo of Santa Clara. These religious ballads are evidently still preserved in the oral tradition of the New-Mexican Pueblo Indians, as well as in the manuscript copies of *novenas*, prayers, etc.; and it is very probable that they are the versions taught to them by the early Spanish *padres* who christianized them in the years of New-Mexican colonization. Further search ought to bring to light more of these ballads among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and probably also among the Spanish New-Mexicans. I venture to say that a systematic search of the manuscript copy-books and papers of a devotional and religious character, which may be found among the Pueblo Indians as well as the New-Mexicans, will reveal more ballads of this character, as well as old prayers, conjurations, etc.

Since the first was taken from a manuscript source, we have printed it as copied. It was copied in the short lines, or ballad half-lines, if we consider the sixteen-syllable verse as the real ballad metre. The assonance changes to *a-o* in two verses only, *a-a* remaining throughout. The last four verses seem to be a late addition, and probably never belonged to the original ballad. They appear, however, in the Chilean versions mentioned below. In the Chilean publication of Ramón A. Laval, "Oraciones, Ensalmos y Conjuros del Pueblo Chileno" (Santiago de Chile, 1910; reprint of "Revista de la Sociedad de Folklore Chileno," pp. 86-91), we have a long series of octosyllabic quatrains, "Las Alabanzas," which the author says constituted a long and popular prayer, recited and sung in various ways by the faithful, often in dramatic form; and among these verses we find similarities to the New-Mexican ballad. It seems that the Chilean prayer was made up of various devotional quatrains taken from many sources, some from ballads, others from prayers, etc. None of the verses, however, are exactly identical in this version of Laval. In the version of Laval given on pp. 93-96, on the other hand, we find various verses that are almost identical. Verses 17 and 18 are, —

Por el rastro de la sangre
que Jesucristo derrama
camina la Virgen pura
con su divina compañía.

Ángeles i serafines. . . . (Chorus)

Jesús Nazareno está
pendiente de aquel madero
clavado de pies i manos,
los judíos lo pusieron.

Ángeles i serafines. . . . (Chorus)

Verses 13, 14, of this version recall also a few lines of the New-Mexican ballad. On p. 141 of the work of Laval we find also a ballad from Chile that bears some resemblance to the New-Mexican ballad as well as to the *alabanzas chilenas* above mentioned. It is a different ballad, however. The verses above mentioned of the second version of the *alabanzas chilenas* are evidently taken from an old version of the ballad that was very similar to the New-Mexican. A somewhat different but more complete version has been confused with another ballad in Chile (Laval, p. 146, verses 15-29). This and the New-Mexican version may be versions of the same original. In any case, the New-Mexican version is complete and well preserved. It is the only version of this ballad that we have in complete form. See also Julio Vicuña Cifuentes, "Romances Populares y Vulgares recogidos de la Tradición oral Chilena" (Santiago, 1912); and Rodríguez Marín, "Cantos Populares Españoles," IV, 179. For more details see also "Revue Hispanique," December, 1916, where another New-Mexican version from Taos has been published.

The second New-Mexican ballad of Miss Freire-Marreco's collection, and recited by an Indian woman, is not a complete version, but a very valuable find also. In the important publication of Laval above mentioned there are three Chilean versions of this ballad. These are not complete, either. All three versions (pp. 136-138) are practically the same. The third has two additional verses, but these form part of what seems to be a late addition; namely, the advice at the end which converts the ballad into a prayer. We are unable to obtain any help for the reconstruction of the two verses which are indicated as missing in Miss Freire-Marreco's copy. Only one verse seems to be missing here, probably the verse of the Chilean versions, "Llega su hijo precioso," or "Le dice su hijo precioso;" while in the first four verses of the New-Mexican version we probably have one too many (see also Vicuña Cifuentes, *op. cit.*, pp. 205-207).

We now give the first of the two New-Mexican ballads in corrected form.

Por el rastro de la sangre que Jesucristo derrama
camina la Virgen pura en una fresca mañana.
Como era tan de mañana a la hora que caminaba
las campanas de Belén todas tocaban al alba.
Se encontró con Juan Bautista, de esta manera le hablaba:
— ¿No ha pasado por aquí el hijo de mis entrañas?
— Por aquí pasó, señora, antes que el gallo cantara.
Cinco mil azotes lleva¹ en sus sagradas espaldas.
Tres clavos lleva en sus manos, con que ha² de ser clavado,
y una corona de espinas, con que ha² de ser coronado;
un madero muy pesado en sus hombros lo llevaba;
*tanto le rendía el peso*³ que caía y se levantaba;
una soga en la garganta que era una pena doblada.
Cada estirón que le daba mi Jesús se arrodillaba.
Luego que oyó esto la Virgen luego cayó desmayada.
San Juan, como buen sobrino, luego corrió a levantarla.
— Levántate, tía mía, que no es tiempo de tardanza,
que el tormento de Jesús es libertad de las almas.

The remaining verses do not belong to the original ballad, as we have already indicated. — A. M. E.]

OXFORD, ENG.

¹ Manuscript *llevaba*.

² Manuscript *había*.

³ Manuscript *El peso que rendía*.

STORIES AND SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC
COASTAL REGION OF MEXICO.

BY WILLIAM HUBBS MECHLING.

THE following stories and songs were collected during the winter and spring of 1914, while I was holding the fellowship of the University Museum, Philadelphia, in the International School of Archaeology and Ethnology in Mexico. I was at the time engaged in studying the Aztec dialects of southern Vera Cruz and the adjacent portions of Oaxaca. I cannot say exactly where or when they were taken down, nor can I give my data concerning my informants, because my original note-book containing the stories and such data was lost, owing to the regrettable Vera Cruz incident. I went into the field early in January, but after about three months I returned to Mexico. Fortunately, I left a copy of the stories with Mr. Gamio, Inspector-General of Monuments, in order to have the Spanish revised and put into type-written form. However, during the troublesome months that followed, they as well as some of my other manuscripts were lost, but were finally recovered, after apparently no little effort on the part of Mr. Gamio. I want here to take the opportunity of publicly thanking him as well as Dr. Tozzer, who assisted me in recovering them. On my first trip of that year I visited Tuxtepec and the surrounding country, inhabited by the Chinantecs and Mazatecs, as well as the Aztec villages of the Lower Papalohuapam. Since I did not secure any stories in Spanish from the Chinantecs or Mazatecs, these stories must come from Tuxtepec, Santiago, or Acula, all three old Aztec towns. In all probability, my informants were Aztecs; but this would make little difference, because all the Mexicans of this region are more or less conversant with this type of stories and songs.

During my second trip that year, I visited the Aztec villages in the southeastern part of the State,¹ and received a fairly large number of stories, in addition to folk lore and songs; but unfortunately one of my bags was stolen just after the Vera Cruz incident, and, as I have never since been able to find the note-book containing that material, I suppose it must have disappeared at that time.²

¹ San Andres Tuxtla, San Juan Bautista, Jaltipam, etc.

² Just as this paper was going to press, I had the surprisingly good fortune to recover my trunk containing some of my original manuscripts, and have thus been enabled to determine the place where I obtained some of the following stories, as well as the names of the informants. This information I have added in a footnote to each story. The bag containing the tales and linguistic material obtained on my second trip has never been recovered.

The first story of Coyote is not very different from a story I secured in Tuxtepec¹ in 1912, except that this story has several additional incidents. Many versions of it have been reported from Mexico.² In the third tale we find the Fox taking the place of Rabbit, as in Dr. Mason's version from the Tepecanos³ and in the New-Mexican version. Doubtless versions of the other stories occur, but I am not aware of them.

The *corridos* are sung to the accompaniment of a guitar. Throughout this region the Mexicans are very fond of dances (*bailes*); but, as far as I know, they always take the same form.⁴ The owner of a *tienda* decides to give a dance, and puts up in the road outside his shop a platform about eight or ten feet square,⁵ and erects a ridge-pole running in the same direction as the street. In Tuxtepec the platforms do not extend all the way across the street, sufficient room being left on the side farthest away from the shop for an ox-team to pass. Towards evening of the day set for the dance a canvas roof is stretched over the ridge-pole, and benches are placed on three sides of the platform. About nine o'clock the dancers begin to arrive. The men who are to do the singing and playing are grouped on the far side of the road, some seated on the benches, others standing behind them. The women alone do the dancing, and are usually young, most of them unmarried girls. They are all dressed in their best, and wear heavily-starched wide skirts, white blouses, and usually have large kerchiefs pinned around their necks with the wide part in the back and the two ends pinned down in front. The effect is very much like a sailor's blouse, except that it is triangular instead of square in the back. They wear no hats, but pride themselves on their shoes, which they often put on only just before the dance begins. One man strikes up his guitar and sings a verse, and the dance is started. Two or three women step on the platform, and with a peculiar shuffling movement move slowly back and forth, bringing their heels down sharply in time with the tramping of the guitars, all the time holding their starched skirts out with their hands. Since their feet alone are visible, it is very difficult to see how the step is executed; but it seems to be done with the hips and heels, and there seems to be scarcely any movement at the knee. After the dance is started, several guitars are played, but only one man sings at a time; but as soon as he stops, another takes up a new verse. Usually one man will sing

¹ "Stories from Tuxtepec" (this Journal, vol. xxv, 1912, p. 199).

² For a discussion of the distribution of this story see Franz Boas, "Notes on Mexican Folk-Lore" (*Ibid.*, p. 247).

³ "Folk-Tales of the Tepecanos" (this Journal, vol. xxvii, 1914, p. 150).

⁴ In Tuxtepec they are known as *Huapargos*. One usually is given every Saturday night.

⁵ They were elevated about a foot above the road.

only two or three verses at a time; and since they sing very rapidly and indistinctly, it is difficult to follow them. They are usually very ribald; but that does not seem to disturb the women, who dance on oblivious to it, with never the trace of a smile on their faces. The steps are very unattractive, and the women seem to have little grace. One cannot help but be amazed at this when one thinks of the graceful dances of old Spain.

Behind the dancers who occupy benches is always found a throng of the poorer *peones*, usually without shoes, but wearing broad-brimmed hats.¹ The dancing will usually last for about fifteen minutes without an intermission, and then it will begin again after a short intermission. Meanwhile the keeper of the *tienda* is very busy seeing that everything goes smoothly. For him it is purely a matter of business, for he must make enough money on his sales to cover his outlay. In this, however, he should experience little difficulty; for he raises his prices on everything, particularly the beer, which is double in price, and large quantities of which are consumed. Besides the beer, a great many people drink *agua ardiente*, a white rum distilled from sugarcane. As these dances continue until three or four o'clock in the morning, a considerable amount of drunkenness prevails towards the end. The verses which I give are sung on these occasions, but they seem to be longer and more of the ballad type than the general run of them. I regret very much that I was not able to take the tunes down on a phonograph.

EL CONEJO Y EL COYOTE.

Una vez había una viejecita que tenía un sembrado de frijol y un día un conejito le hizo un daño en él.

Para evitar que se repitiera se le ocurrió a la viejecita hacer un muñeco untado de alquitrán, para colocarlo por donde conejito solía entrar a la milpa.

Una noche fué conejito a la milpa y por el lugar donde entró se encontró al muñeco que estaba allí parado. Conejito se acerca a él y le dice: — Déjame entrar para comer, porque tengo hambre. El muñeco como era natural, no contestó y entonces conejito le dió una palmada y se quedó pegado al muñeco. Conejito le dice: — Suéltame porque tengo otra mano para darte otra palmada. Y como el muñeco no contestaba le da conejito otra palmada con la otra mano y quedó entonces pegado de las dos manos y le dice: — Suéltame porque tengo libres otros dos pies. Pero el muñeco permanecía mudo. Entonces conejito le dió un golpe con los dos pies, quedando de esta suerte

¹ From time to time a young man will step up and offer his hat to one of the dancers. If she wears the hat, he knows that his suit is accepted; but if she throws it away, he knows it is rejected.

completamente pegado al muñeco. Una vez más conejito suplicó al muñeco que lo soltara; pero todo fué en vano, el muñeco prosiguió mudo, y conejito pegado a él.

Otro día fué la viejecita a la milpa y encontró a conejito pegado sobre el muñeco. Dice la viejecita: — Lo verás conque tú comes frijoles. Dice conejito: — No señora, yo estoy aquí porque me tiene agarrado, no quiere soltarme, porque quiere que me quede aquí para que cuide que no vayan a venir los animales a comer frijoles. Entonces la viejita lo agarró y lo metió dentro de un costal y cosió la boca, lo dejó allí y se fué a juntar una lumbré y metió un fierro que llamamos azador para calentar, y le dice al conejito: — Ahora lo verá pícaro voy a meterle este azador caliente adentro del culo dentro de un ratito.

Vió conejito caminando por allí a tío coyote, le habló y le dice: — Ven acá tío coyote, quédate aquí dentro de este costal porque viene la viejita con una muchacha muy bonita; quédate aquí porque tú eres grande y yo chiquito y la muchacha me va a portar. Y salió conejito del costal y entró tío coyote. Dentro de un ratito volvió la viejita y dijo: — Pícaro conque ya ahora estás grande. Dijo tío coyote: — No señora, yo soy grande porque yo soy el coyote. Aquí me dejó conejito, porque me dijo que tú me ibas a traer una muchacha muy bonita. Él salió del costal porque él era más chico y no iba a poder mantener a la muchacha; como yo soy más grande, podré mantenerla. Dice la viejita: — Allí llevo la muchacha, ya ves ese azador caliente es para meterlo dentro de tu culo. Tío coyote no dijo nada, nada más oyó. La viejita sacó a tío coyote del costal y no pudo quemarlo, porque el coyote se le safó de las manos y se fué.

Encontró a conejito bebiendo agua en una laguna. La luna estaba brillando a la mitad del cielo. Tío coyote le dice a conejito: — Ahora pícaro, aquí estás, ahora sí te como. Conejito le dice entonces: — Cállate hombre; ayúdame a beber el agua de esta laguna, para comer un queso que está adentro de ella. Se pusieron a beber agua. El coyote bebía; pero el conejo nada más probaba. El coyote reventó porque ya había bebido mucha agua. Cuando conejito vió reventar al coyote se fué a un zacatal. Dentro de pocos días le encontró otra vez el coyote y le dice: — Ahora pícaro, aquí estás. — Cállate hombre — dice el conejito. Le contestó entonces el coyote: — Tírame entonces un zapote maduro, — y se lo tiró. El coyote le dijo: — Está muy dulce, tírame otro. Y volvió a decir la tercera vez: — Tírame otro. Entonces conejito le tiró uno verde y se le atoró al coyote. Conejito aprovechó esta ocasión y se fué a esconder a un carrizal y allí puso una hamaquita. Tocaba con una jaranita todos los días y en uno de tantos acudió el coyote atraído por las melodías que brotaron de la lira del conejo. Y como lo encontraba tocando le dijo: — Ahora

sí te como. — Cállate hombre, — contestó el conejo, — quédate aquí en esta hamaquita con esta jaranita que mañana vendrán los novios a los tiros. Cuando tu oigas ponte a cantar bastante y a tocar y tápate los ojos con este pañuelo.

Otro día vino el conejo y prendió el carrizal en redondo y cuando el coyote oyó los tronidos del carrizal, se puso a tocar y a cantar y se tapó los ojos creyendo que eran los novios. Al rato sintió el fuego de la lumbre y no pudo soportar el calor del fuego y se destapó los ojos. Cuando se vió en medio de la lumbre tiró la jaranita a un lado y salió huyendo. El conejo gritó por otro lado: — Ah, coyote, zapote atorado, culo chamuscado.

NOTE. — The episode of Rabbit and the Tar Baby contains, like Dr. Boas's Pochutla version and my previous version from Tuxtepec, the element that Rabbit fools Coyote by telling him that he is detained in the bag because he is to marry a girl who is very much larger than he is, hence the right size for Coyote. In this version, as in one of my previous versions, the field is a bean-field; in Dr. Boas's version (Pochutla) it is a chile-garden; and in the New-Mexican version of Professor Espinosa it is a beautiful garden. In my versions there is only one tar baby; whereas in Dr. Boas's there are four (in his Chatino version there is only one), and in the New-Mexican version three. See also O. Dähnhardt, "Natursagen," Vol. IV, pp. 26 *et seq.*

The second episode of this version is that in which Rabbit persuades Coyote to drink up the lake in order to get the cheese (the reflection of the moon), and thus kills him. This episode is apparently out of place; for it should probably come at the end of the story, inasmuch as Coyote dies. The episode occurs in my second version from Tuxtepec, and in Dr. Boas's Pochutla version (where Coyote gets tired and gives up the attempt); it also occurs in Dr. Mason's Tepecano version and in Professor Espinosa's New-Mexican version; thus being common to them all. See also Dähnhardt, *l. c.*, p. 230.

The third episode of this version tells how Coyote induces Rabbit to throw him some fruit, which Coyote catches and eats; but on the third occasion Rabbit throws Coyote a green one, which sticks in Coyote's throat, thus enabling Rabbit to escape. This episode occurs in both of my previous versions as well as in Dr. Boas's Pochutla version. It does not occur in Dr. Mason's version.

In the fourth episode Rabbit persuades Coyote to play for the bridal party, and then he sets fire to the bushes. It occurs in both of my previous versions, in Dr. Boas's Pochutla version, and in the New-Mexican version, but not in Dr. Mason's version. This story is evidently very fragmentary, containing only four episodes.

EL CAIMÁN Y EL CONEJO.¹

Éste era un conejo que andaba por la orilla de un río. Le habla a un caimán que andaba en la otra banda del río para que le pasara,

¹ This story was obtained in Tuxtepec from Mariano Martinez.

porque estaba convidado a una boda de un sobrino que iba a casarse. El caimán se resistía porque decía que estaba muy barbón y el conejo le dijo: — Venga acá que yo lo afeito. Tío caimán se convenció y lo fué a pasar de la otra orilla. Comenzó a afeitarlo pasándole la mano por encima de sus espaldas y le dice: — ¡Qué roñosa está tu espalda! Entonces tío caimán le dice: — ¿Qué dices pícaro? Ahora te como. Entonces el conejo le dice: — No, tío caimán, digo que lisas tienes las espaldas. Siguió nadando el caimán para el otro lado del río. Le dice otra vez: — ¡Qué apestoso a zopilote! Y le contesta el caimán: — ¿Qué dices pícaro? Ahora sí te como. El conejo le dice: — Digo, que hueles mucho, que estás perfumado. Le dice el caimán: — Ahora si te como. Le dice el conejo: — No, mejor me comerás allá del otro lado del río, porque aquí me desperdicias. Allá aprovecharás toda la sangre y las tripas.

Llegaron a la orilla del río; el conejo saltó a tierra; quedó tío caimán boca abierta con los deseos de comer al conejo. El conejo burlándose de tío caimán le decía: — Adiós tío caimán, roñoso, apestas a zopilote. Le contesta el caimán: — No tengas cuidado, pícaro, donde has de ir algún día nos hemos de encontrar. Se fué el conejo; el caimán se informo donde vivía el conejo. Llegó a saber el caimán. Llegó a la cueva del conejo. Se escondió cuando entró, a esperar que llegara el conejo. El conejo andaba paseando. Por fin se fué a su casa el conejo. Por su viveza se le ocurrió saludar la cueva, por que tenía miedo de que allí estuviera el caimán, saludando a la cueva con estas palabras: — Buenos días, cuevita mía, buenos días, cuevita mía. Válgame Dios, qué tendrá mi cuevita. Esta cueva siempre me habla y ahora ¿porqué no me contesta? Tío caimán adentro de la cueva oyendo estas palabras, pensó y dijo: — Esta cueva habla con el conejo. Y contestó el caimán: — Como siempre, mi buen conejo. Entonces el conejo le contestó: — Como si soy tan ignorante; como si las cuevas hablan. El conejo comprendió que tío caimán le contestaba dentro de la cueva. Siguió adelante siempre burlándose del tío caimán. Enojado salió tío caimán dentro la cueva buscando al conejo. Después que pasa algún tiempo, un día bajó el conejo a beber agua en una laguna cuando vió a tío caimán que lo estaba esperando. Regresó para atrás, por miedo que le tuvo a que lo agarrara. Al regresar se encuentra con un cazador. Pensó en sí mismo: — Me escapé de uno, pero de este quien sabe. Se acercó el cazador le apunta al conejo. El conejo le grita al tirador: — No me mates; quiero hacer una consulta contigo. Se acercaron los dos y se saludaron. Después el conejo le dice: — No me mates yo te llevaré a un lugar a donde harás mucha presa. El cazador traía un calabacito. El conejo le preguntó: — Pues cuando no hago presa me dedico a castrar colmenas y lo que traigo aquí es miel. El conejo le dice: — Pues en agradecimiento que no me quitaste la

vida, adelante hay colmena que está muy llena. Se fueron y al llegar al lugar, el conejo dijo al cazador: — Aquí está la colmena. El cazador se puso a descombrar, donde estaba parado el pavo y dejó el cazador su arma y el calabacito a una distancia, y el conejo como ya tenía pensado hacerle la maldad le dice: — Tengo ganas de beber agua. Aquí espérame a mi regreso te llevaré al lugar donde harás tu presa. Se fué el conejo para donde el calabazo con miel. Agarró el calabazo, se bañó con miel, revolcándose sobre las hojas secas para cambiar su figura, porque sabía que tío caimán lo agarraría a la orilla de la laguna, al ir a tomar agua. Por fin llegó a tomar agua, se vió con tío caimán y se saludaron. El conejo le dice a tío caimán: — Buenos días, tío caimán. Tío caimán le contesta: — Buenos días, caballero, ¿quién eres tú? No tengo el honor de conocerte. — Yo soy don Jarasquín del Monte. Tío caimán le contesta: — Tú, como don Jarasquín del Monte, dame razón si no has visto un hombre que tiene orejas largas, ojos grandes y no tiene cola. Le contestó el conejo: — pues ahorita lo dejé almorzando en la orilla de un frijolar. Dijo tío caimán: — Necesito tener una entrevista con él. El conejo le dijo: — Pues como tú sabes que cuando uno almuerza toma agua y aquí estás en buen lugar que puedes aprovechar la oportunidad de hablar con él. Tío caimán le dijo entonces: — Le esperaré, — y se despidieron. Dijo Jarasquín: — Hasta luego, tío caimán. Le contestó tío caimán: — Hasta luego. Y aquí se acabó el cuento.

NOTE. — This tale usually forms part of the Coyote-Rabbit cycle. It is considerably more detailed than Dr. Boas's story from Oaxaca and the New-Mexican version. It does not occur in Dr. Mason's version.

LA ZORRA Y EL COYOTE.¹

Andaba una zorra en un terreno limpio, buscando que comer, porque tenía hambre. La zorra encuentra a un coyote y le habla: — ¿Qué andas buscando, buen coyote? Éste le dice: — Buscando que comer. La zorra le contesta: — Yo también tengo hambre. Pues yo sé donde sí hay tunas. Vamos, yo corto y te doy a comer. El coyote le dice: — No puedo cortar las tunas. La zorra le dice: — Yo las corto y te doy. Caminaron la zorra y el coyote al tunal, y le dice: — Tú te quedas al pie del palo y yo me subiré al nopal y corto las tunas. Le dice el coyote: — Tírame una para saber a que saben las tunas. La zorra le dice al coyote: — Te tiro una tuna, abre la boca. Allá te va una. El coyote abrió la boca y se comió una tuna. Le pareció buena y le dice: — Tírame otra tuna que está buena. Y le dice el coyote a la zorra: — Si me tiras otra tuna no te como. La zorra le tira otra tuna con espinas y le dice: — Abre la boca y cierra los ojos, ahí te va una tuna. El

¹ This story was obtained in Tuxtepec from Antonio Guarnero Gonzales.

coyote se comió la tuna con espinas y se enojó con la zorra. Se fué la zorra a buscar más que comer, y el coyote la sigue y la encuentra en un barranco, frente a una peña, y le dice el coyote; hoy sí te como. La zorra le dice:—No, buen coyote, yo te llevo a donde hay totoles, gallinas y ánsares para que comas. El coyote se creyó de la zorra y se quedó deteniendo la peña. La zorra lo engañó. El coyote enojado se fué en busca de la zorra, la encontró y le dice:—Hoy si te como; y la zorra le responde:—No, porque vamos a comer buenos totoles. Se volvió a creer el coyote de la zorra, y se lo lleva a un gallinero, donde había gallinas, pollos, totoles. El coyote se cree y los perros lo encuentran al coyote y se enoja porque los perros se abalanzan sobre él y lo lastiman. La zorra se fué.

Aquí se acabó el cuento de la zorra y el coyote. Salgo por un callejón y entro por otro. Céntame otro.

NOTE.—In this story we find the Fox taking the place of the Rabbit. The first episode of this story is the same as the corresponding episode on p. 550. The second incident is parallel to the one discussed in this Journal (vol. xxv, p. 250, note 5; vol. xxix, p. 313, No. 5). The last one is evidently a brief version of the tale of the deceived wolf who intends to steal children.

EL GALLEGO, DEL INDIO Y DEL CONEJO.¹

Éste era un gallego que iba a camino acompañado de un indio que era su paje. A poco andar llegaron a una hacienda. En esa hacienda estaba un vaquero ordeñando a una vaca. El gallego tuvo ganas de tomar leche y mandó al indio que preguntara si quería vender. Le contestó el vaquero que sí, y le preguntó que cuanto quería. El indio le dijo:—¿Cuántas medidas das por tres centavos? El vaquero le dijo:—Un cajete. El gallego y el indio se tomaron toda la leche; entonces el vaquero le dijo:—Cuidado, señor gallego, que la leche empreña. El gallego le contestó:—¡Qué va a empreñar! Estoy acostumbrado a tomarla. Siguió su camino, acompañado del indio. Corta distancia caminaron, cuando sintió retortijones de barriga, y le dice al indio:—Indio, bien nos lo dijo el vaquero que la leche empreña; creo que voy a parir. Y entre más, más le molestaban los retortijones de barriga. Más adelante al lado del camino vió un hoyo. Se bajó el pantalón y comenzó a parir. En este hoyo por casualidad estaba metido un conejo. Éste salió del hoyo todo sucio de escremento; con las orejas le tocó las nalgas al gallego. El gallego saltó de susto y de gusto, porque dió a luz un hijo. El conejo huyó espantado y el gallego lo llamó:—Ven hijo de mi corazón, ven, te llevaré a que te conozcan tus abuelitos. El conejo se escondió entre las hierbas. Entonces el gallego le dijo:—Ya que no quieres venir, toma este par de pesos para que compres tus pañales.

¹ This story was obtained in Tuxtepec from Mariano Martinez.

Un cazador que cazaba un venado por ese lugar, estaba oyendo al gallego lo que decía al conejo. El cazador dejó al venado y se fijó donde botó los dos pesos, para recogerlos.

El gallego se fúe muy contento y decía:— Gracias a Dios que ya salí del compromiso. El cazador que estaba escondido observándolo corrió a buscarlos para recogerlos y dijo muy contento:— Yo soy el conejo y compraré mis pañales.

EL LEÓN, EL TIGRE Y EL CAMINANTE.¹

En una ocasión dicen que un caminante emprendió un viaje muy dilatado por caminos muy lóbregos y tuvo que pasar por la falda de un cerro. Pues allí no tenía amparo más que el de Dios, porque ninguna gente caminaba por miedo a las fieras. Pues en esa ocasión un tigre que andaba cerca del camino le salió al encuentro y lo agarró. A los gritos que daba el caminante salió un león del monte y valiente y venció al tigre. Luego después el león se llevó al hombre, agarrándole la mano para su cueva. — ¡Toma alimento! — le decía el león, — no tengas miedo, soy tu libertador. Óyeme lo que te voy a decir. ¿Habrá fiera más valiente y que tenga más fuerzas que yo? Tú puedes responder, o que te lo diga ese tigre cobarde. Yo, yo sólo, Rey poderoso, domino en todo el monte. Cuántas veces la onza y el oso con su sangre el tributo me han pagado. Los despojos de pieles y cabezas, los huesos que blanquean este lugar, dan el más claro aviso de mi valor y fuerzas. — Es verdad — dijo el hombre — soy testigo; los triunfos miro de tu fuerza; contemplo a tu nación que te tiene miedo; me libraste y venciste a mi enemigo. Por todo esto, señor, con tu licencia, deja que te diga: sólo tú eres digno del trono; eres bueno, eres amable; porque señor, el monarca que es bueno con su pueblo, es dichoso, y hoy comprendo que tú no eres orgulloso con tu poder, no eres como el tigre, sangriento y cruel. Pues así son los poderosos humanos, unos nobles como tú, y otros tiranos y crueles como el tigre, que aniquilan sin compasión al hombre pobre y humilde.

CORRIDO DE MACARIO ROMERO.

Voy a contar estos versos
Con cariño verdadero,
Para recordar del hombre
Que fué Macario Romero.
Era amigo de los hombres,
Los quería de corazón;
Por un amor lo mataron,
Lo mataron a traición.
Macario Romero dijo:

¹ Obtained in Tuxtepec from Mariano Martinez.

— Oiga mi General Plata,
Consígame una licencia
Para ir a ver a mi chata.
El General Plata dijo:
— Macario, ¿qué vas a hacer?
Van a quitarte la vida
Por esa ingrata mujer.
Macario Romero dijo,
Al pasar por la garita:
— Y voy a ver a mi chata,
Y a mí nadie me lo quita.
Jesusita Llanos dijo:
— Papá allá viene Macario.
Desde lejos lo conozco
En su caballo melado.
Don Vicente Llanos dijo:
— ¡Jesús! ¿Qué plan le pondremos?
Vamos formando un baile,
Con eso lo mataremos.
Llegó Macario Romero
Y lo invitan a bailar.
Como a los cinco minutos
Se empezaron a tirar.
Macario Romero dijo:
— Acábenme de matar,
Que allá está el General Plata,
Que es el que me ha de vengar.
El General Plata dijo:
— Ahora sí han quedado bien,
Ya mataron a Macario,
Me mataron a mí también.
Jesusita Llanos dijo,
Cuando recogió el sombrero:
— ¿Para qué quiero la vida
Sin mi Macario Romero?
Con esto ya me despido
Porque cantar ya no puedo;
Ya cantamos el corrido
De ese Macario Romero.

NOTE. — This is a short but spirited version of the well-known popular Mexican and New-Mexican Spanish ballad of Macario Romero. The two New-Mexican versions published in the "*Revue Hispanique*" ("*Romancero Nuevomejicano*," Nos. 42 and 43) are much better and more complete. Antonio Castro Leal (in "*Cuba Contemporánea*," 1914, p. 241, note) says that this popular ballad is a national Mexican ballad. I have in my possession several Mexican versions of the ballad. None are any longer or better than the New-Mexican versions already published in my publication above mentioned. — A. M. E.

VERSOS.

Una calandria en un huerto
Lloraba sus agonías.
Así que ya me veas muerto,
Podrás decir: Vida mía,
Ahora si me salió cierto,
Se acabó quien me quería.

Si muerto me llegas a ver,
Voy a pedirte un favor,
Que te vayas a poner
Sobre mi tumba una flor,
Y a nadie des a saber
Que fuí tu primer amor.

EL CARPINTERO.

Se rompió mi tinajero
De un amor que tanto quise.
Como era falsa madera,
El troncón tomó podrice'.
¡Mal haya la casa ajena!
Por eso no es bueno engreirse.

DÉCIMA.

Cada vez que pienso en ti,
Se me mueve esa compasión:
De ver que tu querido fuí,
Me atormenta esa pasión.
Dime, ¿con qué corazón
A tal cosa te atreviste?
¿No viste, no conociste,
Que esto se había de saber?

Ahora si me quieres ver
Con esos ojitos tristes,
Anda pérfida e inconstante,
Tú de mí te acordarás,
Y después sola dirás,
Cual traidora y falsa amante
Tu mala hidra penetrante,
Sólo tú la reprobaste.
Primero me idolatraste
Toda llena de ilusión;
Si tenías mala intención,
Dime ¿para qué me amaste?

VERSOS.

Me han dicho que tienes otra
Que es mas bonita que yo.
Más bonita si será,
Constante como yo, no.

Al pie de un hermoso roble
Hizo fuego mi fortuna;
Cambiaste oro por cobre,
El mar por una laguna.

Si me desprecias por pobre,
Si por pobre no merezco,
Lo que otra por rica alcanza,
Advierte trigüeño mío,
Pobre, pero de importancia.

Aunque yo en tu amor creí,
De todito me arrepiento.
Nuestro amor llegó hasta aquí;
Todo se acabó al momento.
Ya nada sientas por mí,
Que yo por ti nada siento.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALGUNAS OBSERVACIONES SOBRE EL FOLK-LORE DE GUATEMALA.

POR ADRIÁN RECINOS.

I. LOS CUENTOS POPULARES.

La fantasía del pueblo guatemalteco es muy rica. Los libros de los indios, compuestos en la época de la Conquista, contienen gran cantidad de fábulas y leyendas netamente populares, de origen heróico y religioso. Aparte de ésto, las razas actuales, que son muy numerosas todavía, conservan y se trasmiten de padres a hijos cuentos y leyendas muy interesantes.

Pero lo más útil para el estudio del Folk-lore de este país, son los cuentos de la población blanca o mestiza. Existe una gran variedad de cuentos para entretener a los niños, fundados todos en aventuras heróicas de príncipes, amores de princesas, brujas, animales fantásticos y fábulas en prosa en que intervienen animales salvajes y domésticos.

EL CADEJO.

El cadejo es un monstruo que se aparece de noche en los caminos y en las calles oscuras de las poblaciones, asustando a los viajeros, a los enamorados y trasnochadores. Espanta a las caballerías, que al verlo arrojan al suelo a los ginetes, y hace ahullar a los perros.

Tiene el cadejo la figura de un perro negro o blanco, según la localidad, con los ojos encendidos como ascuas y el pelo largo, lanudo y enredado.

El pueblo cree sinceramente en la existencia de este monstruo fantástico y es muy común oír la frase: "Me salió el cadejo," equivalente de mal éxito en una empresa, el ser descubierto un ladrón por la justicia, que sería el cadejo, etc.

Hubo hace algunos años un bandido llamado "Bambita," que había cometido robos, asesinatos, violaciones y delitos sin fin, sin poder ser cogido por la justicia. Pero una noche, en el pueblo de Amatitlán, atraído por la música y algazara de una fiesta, se acercó a un barrio oscuro y al volver una esquina vió delante de sí al mismísimo cadejo que le miraba con sus ojos de fuego. Ver al cadejo y ponerse a temblar de pies a cabeza, fué todo uno, y su terror tan grande, que no pensó en escapar y en el mismo lugar fué encontrado por una patrulla de policía que lo arrestó. Fué juzgado y contó la aparición del cadejo. Después fué fusilado.

De la misma familia del Cadejo, son el Sombrerón y la Mula sin cabeza, que las gentes crédulas creen que salen de noche y persiguen a los hombres, anunciándoles serios males y hasta causándoles la muerte.¹

LA CIGUANABA.

Así como el Cadejo es el fantasma macho que espanta a los transeúntes que se aventuran durante la noche por los barrios lejanos de las ciudades, la Ciguanaba es el fantasma hembra, una especie de sirena de hermosura extraordinaria y de lengua cabellera, que se suele ver por la noche también, cerca de las fuentes públicas y de los ríos. Atrae con su belleza y con su canto a los hombres y los lleva a perecer en los barrancos y montañas, o los ahoga entre el agua de los ríos.

La Llorona es un nombre diferente para el mismo fantasma. Es el nombre castellano de la Ciguanaba. Ciguanaba,² en lengua india de Guatemala, significa "Mujer desnuda."

También se llama Ciguamonta³ en algunas regiones, nombre que además se aplica a un pájaro de la familia de los Cuclillos.

Una copla popular indica la causa por la cual la Ciguamonta o Ciguanaba vaga de noche por las fuentes y siempre llorando. La copla dice así:—

"Lloraba la Ciguamonta
La muerte de su marido,
que si no se hubiera muerto . . .
tal vez estuviera vivo."⁴

LA TATUANA.

La Tatuana es una mujer histórica, que existió en realidad en Guatemala, pero que ha pasado a formar en las filas de los fantasmas con que se asusta a los niños para obligarlos a dormir o a estarse quietos.

Se asegura que la Tatuana fué una bruja, que cometía toda clase de maleficios y con este motivo fué denunciada ante la Inquisición, que residía en la ciudad de Guatemala, la Antigua, Capital de la Colonia.

Fué llevada a la cárcel y encerrada con todas las seguridades que parecían necesarias para impedir la fuga de tan peligrosa mujer.

Pero el tribunal y los carceleros no contaban con el poder maravilloso de la bruja, quien, al quedarse sola, pintó con carbón un buquecito en la pared de su calabozo y embarcándose en él se escapó de la prisión.

II. LOS CANTOS DE NOCHE-BUENA.

El pueblo de Guatemala celebra la Navidad no sólo como una fiesta del hogar, sino también como la fiesta del Niño Jesús.

¹ Compárese *la malora* de Nuevo Méjico, esta revista, vol. xxiii, p. 8. — A. M. E.

² Mexicano moderno, *ciuanauac*, "concubina."

³ *Ciuamontli*, "nuera."

⁴ Compárense *la llorona* de Nuevo Méjico y *la calchona* de Chile, esta revista, *op. cit.*, p. 9. — A. M. E.

La Noche-Buena se hace un altar, el “nacimiento” español, con montañas, ríos, lagos, caminos y pueblos y con hombres y animales, imitación en miniatura del mundo verdadero, como estaba la noche en que nació Jesu-Cristo. En el centro del “nacimiento” hay una cabaña y en ella José, María y el Niño-Dios, rodeados de una mula y un buey, según la tradición bíblica.

Cerca de la media noche se reúnen alrededor del nacimiento chicos y grandes. Se reza la “Novena” del Niño, o sean las oraciones a él dirigidas y los niños cantan los villancicos, coplas populares, muchas veces incorrectas, pero llenas de ingenuidad y sencillez. Hemos recogido las siguientes:—

Zagales y pastorcitos,
al Niño vamos a ver,
con pitillos y tambores
mostrando nuestro placer.

Los pastorcillos del Valle
venimos a conocer
al Mesías que ha nacido
en el portal de Belén.

Pastores, pastores,
vamos a Belén,
a ver a María
y al Niño también.

Sigue otra parte de las oraciones y después, con distinta música, alegre y ligera, y tocando pitos y tamborcitos a ratos, vuelven a cantar los muchachos y muchachas:—

Sandalitas quiere el niño
para comenzar a andar.
Háganselas bien hechitas,
no se vaya a tropezar.

Qué bonito el naranjito
copadito de azahar,
donde se sienta la Virgen
con su aguja y su dedal,
a coserle los pañales
al niño Baltasar (!)

El pueblo no se preocupa mucho de la exactitud en las ideas, ni en las palabras. En esta copla hasta olvida el nombre del Niño y le llama con toda frescura Baltasar para cumplir con la rima, aunque confunda a Jesús con el rey que vino de Oriente para adorarlo. En cambio, ese “naranjito copadito de azahar” es un verdadero sujeto poético.

Otro género de coplas se cantan al Niño como hacen las madres con sus propios hijos, con el objeto de adormecerlo. A esta clase pertenecen las siguientes, que pueden oírse la Noche-Buena dirigidas al Niño Jesús y todos los días del año dirigidas a los niños, hijos del hombre:—

Señora Santa Ana,
Señor San Joaquín,
escondan al Niño
por el tacuazín.¹

— Señora Santa Ana,
¿Por qué llora el Niño?
— Por una manzana
Que se le ha perdido.

— Que no llore, pues
yo le daré dos,
una para el Niño
y otra para vos.

La Virgen lavaba,
San José tendía,²
y el Niño lloraba
del frío que hacía.

A este mismo grupo pertenecen las siguientes estrofas que se cantan a los niños para que se duerman:—

Rú rú, niñoito,
cabeza de ayote,³
si no te dormís,
te come el coyote.

Dormíte, niñoito,
que viene guá-guá;⁴
si no te dormís,
él te comerá.

Dormíte, niñoito,
que tengo qué hacer,
lavar tus pañales,
sentarme a coser;
una camisita
que te has de poner,
el dí'e⁵ tu santo
al amanecer.

¹ *Didelphis virginiana*, Kerr, mexicano *tlacuatzin*.

² *Tendía* (la ropa lavada).

³ Calabaza.

⁴ El perro.

⁵ *El día de*.

III. COPLAS POPULARES.

El ingenio del pueblo se manifiesta principalmente en los cantares y coplas amorosas, ya sueltas o combinadas en forma de romances de varias estrofas. La regla general es que las estrofas sean independientes, de manera que cada una de ellas pueda cantarse separadamente.

Todas las coplas que se insertan a continuación se cantan acompañadas de guitarra y muchas veces sin otro acompañamiento que la voz de los compañeros de trabajo o de los amigos del cantor.

Por lo general, en las fiestas populares cada concurrente canta una copla, estableciéndose una competencia en la cual se hace derroche de ingenio y toman parte hombres y mujeres. Las copas de licor no escasean en estas reuniones.

Una de las coplas guatemaltecas más conocidas es la siguiente:—

Ayer pasé por tu casa
y me tiraste un limón;
el limón cayó en el suelo
y el zumo en mi corazón.

Otra dice:

Con el bordón del amor
voy cayendo y levantando
y como el bordón conoce (*el camino*)
solito él me va llevando.

A veces toma parte toda la concurrencia haciendo coro al cantor con una estrofa conocida de todos, que se suele cantar al principio y más comunmente al final. El cantor principal es casi siempre un joven que se dirige a su novia, presente en la reunión, o un amante desdénado, que quiere cumplir el precepto de castigar el desdén con el desdén.

Colocado en el centro de la reunión, el cantor alza la voz y dice para empezar, las palabras “¡Bomba, bomba!” seguidas de algún pensamiento picaresco. Por ejemplo:—

¡Bomba, Bomba
Cachinflín y cuete!¹
Que para quererte a vos
No es menester alcahuete.

La siguiente es una *Bomba*, popular en la región de la Verapaz:—

Soy nacido entre las flores
y criado en el cardo-santo,
y son tales las mujeres
que echan de cabeza a un santo.
¿Para qué son tantos brincos
estando el suelo parejo?
Con esta mi modo y *seaca*²
antes que me dejen, dejo. . . .

¹ *Cachinflín y cuete*. *Cuete* es vulgar de *cohete*; *cachinflín*, la parte del cohete que lleva la pólvora.

² *Seaca*, contracción de *se acabó*.

Ya las muchachas bonitas
 Ya no quieren dar un beso;
 y las que son feototas
 hasta alargan el pescuezo.

Y así me voy despidiendo
 de la arena los terrones;
 que no hay como l'aguardiente
 para ablandar corazones.

Coro.

¡A mí no me quema el sol!
 ¡A mí no me quema el gas!
 ¡A mí no me quema el fuego,
 ni el aguardiente, ni el aguarrás!"

Otras coplas comienzan con el mismo verso, o concluyen con las mismas palabras en forma de estribillo. Júzguese del efecto de las siguientes, que canta el pueblo en varias regiones del país:—

Las muchachas de este tiempo
 son como las guayabitas,
 que apenas les dicen — mi alma,
 van cayendo maduritas.

Las viejitas de este tiempo
 ya no se ponen listones,
 porque tienen las trencitas
 como colas de ratones.

Las viejitas de este tiempo
 ya no se ponen aritos,
 porque tienen las orejas
 que parecen huacalitos.

Más arriba venden quesos,
 más abajo chicharrones,
 en la cabez'é las viejas¹
 hacen nido los ratones.

Dicen que ya no me quieres
 porque te he dado mal pago;
 volvéme a querer de nuevo,
 que un clavo saca otro clavo.

Dicen que ya no me quieres
 porque no te he dado nada:
 Acordáte de los palos
 de la semana pasada.

¹ *Cabez'é* contracción de *cabeza de*.

Todavía puedo añadir otras coplas sueltas, o combinaciones de dos o más, con el mismo o diferente metro, que en materia de libertades poéticas el pueblo las usa todas. Véanse las siguientes:—

Todos dicen que soy feo,
que tengo cara de coche;¹
sólo mi negrita dice
que soy su huele-de-noche.²

¡Dicen que borracho vengo!
¡Por Dios que no tengo nada!
Y si borracho viniera,
a nadie le pido nada.

Quisiera ser guacamaya,³
pero de las más azules,
para pasarme contigo
sábado, domingo y lunes.

Ni mi madre, ni mi padre,
ni San Antonio bendito,
no me han podido evitar
que yo chupe mi traguito.

Mi mujer y mi caballo
se me murieron a un tiempo.
¡Qué mujer ni qué demonio!
mi caballo es el que siento.

Mi caballo era tan gordo
que parecía una bola,
con una matadurita
desde la cruz a la cola.

La que se casa con calvo
tiene su pasión entera:
de día, cruz y calvario,
y de noche, calavera.

Dicen que no nos queremos
porque no nos ven hablar;
a tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.

Cuando te quise
fué por el pelo.
Ora pelona,
¿pa qué te quiero?

¹ *Cochino*, cerdo.

² *Huele-de-noche*, planta que florece de noche y emite una fragancia deliciosa.

³ Macaw.

Me quisistes, yo te quise,
me adorastes, te adoré,
me quemastes la canilla,¹
yo también te la quemé.

Me quemastes la canilla
como quien no dice nada,
pa que la gente me diga:
¡Adiós, canilla-quemada!

GUATEMALA,

Noviembre de 1916.

¹ Engañastes.

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